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Consideration
of
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THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

(From the original design of the Roman Painter, Gagliardi.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VI (XXVI). JANUARY, 1891. No. 1

BOTH OLD AND NEW.

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

HEAR her sing through the hush of the night,
Sing through the dawn of the fair, young day,
—The Bride to her Spouse, to her heart's delight,—
Love-song thrilling the years for aye!
Sweet and strong and tender and true—
Hark to the heavenly harmony!

"All my fruits, both old and new,
I've kept, Belovèd, for Thee, for Thee!"

All the fruits of the year gone by,
All the fruits of the year begun;
Thoughts and words that never can die,
Good deeds ripened in shade and sun:
Clear and low, 'neath the vault of blue,
Bride of the Canticles, sing with me!

"All my fruits, both old and new,
I've kept, Belovèd, for Thee, for Thee!"

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All the fruits of the dead old year,
All the fruits of the year new-born,
—Prayers, and labors, and suff'rings dear,
Pledges plighted, and vows re-sworn—
Gilded with sunlight, gemm'd with dew,
Heart of Jesus, our harvest see!
"All my fruits, both old and new,
I've kept, Belovèd, for Thee, for Thee!"

KINSALE HARBOR.

TIMOLEAGUE.

THE passenger on board one of the great trans-Atlantic steamships for America, as he comes slowly forth from the Cove of Cork (now called Queenstown), sees to the right for many hours a frowning, ruggedly broken sea-wall, iron-gray and mottled with russet weather stains, with here and there a glimpse of the daintiest green fields where some creek or bay opens suddenly inland. Most forbidding and longest seen of all is the low, outreaching promontory called the Old Head of Kinsale, just beyond the harbor of the same name. Underneath its rocky chine, he is

told, the ceaseless beating of the waves age after age has worn caverns from side to side, through which the sea keeps up its everlasting booming. When at last he turns the Head, a deep indentation of the shore line marks the entrance to

—Courtmasherry's placid bay,

at the end of whose westernmost inlet lie the picturesque ruins of Timoleague Abbey, dear to the lover of the beauty of Irish scenery and the glory of Ireland's antique saintliness.

Timoleague is just an easy, half-Englished way of pronouncing the Irish words meaning the "House of Molaga"; and Molaga was one of the early Saints when Ireland was young in the Christian faith for which it has suffered so much. Like many another Saint of that time, he had much to do with his brother missionaries of the Celtic race in Scotland and Wales; and his own life was spent in much travelling to and fro, studying and founding monasteries and doing any good work that came to hand, even to spreading the culture of bees in his own Ireland.

It is common enough among these early Irish Saints—and yet it is strange, when one comes to think of it—that they have left their names bound up with all the different periods of their country's history. This is because of the work done so well by them during their busy lives, and of the work done after they were dead and gone by the devotion of the common people to them through the succeeding centuries. Thus, in the case of Molaga, we have a few antique bits of building in the rude, primitive style of the early Celtic Christians, dating from himself or his disciples and telling a story of zeal for the glory of God's house and the salvation of souls. Then we have the fine "Abbey" built much later in his honor by friars who came over from Italy hundreds of years after his death. And, in their turn, these splendid arches now stand broken and open to the day with only the ivy to clothe them round about, and the birds and winds to make music where the priests once sang to the glory of God and the Saint God gave them—Molaga.

All this is in the old sub-kingdom of Desmond, which was South Munster; and just as the faith of Molaga has outlived Celtic

TIMOLEAGUE ABBEY, SOUTH SIDE.
(After a recent Photograph by Lawrence.)

wars and Danish and Norman invasions and persecutions of Elizabeth and Cromwell, so the old names of his time are well known among his still faithful Irish people of to-day. The "Bed of Molaga"—his own chief abiding-place in life and in death—is near to Mitchelstown, of unsaintly doings in recent days; and the "House of Molaga"—Timoleague Abbey—is down in Corkalee, the territory of the O'Driscolls. The M'Carthy, or perhaps Barry, founded it for the Franciscans; and it was defended by the O'Sullivan Bear when the persecutor would have destroyed it root and branch. And since then, how many dead of names familiar to the Saint as to us sleep peacefully amid the ruins in this blessed ground of his!

It was in the territory of Fermoy, on the bound of the present barony of Condons and Clangibbon, far toward the north-eastern corner of County Cork, that our Saint was born, in the old principality of the O'Keefes which was long known as the Roches' country. He was of the family of the O'Dugans, possessors of this territory of the "woodland," as it was called. His parents were humble tillers of the ground, as were many who were kin to the petty Kings then governing the land. They had long been childless, and had all their hopes in the heavenly kingdom. One day, as they were sowing a ridge of flax on the south side of the road that runs along the little river Funshion, a troop of priests passed by travelling somewhither with St. Cummin the Long at their head. The Saint foretold to them that they should bring forth a son to their old age, as did Abraham and Sara; "that he would be a friend of learning, and that he should sit in the smooth hill of the plain as Abbot of the school."

When the child of prophecy was born, his parents brought him to the Cross of the Dun or neighboring Fort; and, behold, St. Cummin was at the ford awaiting to baptize one with whom, indeed, he was to be connected all his life. Here, later on, arose the church of Aghacross. Its ruins remain by the bend in the river; and beside it is still an ancient well, consecrated to the Saint and flowing with its clear waters

—by lone Molaga's holy cells.

The cells of the Saint, which he built for himself and his disciples in the rude fashion of the time, have still their ruins on his "smooth hill of the plain." They are in the Saint's own parish of Tempul Molaga; for his name, as we have said, remains everywhere here, however far away and dim may be the memories of the period in which he lived. On the southern slope of the hill, with the mountain stream winding below, the cashel or termon wall encloses an open space in which are the early oratory,

DOORWAY OF ORATORY, LEABA MOLAGA.
(*After photographic view of Lord Dunraven.*)

a church of later date, another square building, and two of those crosses which speak so pathetically of the faith of Erin. The oratory is some twenty feet from the church. A great ash tree overshadows its eastern window, inside which according to ancient custom stood the altar whereon Christ—the mystic Dayspring and Orient from on high—was offered in the Holy Sacrifice, even as now in the nearest and scarcely less humble parish church. Forty years ago there were six of these trees, and the walls stood much

higher; but everything is slowly disappearing before the hand of man. So much the more necessary is it that the holy associations of the place should be preserved while there is yet time. Eighty feet away and still along the southern side of the hill, are four pillar stones as if to mark a boundary. To the west stretch afar the Galty Mountains in swelling waves, blue in the distance and mingling nearer the deep shadows of retreating valleys with the great russet spots on greenclad slopes which form so characteristic a picture in the memory of the tourist through Southern Ireland.

Molaga—a young Culdee or Irish monk—did not long remain in the monastery after the years of his studies were over. He had gathered together a few disciples in this spot. But there were still Druids and idolatrous practices in the country; and he felt himself driven forth, sore at heart, from the midst of so many evils. So he set out for Connor in Ulster, where there had been a bishop since the time of the Apostle St. Patrick. It still forms a bishop's see, though long since united under one head with Down. Like the other holy men of his day, he carried a bell with him to give sign of the exercises of devotion. It was lost by him on the way, and its recovery was the occasion of founding a church (now Kill-foda in O'Neil-land East), whose lands were afterward called the Termon of the bell, while the "priest's mistake of his bell" passed into a proverb. From this he wandered on into Scotland and down to Wales, to the disciples of the great St. David of Menevia, a title which in our own day—after centuries of forced apostasy on the part of the Welsh people—has again been given to a Catholic bishop's see.

After some time spent in Wales, the Saint returned to his own country. He had received during his stay in other lands, first, the name by which we know him—for Mo-laga is the kind-hearted Irish way of saying "My Lachen," the name bestowed on him by the religious children of St. David;—and second, a bell presented to him in memory of the religious ties he had formed with them. This present was enough to leave his name to a place in Wales, long called Boban-Molaga.

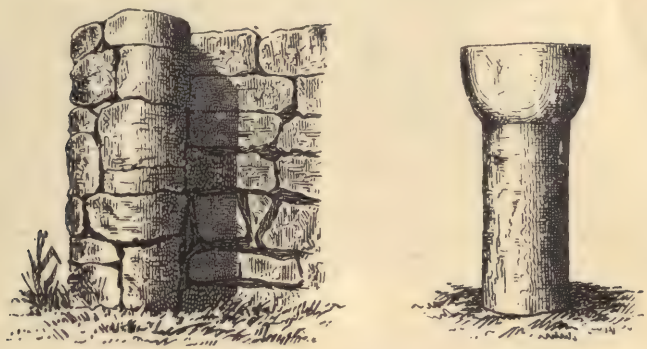
St. David had always been in communication with his Celtic brethren of Ireland, and another of his disciples—Modomhnog, or Dominic of Ossory—had brought home with him from the Welsh monastery a swarm of bees, the culture of which he introduced among the Irish monks. But by this time "My Dominic's" bees were in need of another trained hand for their due care; and the services of our own Saint were eagerly demanded by the chieftain of what is now Dublin, as soon as he arrived there on his way homeward. He took this as an indication of the will of Providence; for he was ever distrustful of the voice of flesh and blood in seeking again his native region among the hills of Munster—Liath-Muine. So a church and land were given him a little to the north of what is now Balbriggan town; and the King of Dun Dubhline ordered that every person in his domains should pay the Saint a *pighin* or penny every three years for his support, while he was to take charge of the patriarchal swarm of the Irish bees. In the midst of the blessed ground where the dead of his race are still laid away in the hope of the same resurrection which he preached, are the ruins of his old chapel of Lambeecher in Bremore, which is nothing else than the good Welsh name—*Llan-beachaire*—or "Church of the Beeman." As late as the year 1200, when these parts were known as Fingall, or the region of the "tribe of the Danes," the Archbishop of Dublin gave the chapel to the Canons serving God in the religious house of the Blessed Virgin at Kilbixy.

These may seem insignificant details; but they point the moral—how, through all the ages and in all things, bees and Danes, home learning and foreign emigration, Ireland has drawn her best life from the Catholic faith. Because of her faith, it is true, she has had suffering which is the reward of faith; and happiness is the recompense of suffering.

We next find St. Molaga amid St. Kieran's Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise on the River Shannon, the greatest of the ancient Irish establishments of religion and learning. About this time his old neighbors of Fermoy came to beg him to return to his own monastery of *Tulach-mhin*—the smooth hill on the plain.

They promised him many things, even fifty white milch cows every successive year; and when he sent them away, they simply came back to him accompanied by their beseeching wives and children. He could no longer withstand so earnest entreaties; and henceforth, to his death, his name is associated with his native home. It afterward became known by his name as *Labba* or *Leaba Molaga*—"the Bed of Molaga;"—for there, as all tradition has it, his mortal remains still lie awaiting the resurrection.

It is there the ruins here described may be found. You enter the western door of the oratory, which like all these very



PILASTER OF ORATORY. PILLAR STOUP.

ANCIENT STONE-WORK AT LEABA MOLAGA.

early houses of prayer is little more than a dozen feet in length. Notice by the way the rude yet true art with which the lintel is disposed; it is the early entablature, used before the arch had yet been introduced into that curious and original system of architecture which belongs to early Christian Ireland. In its later developments this presents a true progress in art, worthy of the study and admiration which the ancient art of Ireland has only of late—too late, alas—received.

A remarkable pillar stoup, or columnar stone font, is still preserved here. It once stood just within the door. On the south side, near the foot of the altar, there is a large flag stone, lifted above the ground by two low side stones; and here is the

SOUTHERN ARCADE AND WEST WINDOW, TIMOLEAGUE, ABBEY.
FROM THE INSIDE OF NAVE.

tomb of St. Molaga. Until these later days devout pilgrims came and, creeping into the space beneath the flag, prayed to the Saint to whose sanctified relics they were thus brought so near. It is only within the last few years that the stone altar under the east window has been destroyed; but the Holy Mass and, let us hope it, the memory of St. Molaga will not perish from among his faithful people.

One of the latest acts of the Saint had been to imperil his life for his brethren by ministering to them in the time of the terrible "yellow plague"—the *Buidhe Chonnuil.* And—a final remembrance to bring us up short with a reference to our own so different age—one who worked along with the Saint in his later time was the Abbot of Spike Island, which the passenger for America has also seen, with all its prison recollections, in Queenstown Harbor.

It is not in connection with his last resting-place, but with the great Abbey called by way of excellence the "House of Molaga"—*Teach-Molaga*—that our Saint's name is chiefly known. Colgan, the historian of the Irish Saints, gives on the 20th of January "the feast of St. Molaga, Confessor, Patron of the Church of Timoleague." This was probably the site of one of the Saint's primitive monasteries; but its present memories date only from the coming of the Franciscans, in 1240. Even its noble, but irregular architecture—lofty arches resting on pillars without capitals, some cylindrical and some square, windows with mullions and without, lancet-shaped and square-headed and obtuse—all tells of the later art that came in with the Normans and the Cistercian monks of St. Bernard.

Into Courtmacsherry Bay, stretching away from the Abbey's southern side, the Spanish galleons laden with their rich wines were wont to come to trade with the Irish. Hides and fish and wool, linen cloth and squirrel skins, were the unromantic articles the latter offered in exchange. A considerable village grew up; and, in consequence of the tradition affirming that St. Molaga had once sojourned here, the whole district was put under his invocation and called Timoleague. When the Normans, destined to become

more Irish than the Irish themselves, penetrated thus far—Barrys and De Courceys and the rest—they found no difficulty in accommodating themselves to the devotions of the native Celt; and when the friars arrived and the great Abbey was to be built, no patron could be thought of but St. Molaga.

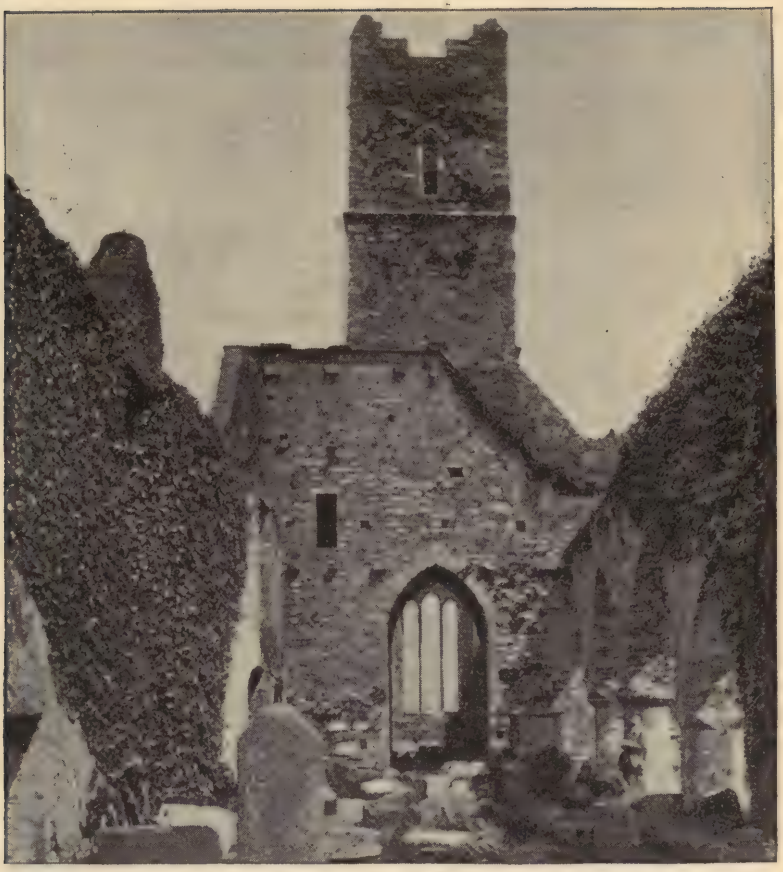
The honor of founding Timoleague Abbey is given by some to the Norman Barry, by others to M'Carthy, Prince of Carbery. Beside the convent rose the church, with its nave of ninety feet running into a spacious choir half its own length, and a lateral wing or transept extending nearly forty feet to the south. The bell tower, at every period a special feature in Irish churches, rose sixty-eight feet at the junction of choir and nave. Outside, along the sheltered angle with its southern exposure where the transept joined the main body of the church, were the arcades of the pleasant, sunny cloister. There the friars might walk to and fro in sight of the peaceful bay, and

> The swelling fields of Barryroe,
> And all the westward Carbery heights.

In the choir, the tomb of Daniel M'Carthy, the supposed founder, and the monuments of the O'Donovans and O'Heas were still there in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The De Courceys, Lords of Kinsale, also had their burial place here. One of these, Edmund, Bishop of Ross and himself a Franciscan, was a great benefactor of the Abbey. He induced his nephew, James De Courcey, the Lord of Kinsale, to rebuild a great part of the convent; and, at his death in 1517, he bequeathed to his brethren there many valuable legacies of altar-plate and books.

During Queen Elizabeth's reign, Timoleague suffered much from the Catholic-hating soldiery let loose on Ireland—that "most distressed country." An attack on this home of prayer and charity has inspired one of Mr. T. D. Sullivan's most stirring ballads:

> In Timoleague's old Abbey pile
> By Courtmasherry's placid bay,



EAST WINDOW.
SEEN THROUGH ARCH (BELOW TOWER) DIVIDING NAVE FROM CHOIR.

A monk sat in the bell-tower, while
Down sunk the sun of a summer day;

. . . . . .

He heard his brethren's hymn of prayer
Float upward on the balmy air;
Then clasping in his bony hand
His large black bead, he bent and swayed
With deep emotion, while he prayed
That Ireland's troubles soon might cease.

. . . . . .

But almost ere the prayer was sped
From his pure lips, a sense of dread
Thrilled through him in that quiet hour;
And casting 'round a furtive glance,
O Christ! he saw the quick advance
Of Saxon troops. He scarce had pow'r
To call, to shriek, to strike the bell,
To rush below from cell to cell,
To summon all his startled freres,
When crash! in splinters went the door—
The soldiers tramped across the floor,
Burst to the chapel, laughed and swore
A goodly prize was theirs.

WEST WINDOW AND CLOISTER, TIMOLEAGUE ABBEY.

The beautiful windows were smashed in, the carving and statues hacked by sword and axe, and the tombs of the dead trampled under the hoofs of the horses which had been spurred into the house of God. The sacred vessels were torn from the Tabernacle, and the consecrated hosts profaned. Then, to complete their sacrilegious work,

Before they went they'd show their grace
By pausing just to say—
That was a generous Saint indeed,
Who in their day of real need

When wine was scarce and cash was slack,
Had set them on that blessed track,
And after hours of sore fatigue
Had led them safe to Timoleague
By Courtmasherry bay.

The good friars bent to the storm and prayed for their despoilers. Not so another stout-hearted inmate of Timoleague, not a friar, but only the carpenter who had

—labored gladly here
While many a tranquil year went round,
To carve and shape and polish fair
What now lies wrecked upon the ground.

This one, in his righteous anger, unto the founder of all Franciscans

Spoke from his hot brain hastily:

. . . . . .

If this base crew before me now
Shall pass from hence unhurt away,
O great Saint Francis! hear my vow—
I'll not work here another day.
I'll cast my well-loved tools aside,
I'll tramp and travel far and wide,
And let your monks as best they may
Refit their convent by the side
Of Courtmasherry bay.

As if his stern words had moved the Saint to action, his prayer was scarcely ended when the wild cry of the Irish kerns came borne on the breeze.

The valiant Donal of Dunbuidhe—

the O'Sullivan Bear—was coming, not speedily enough to hinder the sack of Timoleague, but not too late to avenge it.

Short was the combat. Fiercely well
The troopers fought, and loud they swore;
By twos and threes and tens they fell
Beside the walls, before the door.
The leader of the ribald jest
And mocking prayer profanely bold
Fell cloven downward to the breast,
Nor longer clutched the beaten gold.

. . . . . .

One horseman only, faint and pale,
Sped from the field of death away—
Spared to make known the dreadful tale,
And shout the warning on the gale—
"Beware the Abbey in the vale
By Courtmasherry bay."

But the sacrilegious spoliation of St. Molaga's House was not at an end. In the profanation leading to its final ruin, the names of two Anglican Churchmen appear—William Lyons, the intruded Protestant Bishop of Cork and a certain Doctor Ham-

GREAT EAST WINDOW OF CHOIR,
FROM POINT BEFORE EAST WINDOW OF SIDE-CHAPEL, SOUTH.

mer, a minister. Of course, in speaking of Elizabethan prelates it must be always borne in mind that they were apostates. In the Protestant prelates of a subsequent period, education and long-rooted prejudice were responsible for what in the case of Lyons and Hammer was due to something very akin to demoniacal possession.

Lyons naturally had little love for the friars. As for their beautiful Abbey with its treasures of art, it was of value in his eyes only as available for building materials. In 1590, wishing in his zeal for the Gospel to put up a mill of his own, he made a

descent on a mill the friars had built on their little River Arighideen. He carried off everything belonging to it, even to the very stones of which it was built. An inundation, however, swept all his work away when it was completed and the people did not fail to see in this a proof of Heaven's displeasure.

In 1596, the minister Doctor Hammer came in a small vessel to Timoleague, to get timber for a fine dwelling-house which he was building near Cork. He pulled apart the richly carved oaken wainscoting of the friars' cells, and loading his vessel with it sailed away. Hardly had the ship however cleared the bay, when a gale sprang up and sent the vessel with all its freight to the bottom.

On Christmas Eve in 1612, Lyons the Bishop of Cork, who had then reached an extreme old age, was told that the people all around Timoleague were to assemble in the Abbey to assist at the Midnight Mass. Straightway rising up with the band of ruffians who were his ordinary suite, he started out to hunt the friars and their congregation.

He had passed the gates of Cork into the open country, when he was seized with sudden illness. His companions begged him to return. But hatred of the Catholics was stronger in him than the pains of the body. He dismounted and, wrapping himself in warmer garments, bestrode his horse again, determined to accomplish his bloody purpose. But God was watching over the worshippers in Timoleague that night. The pains grew more and more intense till finally they forced him to retrace his steps to Cork.

In 1602, Owen McEgan, the Catholic Bishop-elect of Ross, while acting as chaplain to the troops of the O'Sullivan Bear, fell mortally wounded by the English and died on the field. His remains were brought to Timoleague by the O'Sullivans and the M'Carthys. There they still lie awaiting the coming of the Lord Who shall judge persecuted and persecutor alike. Round about have been laid the ashes of generation after generation of Irish Catholics. Many nameless 'heaving mounds of clay' are here, on which the sun pours its warm ray through the ruined

southern window. The uncovered peasant, with that respect for the dead which is so marked among the Irish, still kneels

—before the portals
Where of old were wont to be,
For the blind, the halt, and leper,
Alms and hospitality.

One of the last of the Irish harpers, John Collins who died in 1816, fittingly sang in the old tongue a last "Lament over Timoleague." Sir Samuel Ferguson has translated it from the Irish and preserved it to us in his *Lays of the Western Gael.*

There, I said in woeful sorrow,
Weeping bitterly the while,
Was a time when joy and gladness
Reigned within this ruined pile.

. . . . . .

Empty aisle, deserted chancel,
Tower tottering to your fall,
Many a storm since then has beaten
On the grey head of your wall.

. . . . . .

Gone your Abbot, rule and order,
Broken down your altar stones;
Nought see I beneath your shelter,
Save a heap of clayey bones.

Oh! the hardship, oh! the hatred,
Tyranny and cruel war,
Persecution and oppression
That have left you as you are!

RUINS OF LAMBEECHER CHAPEL, BEEMORE.

JOSEPH'S DREAM.

By Agnes Hampton.

HIS is the true story of an Arab child of Christian parents; his happy dreams in Bethlehem of the East become real only after weary days in this New World of the West.

I.

The fair blue sky of Palestine looked down on the house where little Joseph was born. There he spent twelve happy, innocent years. The same hills that echoed the Angels' chorus, on the first holy Christmas night, threw their shadows across the spot where he dwelt. Bethlehem, the city of David and the birthplace of the world's Redeemer, was his home.

His parents were pious in their humble condition. They were the descendants of Christian Arabs who for generations had lived in the ancient city. They earned a meagre livelihood by the manufacture and sale of rosaries, crucifixes, and holy images. They had their modest home in a house that had once been almost stately in its architecture and surroundings, but was fast crumbling away for want of the care their poverty would not permit them to bestow upon it.

Near the dwelling, along the hillside, was the garden with a few venerable olive trees. An ancient vine shaded a rustic bench and table; and there was a shed to shelter the donkey which was the willing servant and the children's playmate. It too shared the family fortunes, feasting when times were good and starving when shekels were few.

Death visited their humble home and called away good old Simon, the father. So the widow was left with her four orphan children, of whom Joseph was the youngest. He was a sprightly, affectionate boy, always active and willing to help, always happy and smiling. Yet his was a thoughtful heart, and

he looked out into the future and planned a high and holy calling for himself.

He was sitting in the doorway at his mother's feet. The evening meal was finished, and the industrious widow was seated with a piece of the curious Eastern needle-work before her. The twilight was fast departing, and she laid down the work and placed a tremulous hand upon the soft, dark tresses of her boy.

"Joseph, my son, they are taking you from me far across the great sea. But I can trust you, my child, my youngest one. Be true to the teachings of your father; be faithful to the holy Virgin and to your patron St. Joseph; and the infant Saviour will love you and never forsake you."

"Mother," said the boy in a low voice, "why must I leave you? Simon does not need me. He is a big man and I am but a little boy. I would better love to stay here with you and my sisters."

"My poor child, since your father's death your brother Simon is the head of the family; and he thinks it best for you to go with him to that great free land they tell us of, where boys and men can make much money. Here we are very poor and in debt. If you and your brother can do well for yourselves and help me to pay our debts, will it not be better for us all? O my little one, my Joseph, my Benjamin, it breaks my heart to part from you—and yet, it is best, it is best. God will surely befriend you in that strange land."

She stooped over and kissed him lovingly, tenderly, while large tears ran down her cheeks and sobs choked her voice.

A harsh voice called: "Joseph!"

The boy started up and ran quickly to where Simon stood unloading an unwieldy cart laden with packages of various sizes and shapes.

"Here!" said the latter roughly; "why are you always worrying the Mother with your foolish whining? Jump about quickly and help me, for we must be ready to leave to-morrow before noon."

The child grew very pale; he bit his lip and made no reply,

busying himself with carrying in the bundles his brother was unpacking.

Before his father died, no one had ever thought of scolding him; but now all was changed. The older son had stepped quietly into his father's authority, and the gentle, timid mother was afraid to check him. So he had forced from her a consent that Joseph should go with his cousin and himself; for they had promised to join a party of friends and neighbors who were going out to America to sell the wares of the Holy Land. There was no chance of making a living in Bethlehem, he said, and they were already burdened with debt. In the great world beyond the seas they would soon get rich, and they would come back and live like the English lords when they travel.

The boys were very much alike in a way, yet strangely dissimilar.

Simon was about twenty-one, tall, erect and graceful. His complexion was swarthy, his eyes and hair very dark, his nose aquiline, the lower part of his face heavy-set and muscular.

Joseph too had the complexion and hair of his race. But his eyes, fringed by long black lashes, were of a dark hazel tint; and his skin, though dark, was transparent and easily varied with his emotion from a creamy paleness to a crimson flush. His mouth was small, and his nose and chin delicately chiselled.

Late that night as he lay asleep in his little cot, with the starlight through the open window throwing a gentle radiance upon him, his mother crept stealthily into the room. She leaned over him and saw that his placid face bore the traces of tears. His hands were joined and, tightly clasped between his fingers, was the well-worn rosary she had taken from her husband's hands after his death and given to her youngest child.

She kissed his eyelids, his rosy mouth, his little brown hands, murmuring: "Holy Joseph, protect my fatherless boy; Holy Virgin, keep him pure; Sweet Jesus, have mercy on him!"

The child smiled in his sleep. He dreamed he was in the Holy Cave with Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. The Virgin Mother had put her Babe into his arms and allowed him to kiss the lips

of the Divine Lord. Then he thought St. Joseph said kindly: "Little Joseph is my namesake; he shall be a brother to the Holy Child Jesus. He shall live to preach His Gospel, and to break the Bread of Life, unto those who hunger for It."

II.

High Mass was over; and the crowd was slowly filing out through the narrow portals of St. Joseph's Church in one of our populous cities of the South. It was a poor little weather-beaten edifice, half-brick and half-frame, in which the Catholics of that portion of the city had worshipped for nearly twenty years. They often laughingly called it Bethlehem. But although stable-like in its exterior, within all was light and fragrant of burning incense. The altar was radiant, and the aisles echoed to the same stately hymns that have charmed royal ears in the cathedrals of other lands.

The little old church is now torn away, and a handsome Gothic pile occupies its place. But it is not too late to chronicle one sweet act of mercy which was commenced within those humble walls, hallowed by so many sacred memories.

Two ladies in deep mourning, Miss Fitzhugh and her sister, were slowly proceeding down the aisle. Suddenly Martha, the younger of the two, called her sister's attention to a child kneeling in a sheltered corner near the confessional. He was clad in a coarse woollen suit, and his feet were encased in heavy boots several sizes too large for him. His little hands were bronzed by the sun and roughened by exposure to the cold weather. But these signs of toil and poverty were not what had attracted her notice; it was the expression of his face.

He clasped in his hands an old rosary; and his eyes were fixed with rapturous devotion upon the little crucifix, held between his thumb and forefinger. His face was pale, but placid. Great tears streamed down his cheeks and splashed unheeded upon the sacred image.

As Miss Fitzhugh glanced toward him, he reverently blessed himself and rose to leave, when he met her kind eyes fixed upon

him. She had scarcely time to catch in return a pleading, sorrowful look from the large brown eyes, before she saw a young man roughly nudge the boy and push him forward. The little fellow hesitated, glanced at the ladies and said a few words to his companion, who replied with an angry scowl and hurried him away.

This is what the boy said: "That sweet lady has eyes like the Mother, like the Holy Virgin. I want to speak to her. Please, Simon, let me speak to her."

"No, Joseph, you act like a simpleton. What has the strange lady to do with you?"

By this time they were outside the church. Another young man, whom they called Cousin John, was with them; and thus the three Arabs hurried away, little Joseph running and limping painfully to keep up with the swinging stride of his companions.

"What a beautiful child!" said Miss Fitzhugh, as the sisters walked thoughtfully homeward. "His great, dark eyes haunt me, and I believe he wanted to speak to me. Did you see how roughly that man hurried him away? I know the little fellow was speaking of us."

Several times during the day she alluded to the little scene, and said: "That child is surely in trouble; I know it. His sad eyes follow me, and I cannot keep them out of my mind. I will speak to him, if we see him again."

Martha, finding that the subject really distressed her sister's tender heart, tried to laugh away the thought of the poor Italians, as she supposed them to be. But her gentle ridicule had not the desired effect.

That afternoon, at Vespers, Miss Fitzhugh prayed for the stranger and asked St. Joseph to help her to befriend the poor child. "For I know," she said, "his little heart is in sore distress, and he must be a good child to say his beads with such tender devotion." Finally she concluded that the good Saint probably knew more about the poor little fellow than she did, and that he would certainly help her to find him and comfort him in some way or another. Hers was a simple childlike faith into which no shadow of doubt ever entered.

Several weeks passed before another glimpse was caught of the foreigners. Then again they were seen in the vestibule of the church, one morning after Mass. Miss Fitzhugh had no excuse to speak to them; but she caught the boy's glance and gave him a radiant little smile that warmed every corner of his lonely heart and brought the bright, glad light into his sorrowful eyes.

A few days after, she met him on the street with a heavy basket of small articles, which he was peddling about the city. She examined his wares, bought a few trifles, and then questioned him about himself.

A child's instinct is rarely mistaken, and Joseph knew he had found a true friend. In broken language, for his English was not yet very intelligible, he told her how he and his brother and cousin had come from Bethlehem. He told of his mother and sisters at home, and of their wants and hopes.

She conjectured that he was badly treated by his brother and cousin, and that he was overworked. He was plainly so foot-sore that he could scarcely walk; and, worse than all, she found that he was heart-sick and home-sick for his mother and his quiet, peaceful home so far away. That he had refined instincts and aspirations above his station, perhaps unintelligible to his companions, was easily seen; and the tender, womanly heart of his new friend was at once enlisted in his behalf. She determined that he should be cared for and protected. Giving him her address, she told him to come to see her and tell her all about the Holy Land; and she would show him pictures of the holy places near his home and of the Saints he loved.

He thanked her, and his expressive eyes sparkled with pleasure and gratitude.

Miss Fitzhugh was not wealthy. Indeed she was poor, if we may call one poor whose heart is overflowing with holy thoughts and generous impulses. But she determined to enlist her friends and interest them in this poor, home-sick, desolate child.

He came to see her, as he had promised. She drew from him his whole simple story—his father's death, the parting with mother and sisters, the ocean voyage in the reeking steerage of an emigrant

ship, the cities they had visited, the rebuffs they had met with, the wearisome tramps, the cheerless lodgings where he had to be cook and porter and drudge at night, after a long, weary day of toil and travel. And finally, with sighs and blushes, came the heaviest, hardest trial of all, his longing to study and learn so that he might grow up to be a priest.

"I know so little," he said sadly, "and I grow so fast. It will take many, many years to make me wise enough, and I shall soon be a man."

Miss Fitzhugh showed him some pictures of the Holy Land, and of the Blessed Mother and the Saints. From these he picked out one of St. Joseph and fervently kissed it. After the Blessed Mother, St. Joseph was his favorite Saint.

This was a very happy day for the little Arab. After a generous repast, he took his leave and, running lightly down the steps, hurried back to his brother's poor lodgings.

Miss Fitzhugh went at once to work devising plans to help this little waif, who had crept so suddenly but surely into her compassionate heart. She learned that he could enter a Catholic night-school in the city. She raised means to clothe him nicely, so that he might present a neat appearance among the other boys. All things were looking bright for the little Arab when, suddenly, he disappeared.

III.

For several weeks Miss Fitzhugh waited in hopes that Joseph would visit her again. Her heart was heavy with forebodings of trouble for the child.

At last she met him in a part of the city remote from her dwelling. He was carrying a heavy basket, his face was paler and thinner, his eyes looked unnaturally large, and his steps were weary and lagging. A pathetic look of quiet endurance was on his face.

When he saw his kind friend, the warm blood rushed to his cheeks and his eyes grew bright with joy.

"Well, my little Joseph," she said, "why did you never come again to see me? I have good news for you. I can help you to go to school and learn; will not that make you happy?"

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He blushed and hung his head, a furtive look crept into the frank eyes, and he painfully stammered some trifling excuse. Finally he told her that his brother had forbidden him to see her again, and had even beaten him for asking to go to her house. He would never consent for him to go to school. It was no use to ask.

"I will see your brother," said the lady resolutely. "Perhaps he fears I am not a true friend to you and will do you harm."

Procuring Simon's address, she sent for him on the plea of important business. He came, and was at first surly and disagreeable. But finally, thawing out under her genial manner, he consented to let his little brother enter the night-school.

They could not spare him, he said, for his work was worth much money to them and they were very poor. People bought much from him because he was little, and they pitied him. He was too useful on the street to waste his time going to school; but he might study at night.

The crafty, selfish expression of the older Arab impressed Miss Fitzhugh far more unfavorably than anything she had learned from Joseph. She secretly resolved to free the child, as soon as possible, from the tyranny of his unnatural brother.

Little Joseph entered the night-school, where his polite, gentle manners, his earnestness and attention, won all hearts. The boys loved to gather round him during recess; they never tired of hearing him recite verses and prayers in his native tongue. He was remarkably bright. Every one that conversed with him remarked what a fine mind he must have to learn so readily, to understand so quickly, a language which a few months ago had been entirely new and strange to him.

About this time John, who was a most plausible fellow, came frequently to see Miss Fitzhugh concerning his little cousin. He finally procured admission for himself to the night-school, where his graceful and insinuating manners and his ready wit won him many admirers. But Joseph always seemed ill at ease with him; and one could detect a nervous, frightened look about him as if

he were continually on the lookout for a pinch or a blow. His lessons were never so good nor his manners so free when John was watching him. Still, he learned fast and won friends every day.

Whether it was his bright, intelligent face or his large, sorrowful eyes, or his quick, attentive manner, I know not; but there was a charm about the little Arab that proved an "open sesame" to all hearts. He had been fitted up in comfortable clothes, such as are worn by American boys in ordinary life. With his neat suit, his clean, shining face, and his soft, dark curls crowned by a red Turkish cap, he made an attractive picture. But the life of hard, grinding toil never ceased. Day by day he grew paler, thinner, more ethereal-looking.

IV.

One Sunday evening, Joseph came to see Miss Fitzhugh, and she noticed that he limped painfully. She asked him if he were tired.

"Some," he said quietly, sinking into the chair to which she motioned him.

Presently she glanced up and saw that, although his face was calm and placid, great tears were streaming from his eyes and his hands were tightly clasped as if in pain.

"My poor child, what is grieving you?"

"My feet are very bad," he said. "I can hardly walk. Yesterday I walked, walked, walked all day; and when I came home at night, I had only sold five cents." Here he held up his five fingers with a little grimace of disgust, which would have been amusing had it not been so pitiful.

Meanwhile Martha, who had quietly left the room, returned with a basin of warm water and Castile soap, a little box of salve, and soft towels.

"Joseph," she said, "I am going to bathe your feet. No, no, you must not move"—for the boy blushed and stammered, putting out his hands to prevent her. "Don't you remember how our dear Lord washed His disciples' feet? and don't you think it will please Him for me to wash and anoint your feet?"

While she was speaking, she had unfastened and taken off his shoes and stockings. Swollen, discolored with bruises and sores, the poor feet were indeed as he had said, "very bad." It was a mystery to her how he could bear his weight upon them. Her face grew dark with indignation as she thought of the cruel men who could allow a child so to suffer. But she tried, with her wonted gentleness, to banish the uncharitable feeling, remembering that

> Evil is wrought by want of thought
> As well as want of heart.

Very tenderly she bathed and dried the poor swollen feet, spreading a soothing ointment with a soft linen cloth on the wounded places. Then she replaced his shoes and stockings. They were very much too large, else he could not have borne their pressure.

"Sister," she said, "this is frightful; something must be done. His brother must be forced to let us get the child a home."

"Do not tell my brother," pleaded the child; "he will beat me for letting you know."

"But, my boy, you cannot continue walking with your feet in this condition. Only yesterday a good lady told me she would give you a home with her for a month, until something better can be done. You might stay with us, but we have only these two rooms and could not make you comfortable. Miss Halleck is a good kind lady. She is not rich, but she can give you a little room and you can pay your board by helping a bit in the kitchen. And then you can have more time to study. You can still go to the night-school, and she will take you to church and to Sunday-school with her."

The lad's eyes brightened a moment. Then the old helpless look came back as he said: "My brother will never let me go to her. It is no use, no use."

"I will see him this very day," replied Miss Fitzhugh; and, suiting the action to the words, she donned her bonnet and wraps and started out with Joseph to find his brother.

Simon scowled at the boy, and spoke a few words in Arabic. Joseph with a mute, frightened look shrank away from his kind protector and retired into a corner of the room. The lady explained her errand, and at first met with a decided refusal.

"No, he cannot go. We are very poor, we need him. It is for his good as well as ours to work. He is strong and well. He walks lame to make people sorry for him; you should see how fast he can walk when he is with me." Here Simon laughed sneeringly. "O madam, you do not know that boy. You think him a little saint because he says his beads and weeps, and because he talks soft. Oh, but he is an idle, deceitful young"—here he stopped for a word, and finally brought out what he evidently considered the climax of a terrible accusation in America—"dude—an idle, whining young dude."

The winding up of this oration was so irresistibly funny to Miss Fitzhugh that, indignant as she was, she laughed heartily. It was the best thing she could have done. Simon accepted her laughter for approbation. He became mollified, and gradually yielded to her persuasions to let the child have at least a month's rest with the kind lady who offered him a home. It was settled that he could go at once.

I know not who slept the most soundly that night, Joseph in his soft downy bed in his new home, or Miss Fitzhugh and her sister on pillows which surely ought to have been blessed by happy dreams.

The next day Simon and his cousin came together and explained that they could not let Joseph stay away from them, unless they could be promised five dollars a month to recompense them for the loss of his services. Deceived by their plausible words, Miss Fitzhugh agreed to this demand. It was impossible for her to do so unaided; but such was her faith that she felt certain the means would be forthcoming to pay for the child's liberty. She had already embarrassed herself in assisting him, but heretofore she had found her friends glad to advance her charitable designs. She felt confident of their continued generosity.

When she told them of this new imposition they were very indignant. What, were the selfish, crafty fellows not grateful to have the poor child cared for, clothed, and educated? How dared they attempt to extort money from her on such a silly pretext?

Poor little Miss Fitzhugh was fairly overwhelmed by the tempest she had evoked. But Providence came to her assistance, and before the end of the month she had means to keep her promise to Simon.

She told him decidedly, however, that her friends had determined to have the boy taken care of, and that under the laws of this country he could be punished for cruelty to children. At this he flew into a terrible rage and went away scowling and muttering: "She will get the worst of it yet, for meddling with that good-for-nothing boy."

V.

Joseph will never forget that happy month with Miss Halleck. How quickly sped the days sweetened by prayer and study and light, cheering toil. He was kept busy assisting the elder ladies of the family just as he had been taught to help his mother. With his deft, tidy ways he accomplished a thousand trifling things that are never noticed until the omission of them recalls their great necessity.

Often he would tell them of his distant home, of the great Convent and Church of the Nativity, of the holy places in Jerusalem, and of the pilgrims from all over the world who flock incessantly to the scenes of our Saviour's birth and death and resurrection.

"And just to think," Miss Halleck would often say, "our little friend here has played hundreds of times in the hills and valleys of that holy land, his feet have walked over the very spots hallowed by the footprints of our Lord Himself. O Joseph, how much you must love your home!"

"Yes, I love my home—my poor, humble, holy Bethlehem. How happy we should be if our land were free as your America is."

He never tired of geography, but studied it greedily. He would hunt for the map of the world and trace with his finger the long route he had journeyed over. He would linger along the shores of Italy and Southern France, then out the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic into the harbor of New York. When he reached that city, a sad, frightened look would come into his eyes, as though painful memories were aroused.

"I like it not—it is a great place; but oh, the noise!" and then he would clap his hands to his ears as if to shut out a deafening roar.

He was quick and agile in every movement and full of gesticulations; indeed there was scarcely an emotion that he could not portray with the joint movements of hands and eyes.

The beginning of another month brought a new change into the boy's life. Mrs. Lee was an amiable widow lady with two daughters, living in a charming country home a few miles from the city. She had seen Joseph and heard his story. She became very much interested in him, and offered to give him a home as long as he should need it.

Here he was in another quiet, refined Catholic family. Under the gentle influence of these kind ladies, the child's mind expanded like a beautiful flower opening to the sunshine. At the same time, the pure, invigorating country air brought back the roses to his wan cheeks and the buoyancy of childhood to his limbs. The poor home-sick boy became deeply attached to his new friends, and they in turn grew very fond and proud of their young ward.

Meanwhile, Miss Fitzhugh was enjoying an animated correspondence with a New York priest—the Father of blessed memory for homeless boys. It resulted in securing a permanent home for the poor child.

Mr. Barry was a gentleman of charitable disposition and some little means. He interested himself in the case, and promised to help Miss Fitzhugh who was always fearing the trouble they might have with the older boys. They had lately grown very abusive and threatening.

Mr. Barry went to the Orphans' Court of the Southern State, told the whole story, and asked to be appointed the boy's guardian. The authorities replied that such a step was unnecessary, there being no property involved. They directed him to act as he thought best for the child's welfare. Accordingly, he fitted Joseph out nicely and took him with himself to New York. He parted with him only after he had placed him safely in the Father's mission school, under the patronage of the Immaculate Virgin.

Joseph's leave-taking of his friends was very touching. Miss Fitzhugh and her sister were at the depot to bid him "God speed!" Martha stood a little behind her sister, carefully holding a small basket packed with cakes and fruit. Joseph greeted them with the innocent affection of a little child. But the New York train was ready, and so he followed his guardian into the coach. He sat gazing back as long as the ladies were in sight. At last, as he turned his head from the window, his eyes were full of tears.

VI.

Joseph's journey to New York had taken place while his brother and cousin were out of the city on one of their periodical tramps, peddling through the adjacent counties. On their return they learned what had happened, and were furious.

John was particularly disagreeable. He appeared several times at the door of Miss Fitzhugh with surly, downcast countenance and threatening language. He commenced dogging her footsteps. He appeared suddenly at the most unexpected times and places. At last, fairly worn out with his persistence, she threatened to appeal to the police for protection. He in return declared he would take his grievances to the Turkish minister.

A few days after this last threat, the ladies were startled by a summons to the parlor. It was from a gentleman whose name was not familiar to either of them. He introduced himself as the Secretary of the Turkish legation. He explained his visit by saying that he came to inquire into the case of a little Arab whom they had befriended.

The Secretary was accompanied by his wife, a gentle little

foreigner. He was himself of French training and marriage, and his manners were extremely suave and polished. He apologized profoundly, in his broken English, for disturbing them.

"I wish not to trouble you," he said, "or to cause you any uneasiness. But these boys, these Arabs have complained to the minister, and he directed me to investigate." He then listened attentively, while Miss Fitzhugh related the whole story.

When she finished there was a suspicious moisture in the bright eyes of the French lady. She murmured, "Poor child, poor child!"

It was the critical moment. The Secretary arose, looked doubtingly at his wife, and then grasped Miss Fitzhugh's hand impulsively:

"Allow me, madam, to say you have done a noble work. God will bless you for it. I promise you shall not be again annoyed by these men."

The trial was over; he kept his promise.

Long afterward, poor, frightened, yet firmly charitable Miss Fitzhugh learned that the two cousins were living honest, industrious lives. What was more—it is a side-light on the Oriental character—they had at once begun corresponding regularly with little Joseph in his New York home!

And now for Joseph's dream which came to him as he left, perhaps forever, his own and the Christ-Child's birthplace?

In far Bethlehem, his mother's heart is comforted; for he is *safe*. The child who has inherited from her the blood of the desert wanderers cannot but chafe at times against the confinement of school. But when the longing for home and mother swells his heart almost to bursting, he knows to whom to go for comfort. His Christian mother and his dream in Bethlehem have taught him. For in the Holy Family of Bethlehem—with the Divine Child Jesus and His Virgin Mother Mary and His foster-father St. Joseph—the whole world can find their true home.

MOSAIC OF ST. APOLLINARIS FROM RAVENNA (6TH CENTURY).

THE CHASUBLE.

By the Secretary of a Tabernacle Society.

> "And thou shalt make a holy vesture for Aaron, thy brother, for glory and for beauty . . . in which he, being consecrated, may minister unto Me in the priest's office." *Exodus, xxviii. 2, 3.*

THE more we look into the ritual of the Church, the more we are impressed by the deep significance of her ceremonies and accessories. The *Church of Form*, she is called! How little do those who so name her understand the beautiful lessons of holiness and of truth she thereby teaches her intelligent children. The pomp of a court is looked upon with awe, even in democratic America; when we go abroad, we willingly join in and enjoy the least part of ceremonial to which we are admitted; we watch, with intense interest, the customs handed down through generations, and we long to be acquainted with their significance. Can any court be more worthy of our attentive study than that of the Great King of Kings? As we kneel before *His* throne, the lighted candles take us back in imagination to the Catacombs and show us there the courageous piety of the early Christians, which we are so slow to imitate. The floating incense calls to mind our own vocation to Christianity in the offering of the Magi to the Babe of Bethlehem, while it fills us with the spirit of prayer which we beg of God may be directed like incense in His sight.

So with all other things relating to the service of the Altar, and more than all, with the Church Vestments, those robes 'for beauty and for glory' in which the eternal priesthood minister unto God!

Most striking of these is the Chasuble, the last garment put on by the priest in celebrating the sacrifice of the Mass. He is vested in Amice and Alb, in Girdle, Maniple, and Stole; then he places over all the Chasuble, embroidered with a cross to represent that which was borne by Christ upon His sacred shoulders.

(11TH CENTURY.)

It is a question much discussed among liturgical writers, as to whether the Apostles and their immediate successors had distinct vestments for Divine Office, or whether they celebrated in ordinary dress. The latter was probably the case, though Cardinal Bona tells us that St. Peter's Chasuble was brought from Antioch to the Church of St. Genevieve at Paris, and there carefully preserved.[1] This, however, may have been his ordinary mantle which most certainly would have been held in great reverence by the early Christians.

I. History and Developments.

The word Chasuble—*Casula*—is thought by some, among others by St. Isidore, to be derived from "Casa" meaning a little house. In the thirteenth century it seems to have been identical with the *Planeta* and the *Penula* of earlier times, being the cloak worn by the Romans for protection against the weather and also in military service. There were two kinds, varying in adornment according to the wealth and position of the wearer; that of the people, short and of coarse cloth, was called *penula*, while that worn by senators and dignitaries, of rich material and ample folds, was called *Planeta*.

The Church retained the Planeta for her priests after it fell into disuse among the laity, as she has kept the Latin for her service though it is no longer a living language.

[1] *Rer. Liturg.*, p. 206.

It is certain that it was early associated with the ministry. We read that at the dedication of the church at Tyre Eusebius thus addressed the Bishops: "Priests, beloved of God, who are clothed with the holy tunic, adorned with a crown of glory and covered with the sacerdotal robe."

St. Jerome, speaking of the dress worn by the priests and levites in the Old Law on entering the Temple, says: "Let us learn from this that we should not enter the sanctuary with the clothes of every-day life, but that the mysteries of the Lord should be treated with a pure conscience and proper dress."

When St. Germain was made Bishop of Auxerre in 419, after the ceremony of the tonsure came that of taking off the vain ornaments of the time, to be clothed with the robe of religion—*habitus religionis*. From this time authors began to speak of the sacred vestments as distinguished from those of the laity, but the exclusive adoption by the Church of the Roman robes of rank and position in the early days of Christianity may be dated from the end of the sixth century.

CHASUBLE OF ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY, FRONT VIEW.

The Chasuble was not put in the number of sacred vestments till after the Stole and even the Alb and the Dalmatic had been counted among them. It is mentioned as such for the first time in one of the Canons of the Fourth Council of Toledo.

In the Latin Church, all wear the same Chasuble; but among the Greeks the Chasuble of a Bishop has a number of crosses, while an Archbishop wears a different vestment altogether which is supposed to resemble the garment of our Lord during His Passion. In Russia, since the time of Peter the Great, even Bishops wear this garment, to the sides and sleeves of which are attached a number of little bells.

A circular or oval garment of ample dimensions, the Chasuble of the early Christians (old English form, Chesible or Chysible) completely enveloped the priest. It had no opening at the side, but only one for the head to pass through. This form without change is retained by the Orientals, Catholic or schismatic, but in the Latin Church it has been gradually modified. Most of the early monuments show us the loose round form; but mosaics of the sixth century, which are known to be correct for the vestments, represent the Chasuble pointed back and front, though reaching to the feet.

In the collection of Buonnarnoti, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Lawrence Deacon, are clothed with planetae or Chasubles, sloping into points.

CHASUBLE OF ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY, BACK VIEW.

The Chasuble of John XII. in the curious mosaic formerly at the Lateran Basilica, and of which a copy exists at the Barberini Museum, is of the same shape. This dates from the year 960 and represents the Pope clothed with a tunic, bowing his head to receive from the hands of the deacons the Chasuble, which is sloped on the two sides and ends in a point back and front; it reaches only to the knees.

In the twelfth century it was much cut and shortened in front and at the sides; and, later, in the Rococo period all resemblance to the first type had disappeared. This excited much indignation among the writers of the day and attempts were made to revive the ancient shape; St. Charles Borromeo,[2] in a provincial council, ordered that the Chasubles should be about four and a half feet wide, and should reach nearly to the heels.

St. Thomas of Canterbury's Chasuble is described as three feet ten inches deep, and its shape formed the half of a perfect circle joined together; the seam was in front and there was no opening but the one through which to pass the head.

[2] See November MESSENGER, 1890, frontispiece, for an excellent specimen.

These changes of form seem to have come about naturally. The priest, robed in the ample Chasuble of the early centuries, needed deacons to assist him. In celebrating, he kept his hands beneath it during the *Confiteor*, after which the attendant gathered up the pliant folds and placed the Maniple on his arm. During the solemn parts of the Mass, when he needed the free use of his arms, the deacons had again to gather up the vestment. The Church, ever jealous of the least ceremony showing her antiquity, keeps in her service this act of the deacon though it is no longer necessary. For how many interesting facts and customs are we not indebted to her?

ABBOT OF ST. ALBANS, (14TH CENTURY.)

Another reason for the change of form may have been the introduction of the Latin cross. Its straight lines could not well be preserved on the flowing robe of the early Church. In the Middle Ages, too, there was great difficulty in procuring pliant material, and as the vestments became rich with embroidery of gems and gold it was very necessary for them to be of portable shape.

It is a rather remarkable fact that these changes seem to have been the work of private individuals; there is no known decree of Popes or Councils which have sanctioned them.

The present form of Chasuble, though it has gained in convenience, has lost much of the grace and dignity of that of the earlier times.

ORPHREY, 14TH CENTURY.

THE END OF "THE TRIALS OF A MIND."

The Last Hours of Dr. Levi Silliman Ives.

HE morning mail of November 7, 1890, brought me a note with a letter from William Jefferson Guernsey, M. D., of Frankford, Pa., a recent convert, which has occasioned the writing of this article and the postponement of the one promised on the spiritual side of Cardinal Newman's life.

The note, written in a feminine hand, read as follows:

"Bishop Levi S. Ives died *in the communion* of the Episcopal Church. He publicly read his recantation of the Church of Rome. He died about 1867. This book [which contains the statement] dates 1884."

It was while Protestant Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina, during a visit to Rome, that Dr. Levi Silliman Ives resolved to become a Catholic. After his conversion he wrote *The Trials of a Mind in its Progress to Catholicism* as "a letter to his old friends and his late brethren of the Protestant episcopate and clergy." In his Introduction he gives us an insight of himself:

> It is due both to you and myself, as it is more especially to the cause of God, that I yield to the promptings of my heart and conscience, and lay before you, as best I can, the *reasons* which have constrained me to take so serious, and to many dear ones, as well as to myself, so *trying* a step as that of abandoning the position in which I had acted as a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church for more than thirty years, and as a Bishop of the same for more than twenty years, and of seeking, at my time of life, admission, as a *mere layman*, into "the Holy Catholic Church," and with no prospect before me but simply peace of conscience, and the *salvation of my soul.*

Further on he tells vividly and candidly how the denial of Sacramental Confession by his Church made him doubt whether it was "an institution of God."

> But the circumstance which at this period shook my confidence most of all, was the absence, in my view, of any instituted method among Protestants for *the remission of post-baptismal sin.* Sins before baptism were expressly forgiven in that sacrament. But for the remission of those committed after, however deadly,

I could see in Protestantism no provision. That Christ left power in His Church to remit these I had no doubt. And for a time, after my mind had become alive to the importance of the exercise of this power, I believed that it existed and might be lawfully exercised in the communion of which I was a bishop. But upon stricter examination and more mature thought, I became convinced that if the existence of such power was not actually denied, its exercise, except in a very modified sense and within very restricted limits, was virtually prohibited. The discovery filled me with dread, which daily observation increased, till finally it passed into absolute consternation. No one, who has not been in my state, can fully appreciate my sensations, when I opened my eyes to the fact that multitudes around me, intrusted to my care, were goaded by a conviction of mortal sin and demanding relief, and I *was not allowed* by my Church to administer that relief in the only way which seemed to me to be directed by God's word as understood by His early Church. The question now forced itself upon me, Can that be an institution of God which thus locks up the gifts (supposing it to have received them) which He commands His priesthood to dispense to the needy and perishing souls for whom Christ died?

This state of doubt and fear awakened in my mind the inquiry, why I should not more thoroughly examine the ground on which I stood, and on which were based my hopes of *eternal salvation?*

Doctor Guernsey's letter, enclosing the note printed above, asked these questions:

"MY DEAR FATHER:

"Is this story true? If not, can you inform me where I can obtain facts to contradict it?

"Very respectfully yours,

"WM. JEFFERSON GUERNSEY."

I was positively sure that the "story" was not true, but when appealed to for "facts," I was not so positive. I knew, however, where the facts could be obtained, and I wrote a few days after to Miss Isabel Shea, the daughter of the distinguished historian, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, enclosing Dr. Guernsey's note and letter to her. Miss Shea kindly sent me the following interesting answer:

"ELIZABETH, N. J., November 26, 1890.

"REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:

"I was in the West with my father when your note reached Elizabeth, and I only received it on my return home. I gave the note and letter from your friend, Doctor Guernsey, to my father. He will, I am sure, give you the information you wish regarding Doctor Ives.

"The Ives family have been friends of ours for many years. I remember seeing the Doctor's grave in the Catholic Cemetery at

Westchester, New York, some time ago. With very many kind regards, believe me,

"Most cordially,

"ISABEL SHEA."

The same mail, in which his daughter's letter came, brought one from Dr. Shea.

"ELIZABETH, N. J., November 22, 1890.

"REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:

"Dr. Levi Silliman Ives died in the house of Richard H. Clarke, Esq., brother of the late Father Clarke, S. J., at Manhattanville, N. Y. He was attended during his last illness by Mrs. Clarke and her sister Mrs. Fitzgerald, who held him up in his dying moments. So far as I can learn, he was attended by Rev. Mr. Breen, his weekly confessor for a long time.

"Mr. and Mrs. Clarke are still alive, as is Mrs. Fitzgerald, and a line from you to Dr. Clarke will obtain a distinct account of his last moments.

"Their statement can be verified by Mr. Edward Ives, of this city, who saw Dr. Ives constantly in his last days, and who knows that Dr. Ives sent for his two brothers, Protestants, and urged them to become Catholics.

"I had never heard the story manufactured by the evil-minded, but on inquiry, I find that it is not recent. If you can obtain an authoritative statement from Dr. R. H. Clarke and print it, you will render good service to the truth.

"Mr. Edward Ives will add what he knows from personal knowledge.

"With sincere regards, and a petition for your prayers, I remain, Reverend Father,

"Yours truly in Christ,

"JOHN GILMARY SHEA."

So far I had only sought personal satisfaction for the purpose of answering Dr. Guernsey; but Dr. Shea's suggestion "to print" the truth concerning the circumstances of Dr. Ives' death determined me to write to Dr. Clarke and Mr. Edward Ives to learn the whole truth of Dr. Ives' death. It is due to Dr. Shea's hint that the MESSENGER readers are put in possession of testimony that vindicates the faith of the worthy Dr. Ives.

Meantime a kind note was received from Miss Shea, together with the subjoined letter written by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Preston,

now Vicar General of New York and a dear friend of Dr. Ives long before the latter's conversion.

"*Saint Ann's Church,*
"NEW YORK, November 23, 1890.

"The story about Dr. Ives is a calumny. He died an ardent Catholic. I saw him a few days before his death, and he could not find words sufficient to express the joy of his faith, nor the consolation of dying in the one Church of Christ.

"Yours very truly,
"T. S. PRESTON."

In reply to my letter Mr. Edward Ives wrote:

"ELIZABETH, N. J., November 27, 1890.
"REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:

"Your esteemed favor of the 21st inst. has just this moment come to hand, and it will give me great pleasure to see at once that evidence be sent to you from members of the family of Dr. Ives, even more closely related to him than I, proving the utter groundlessness of the report to which you allude.

"I lived near and was a daily visitor to the home of Dr. Ives, during the last days of his life. It was my privilege to receive his solemn blessing a few hours only before his death, in words such as only a most devout Roman Catholic could utter.

"The members of his own household will testify that he daily received the Blessed Sacrament during his last illness. They also remember the earnest appeal which he made to two of his Protestant relatives, who from a distance had come to visit him on his dying bed. Nothing could exceed the earnestness with which he charged them to examine and study the evidences of the truth of our holy faith. ꟻTK ꟻTK ꟻTK ꟻTK ꟻTK ꟻTK

"I have now lying before me a most beautiful book entitled *Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary*, which at the time he directed to be sent to me. The presentation on the fly-leaf in his own feeble handwriting bears the date of August 21, 1867. ꟻTK

"Of all the inventions of the enemy, surely not one can be more unfounded or more easily disproved than that Dr. L. Silliman Ives ever made a recantation of the Roman Catholic Faith.

"I remain, Reverend and dear Father,
"Faithfully your obedient servant,
"EDWARD IVES.

"To Reverend F. X. BRADY, S. J."

Some days later the desired information was received from the learned author of *The Lives of Deceased American Bishops*, Richard H. Clarke, LL.D. Dr. Clarke's testimony, from the intimate relations which he had with Dr. Ives as will be seen in his letter, dispels forever any doubt, ignorantly or maliciously entertained, regarding the manner of Dr. Ives' death. The account tells more than that Dr. Ives died a Catholic. It gives us the beautiful scene of a Christian death-chamber where the soul of a great hero was passing out through earthly shadows up to the Eternal Light Whose guiding rays of inspiration and calling he had in prosperity and adversity, in storm and quiet, always conscientiously striven to follow. The calm and peaceful death, the ardent devotion, tender piety and simple faith, as described by Dr. Clarke, are in striking contrast to *The Trials of a Mind*, as Dr. Ives has himself so vividly depicted them in his own case in his work of this title; but it is the usual reward with which God crowns the honest efforts of those who have ever kept their face toward Him. The following is what Dr. Clarke wrote:

"NEW YORK CITY, November 30, 1890.

"DEAR FATHER BRADY:

"Your favor of November 26 informed me that it had been stated in a book, published in 1884, that the late Dr. Levi Silliman Ives who, after having been the Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina from 1831 to 1852, became a Catholic and was received into the Catholic Church at Rome in 1852, afterward, shortly before his death, had apostatized from the Catholic faith and had returned to the Episcopal Church. You ask me if I can furnish any evidence as to the truth or falsity of this statement.

"As Dr. Ives resided in our family and was our daily associate as a member of my family from February, 1864, to the day of his death, October 13, 1867, my testimony as to whether he lived and died a Catholic or apostatized from that faith, ought to be of some weight; and I can say from my own personal knowledge and daily intercourse with him that, in his professed faith as a Catholic, his practice of every Catholic devotion and his frequentation of the Sacraments of the Catholic Church, he never faltered, deviated, or wavered at any time before and up to the day and moment of his death.

"So far from apostatizing from the Catholic faith, he availed himself of every opportunity of making public and private profession of it during his entire life. He had several severe attacks of illness, including his last illness, and during all these he frequently received Holy Communion, and he was a weekly communicant all the time. The Holy Communion was brought and administered to him while confined to his bed in my house, at least every week, by Catholic clergymen during the whole period of his last illness to his death, and on each of these occasions he went to confession.

"He received Extreme Unction and the last Sacraments just before his death.

"He was President of the Manhattanville Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and Vice-President of the Superior Council of that Society, during all this period and to the moment of his death. He was also during this same period President of the New York Catholic Protectory and was its President at his death; and after his death the Protectory managers adopted and had engrossed and printed resolutions of respect to his memory. These resolutions hang on the walls of the Protectory as well as his portrait to this day, and a marble bust of him was made and now stands among the memorials of illustrious Catholics and Presidents of that Institution, in the main hall of the Male Department.

"Being now one of his successors as President of the Protectory, I see his memorials preserved there with veneration, weekly or oftener, in my official visits to that Institution. His remains and those of Mrs. Ives were buried in consecrated ground in the lands of the Protectory, and over them stands the monument erected in his honor by the Protectory after his death: and on this sacred spot memorial ceremonies in his honor have frequently been held since his death.

"During his last illness he was visited by many Catholic clergymen and, among others, by Archbishop McCloskey, afterward elevated to the Cardinalate, who celebrated Mass in his bedroom for him, and then and there administered Holy Communion to him, shortly before his death. This scene was very impressive on account of the high dignity of the officiating minister, the eminence of the dying man and his profound devotion and childlike piety, which remained conspicuous in him to his last breath; and because there hung on the wall of his bedroom and over the little altar, which was erected for the occasion, a copy by McClelland of the famous picture at Rome of the Communion of St. Jerome. All present were struck with the resemblance between the last Communion of Doctor Ives and that of St. Jerome, both

of them being aged and infirm, and requiring from weakness to be held up by their sympathetic and venerating friends, in order to receive the Blessed Sacrament.

"During his last sickness Doctor Ives was visited by his two brothers from Wallingford, Connecticut, one of whom was a Protestant minister, and perhaps both. On this occasion, he requested Mrs. Clarke and the other members of my family to be with him during their presence in his room, and when all were standing around his bed, he solemnly made a profession of the Catholic faith, with a loud voice; and, in the presence of his two brothers, he pronounced his adherence to the Catholic Church, his communion with the See of Peter, and his determination to die a Catholic. This was a few days before his death. He continued to repeat these sentiments during his few remaining days and up to the hour of his death.

"He received Catholic burial from St. Stephen's Church in New York City, at which Cardinal McCloskey pronounced his eulogy. His remains were afterward interred and still lie at the Catholic Protectory in consecrated ground. To all who have the least acquaintance with the laws of the Catholic Church, it is well known that none but persons dying in the Catholic faith can receive the Sacraments on their death-bed, or have Catholic burial, or be interred in consecrated ground.

"Doctor Ives never for a moment wavered in his Catholic faith, but professed it every day of his life, and during his last illness to the moment of his death. He was very devout; he said the Rosary and other prayers every day; and his faith throughout his entire life was like that of a child, implicit and undoubting.

"I had heard, before receiving your letter, that it had been asserted in some published work that Doctor Ives had apostatized from the Catholic faith before his death, but I have never seen the work or the statement in print.

"I hereby, of my own personal knowledge, pronounce the statement to be utterly false.

"I remain sincerely and respectfully yours,

"RICHARD H. CLARKE."

In the presence of this array of eminent witnesses, men of more than national reputation and distinguished alike for their learning, for their loyalty to religion, for their love of truth and for their personal honor, who will have the hardihood, in future, to deny that the venerable Doctor Ives died the truly edifying death of a fervent and loyal Catholic?

EUCHARISTIC THOUGHTS.

By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

I.

A SAINTLY and exquisitely gifted Frenchwoman, whose letters and journals, meant for no eyes but her own and her brother's, have nevertheless made her already a classic in the literature of her country—this Eugenia de Guérin writes somewhere in her Journal: *Oh, quel don! Que dire de l'Eucharistie? Je n'en sais rien. On adore, on possède, on vit, on aime; l'âme sans parole se perd dans un abîme de bonheur.* "Oh, what a gift! What can be said of the Eucharist? We adore, we possess, we live, we love; the soul, speechless, loses itself in an abyss of happiness."

That beautiful soul passed out of this world many years ago; but the same devout joy that she felt in her country chapel in southern France is, thank God, felt at this moment by many a beautiful and holy soul in convent chapel or in public church in thousands and thousands of places over all the world. With these pure and fervent souls I now unite my poor tribute of praise and prayer. O Lord, infuse Thy love into my heart, that I may adore Thee under this sacramental disguise as I hope to adore Thee in Thy heavenly beauty and majesty for ever.

II.

I wish I could feel now, here at Thy feet, O Lord, the most burning love, the most vivid faith, the firmest hope, and the truest contrition that ever any heart felt before Thy tabernacle. But this would be the purest happiness, this would be heaven on earth, no matter what sweet sadness might accompany such holy feelings;

and I, being what I am and having been what I have been—how could I dare to expect such grace and happiness? But at least I can be happy in the thought that there are many innocent and penitent hearts feeling this happiness at this moment in many a nook of this sinful earth; and I can bless God with all my heart for the countless acts of faith and love that are now being made before so many tabernacles over all His Church.

III.

What is told of many of God's saints is not true of canonized saints alone; there are even mortal creatures like ourselves whose presence is a sort of vicarious presence of God—whose voice, whose look, whose smile, whose very neighborhood, nay the mere thought of them, the remembrance that such beings exist, tends to purify, refine, and elevate the soul and to make what is vile and ignoble impossible, even in secret thought. And if this is true of some of God's poor creatures still on their probation, how much more is it true of the glorious company of heavenly citizens—of St. Agnes, St. Aloysius, and so many others of the special patrons of purity! And what are all these to their Mother and their Queen, the Virgin of virgins, Mary Immaculate? But if the Sun of Justice thus communicates His divine influence to His creatures and most of all to her who is "fair as the moon"—if her borrowed light, the moonlight of her smile, puts to flight unholy thoughts and all the demons of darkness: how transcendently must all this hold good of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ Himself, the incarnate God of Purity! Nay, all this would have been true if God had never become incarnate, if Jehovah had never made Himself our Emmanuel, if God had remained (or had seemed to remain) far away. But He has not remained far away; He has drawn near to us, very near, nearer than He was to the favored disciples in the Garden when He withdrew from them a stone's throw. And even this was not enough for the incomprehensible yearning of our Saviour's love: He comes nearer still, and, not content with abiding in the tabernacle of our altars, He makes our very hearts His tabernacle.

IV.

From how many sins and miseries has Jesus preserved us through the means of this sacrament from our First Communion—how many years back in the past? From how many dangers will this sacrament continue to preserve us, on till our last viaticum—how many years (or days) forward in the future? And the sacrament of purification which prepares for the sacrament of union—how many sins that we committed have been pardoned, and how many sins that we might have committed have been prevented, through the thrice blessed influence of the tribunal of penance, from the first trembling but happy confessions of our childhood long ago, and by the watchfulness and self-restraint which, please God, have linked confession with confession ever since, on to the last absolution to be received, as we pray and hope, with the most perfect dispositions on our deathbed which we think to be far away, as many a one has thought to whom death in reality was very near.

May the Food which makes the young heart chaste strengthen us in our dying hour, and in the strength of that Food may we reach safely the judgment-seat of our Eucharistic Lord Himself, Whose merciful Heart will then yearn (may Its yearning be satisfied!) to give His blessed Mother to us for ever as our nursing Mother.

THE ALBAN HILLS.
DISTANT VIEW FROM THE JANICULAN, ROME.

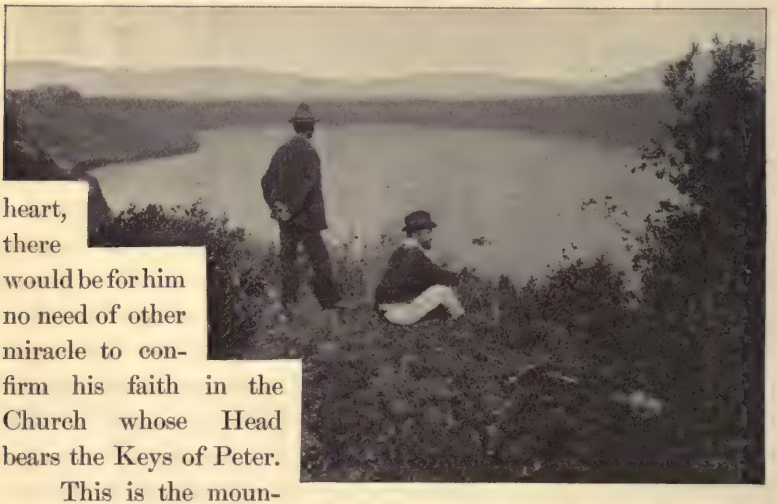
A VISIT TO THE FALLEN JUPITER.

ONE sunny day in late October I was standing on the crest of the Janiculan where it rises up steeply from the western bank of the Tiber. Below me the yellow waters of the river wound lazily beneath the arched bridges and beside the palaces and churches, which also shone out yellow under the golden Roman sun. Along the hilltop to my right was the church and convent of St. Peter *in Montorio*. For this is the "golden mount"—*Mons Aureus*—of the Latin god Janus who, here in his stronghold, held the key of Rome against all the outer world. And this, as tradition has it, is the hill climbed by Peter, Christ's key-bearer of the kingdom of heaven, and the scene of his martyrdom. His power of the Keys, left to his successors in Rome, has opened the way hither to a universe the ancient Latins little dreamed of. Its sign for all time may be seen over there to the left where the giant dome of St. Peter's—the world's greatest church—lords it over the Eternal City.

Away to the east, a dozen miles across the Roman Field,

mountains sweep round southward in clear-cut prisms of blue and purple till they reach a last central summit and then sink down in gradual hills toward the sea. This distant peak has an outline as much its own as is a profile to a person's face. It stands half apart from the other mountains and hills that make up the semi-circle to north and east and south of the rolling Campagna, in the middle of which Rome has her seat. All the lines of the landscape centre in it; and the fishermen along a hundred miles of the western sea hail the white walls glistening from its height in the rays of the setting sun. Wherever we may go between the mountains and the sea, and wherever within the city a vista opens out across the plain, that one peak will draw the eye to itself.

It might also well draw the mind's eye to its story of three thousand years. If the traveller of a day who looks and passes, or who climbs to the broad platform upon its summit only that he may enjoy its view beyond compare, would take its lesson to heart, there would be for him no need of other miracle to confirm his faith in the Church whose Head bears the Keys of Peter.



THE LAKE OF ALBA.

This is the mountain at whose foot lay the long white walls of that Alba which was the mother of great Rome; and on its summit for a thousand years, even when Rome had become mistress of all, the many cities of Latium met before the shrine of their Latin Jupiter. But all this has fallen from its

PALAZZUOLO.

high estate, the religion of the ancient world and its material embodiment alike. Of Alba Longa not one stone remains above another; and the worship of Jupiter and his idol gods has faded from the earth before the faith of Peter.

At last, in the crisp January morning, I went on foot to the top of the mysterious mountain. The path skirts the southern end of the Alban Lake before it plunges into the dense thickets of oak and hazel and chestnut along the mountain slope. The lake is sunk down into the earth like a huge bowl, and the banks descend over four hundred feet before reaching the motionless green surface of the water. There is no apparent outlet, but at the water-level toward the west there is an artificial channel tunnelled for a mile and a half through the tufa rock and discharging its waters into the Campagna on the other side of the hill. This is the famous Emissary, from seven to nine feet high and never less than four feet in width, which was made by the Romans at a time when they feared the waters of the lake might burst their banks and sweep down upon the plain. This was four hundred years before the birth of Christ; and the work remains a marvel of

engineering which could not easily be accomplished with all the resources of our modern civilization.

Just above the Emissary, on the highest point of the ridge which thus holds the lake in check from leaping across the plain to the Tiber and the sea, is the square outline of the Pope's palace with the domed church and clustering houses of Castel Gandolfo. Directly opposite us, at the northernmost end of the bowl more than two miles away, the banks are somewhat lower. Over the outer corner Rome—a great modern city, into which lines of railway converge across the plain, but which is still lorded over by the overshadowing dome of St. Peter's—spreads its yellow streets in the middle of the brown Campagna.

But we must hurry on, though it is hard to know when we could have enough of such a place. Whole volumes could not contain all the thoughts which arise of themselves; for from this semicircle of land before us all the present history of the world has taken its rise. The very air seems to thrill with the fulness of its life.

From the eastern shore of the lake the Alban Mount rises up over two thousand feet. As the lake is nearly a thousand feet higher than the silvery sea glistening yonder, the pagan Jupiter must have been cast down from a throne over three thousand feet up in the sky. Perhaps he still lies beneath the waters of the lake. This mountain bowl is simply the crater of an extinct volcano; and even within the memory of man, it is said, there have been tremors here as of some one below the waters laboring to upheave the solid earth. "When the world is wicked enough," the peasants say, "the volcano shall wake again to life and swallow up Rome and the world." And that the world will come to an end with the Rome of the successors of St. Peter, I think no one who rightly reads the history of this spot will doubt.

In a way, the mountain itself has made the land on which Rome is built. It should seem to have the right to reclaim it when the world refuses to leave Rome to fulfil the designs of Providence in making her the mistress, first of this Latin land and then of the entire known world, and finally the sure home and centre of God's faith on earth.

ROCCA DI PAPA.

This peak, whose hollowed-out profile is so peculiarly its own—and from this, perhaps, it has its name of *Monte Cavo*—is indeed only the great outer lip of a giant volcano that once burst its rim to westward and poured over all the rocks below the lava which has formed so much of the soil of the fertile Campagna.

Between the mountain and the lake, is a narrow tableland on which Alba Longa was built. Only the painful excavations of recent explorers could determine this, so complete had been the ruin of the city of which Rome was the colony two and a half thousand years ago.

Toward the southern corner of the lake, at the end of the tableland, there is the solitary Franciscan convent of Palazzuolo. In the winter, with two stalwart priestly companions from Venice, I had held my way straight up the mountain side. But I came out to this interesting foundation of the Middle Ages later on, in the flush of early summer. There is just room for the road to wind between the brink of the cliff, which in several places breaks away into deep chasms yawning startlingly at your feet, and the wall, in some places thirty feet high, which keeps the convent garden from sliding down into the lake. From every crevice in these gray stones grew snapdragon all in flower and clothing the long wall with a crimson flame.

There is a view of surpassing beauty from the platform in front of the church, across the lake to Castel Gandolfo, over the Campagna with great Mother Rome in its midst, and beyond all the silver line of the Mediterranean Sea. But these views, ever varied and yet ever the same in their changeless splendor to eye and soul, form the charm of all these hills.

This is one of the few convents which the present Italian Government has not seized, owing to the fact that it was the foundation of a Portuguese Bishop and so is under the protection of that Crown. Otherwise Humbert the First of United Italy would have shown here as elsewhere how, according to his latest boast, "he ever respects the religion of his ancestors." As it is, only a few friars remain on in utter poverty and loneliness. One —a pathetic figure, of more than fifty years in the rough gown

STREET CORNER, ROCCA DI PAPA.

and knotted cord and bare feet of St. Francis—gladly showed us a short-cut through the fields of Prince Colonna to the next station of our pilgrimage, on the carriage way which has been terraced round the face of the mountain.

This is the shrine, of great local fame, of the Madonna *del Tufo*, "of the Fallen Rock." Its name declares the miraculous

escape to which its foundation was due. The rich marble altars and numberless *ex-voto* offerings within the modest chapel, and the platform shaded by dark ancient ilex trees whence there is a view more stupendous than ever, declare that this is the home of faith and the land most favored of Heaven.

Up the road, which has been lately much improved by the comfort-loving Englishmen who have built their villas and spend their guineas here, is the quaintest town you well might meet. Rocca di Papa, named from some anti-pope of long ago, huddles up and around the slopes of a cone that stands off from the hollowed-out side of the mountain near its top. The houses seem literally to climb one upon another; and it is no easy work to mount up the narrow paved streets on the few days in winter when the *tramonta* or north wind has congealed into frost and ice the mists which float up here from the sea.

Passing beyond the broken tower of the old citadel, we come out on a broad plain setting back into the hills. This is the *Campo d'Annibale*, from some traditional connection with the invasion of the Carthaginian leader. In late years it was used by the troops of Pius IX. as a summer escape from the heats, and here now encamp their usurping successors. The Pope meanwhile must breathe as best he can in his not too large garden of the Vatican far below.

But when, at last, after much puffing along the steep ascent, we reach the height and see the whole of the Latin land outstretched below us, from the twin hills of Cività Vecchia at the northernmost point of the coast to the Circean Mount where Homer's Ulysses came at the south, Rome draws all our hearts to herself. Yes, this deserted spot tells us Jupiter is fallen; and Christ and Peter, His Vicar, reign forevermore from Rome. The building behind us, it is true, tells also that the enemies of the Christian faith are powerful; for within the past two years the Passionist monks have been expelled from it in the name of "Free and United" Italy. But this is for the sake of having no religion at all, not for the false gods of old. Their overthrow, and the fact that the contest is henceforth openly between the faith of Christ

and no faith, is the miracle wrought by Peter and his successors below there in the Roman Field.

As I turned to depart, the sweet tones of the Angelus floated up from Albano beyond the lake. *The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary . . . and the Word was made Flesh, and dwelt amongst us.*

I remembered words written by an American traveller far back in the century when Rome was the Rome of the Popes, not only as now by the strong and unquenchable spirit of faith that will not down, but outwardly and publicly in the name of its government—the much belied Temporal Power of the Roman Pontiffs. This was Horace Binney Wallace, a lawyer of Philadelphia, I believe, and an amiable writer though now forgotten. In this land of Italy, there was one thing above all others that drew his attention. It is the result of the century-old miracle of which this short sketch has depicted the scene. Jupiter is fallen. This is the land of Christ and Peter, His Vicar, and of His Mother Mary. *"This is the land of the Madonna."*

THE MORNING OFFERING.

A First Dialogue.

Disciple. How easy it is for ideas to go in at one ear and out at the other. I have heard the main principles of the Apostleship of Prayer, and its organization in a universal League of the Sacred Heart, explained many times over; and yet there are points on which I am always wishing for information.

Teacher. Can you get your ideas together, from time to time, so as to tell me briefly just where your difficulties lie? I might then be able to give you a talk a month, as I remember having done some three years ago.

Disciple. My difficulties are somehow all in a bunch. I will do my best to separate them.

I see that where the League is spread the habits of devotion —prayer, saying the beads, receiving the Sacraments—are very much increased among all classes of people, even among those who are not attracted by the more formal associations of the Church. And I also believe, as a Christian, that this accumulation of prayers on the part of so many souls for the same objects must have great power over the Heart of God. Otherwise, I could not believe in the power of prayer at all.

But I do not see clearly how it is that people take up so readily with the idea of praying in union with each other. It is hard enough to get men to understand practically any principles of faith. Now these principles of praying for certain intentions, and of offering one's own sufferings and works as so many prayers, do not seem to be the easiest things in the world to explain to any and every one. Yet I constantly see the people you would least suspect of being given to piety, taking up with the League and drawing great profit from it. It is like an effect without a cause, or rather with a cause I do not understand.

Teacher. We priests often find the simple faithful putting in practice what theologians find it difficult to explain in theory.

This is sometimes from the direct Providence of God, stirring up a devotion in His Church for His own merciful designs. In that case, we usually come to understand how it is that His grace is working. The first spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus seemed very mysterious, and yet it was evidently designed to bring back Christian souls from cold indifference to a personal love for our Divine Lord. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that something of this kind is going on in the work of the League. Circumstances are such nowadays that many Christians are in great danger of forgetting about prayer almost altogether; and the League stirs up an active public opinion in favor of praying. Then everybody is organizing together; and here is a world-wide organization for getting people to pray together.

Disciple. Yes, I had got as far as that. It has always struck me that the Apostleship of Prayer is a great providential League for collecting prayers for the needs of the Church and her children, just as the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood are Leagues for collecting alms for the foreign missions.

Teacher. This is so much the case that even the outward form of the Apostleship, as approved by the Church, is not that of a Sodality or Confraternity, but that of a League. It is governed by the same laws as the two zealous Associations you have named. They have Head Directors, under the one General Director, who issue *Annals* and have other means of communication with the different centres depending from them; and we have our MESSENGERS and *Intention Tickets* in all the different languages. They have their groups of contributing members with collecting heads, and special medals and insignia are used to distinguish them; so we have our bands, with Promoters who wear the indulgenced Cross and Associates with the indulgenced Badge. Probably without this unity of organization the work of the League would never be done. For this reason the Church has made it a condition of the spiritual favors granted, that they can be gained only by those centres which remain united with the Head Direction.

Disciple. I think you are coming to the point which puzzles

me, though I must acknowledge the people seem to find it all plain sailing.

Teacher. That is because they are sensitive to the power of associated prayer. Their instinct of faith makes them desire to share in the prayers of so many Christians, united together in all the different parts of the world.

Disciple. I suppose that is it. I certainly have known several members of the League who, I suspect, would have done little praying if they had not had this desire of sharing in the prayers of the others.

But all this does not explain fully the success of the Apostleship of Prayer. True, its organization into a grand League encourages many to practise it; but prayer is always a difficult thing, all the same. I wish to know how the League lightens the burden, rather than how it encourages its Associates to bear it.

Teacher. So you think it is a burden for most people to pray, even under the light conditions required by the League. Perhaps it is. Where precisely do you think the burden falls?

Disciple. On the will of a man, and that all along the line. You have first of all to will *to remember* to pray. The reason why lukewarm Catholics forget their morning prayers is regularly because they haven't a mind to remember them.

Teacher. Stop there, please. You go on the principle that no one likes to make an effort. And, to remember one's prayers requires an effort; so the majority of men will not remember them. How then is the League going to induce them to make the effort? That is very easily answered, even from a natural point of view. Your principle does not take in the whole truth. It should be—No one likes to make an effort *without some reason;* but men regularly do make efforts when they see it is worth their while.

This is the principle the League goes on. It manages, by its popular organization, to make even unpraying people see that it is very much worth their while to pray, at least so far as the essential condition it requires of them is concerned—the short Morning Offering at their morning prayers. The reason it gives them they easily understand: if they will pray this much for others, then

innumerable others will pray for them. Even hard-headed Dr. Brownson says that one of the things which most affected him before his conversion to the faith was his having heard that Catholics were praying for him. And Dr. Pusey, who showed so many the way into the Church without ever entering it himself, is reported to have said sadly in his later days: "When I heard that the Catholics were praying for Newman (the late Cardinal) I lost all hopes of his staying with us; they never prayed for me." There is but one family of man; no man is indifferent to the prayers of others, especially when he has the faith to whisper to him his sore need of grace, which is obtained by prayer.

Disciple. I think you are running beyond the merely natural point of view. The need of grace is something beyond the natural man, isn't it?

Teacher. It is not at all beyond the natural reason of a man to know that he is in great need of something in face of death and an unknown future. Of course, it is only God's interior grace in the soul which can make this knowledge fruitful. But the League appeals to Catholics, who already have the grace of faith. However careless they may be, there is something to work on in them. They are sensitive to just such thoughts as this: if I will but pray a little—say the Morning Offering with my prayers—I shall receive help and blessing from God because of the prayers of all the other Associates, offered up for me on that condition.

But you must let me say that these easily understood motives of the League are not only for the careless; they apply in their measure to the half pious, and to the wholly good. We must speak of this again.

THE READER.

*

With the New Year the MESSENGER brightens its face. The old features remain, but there is a livelier air about them ; and the wrinkles have been smoothed away. We speak of our new cover.

A mere magazine cover, destined to disappear in the binding, is not of the very greatest importance, to be sure ; yet it should give some sign of what may be expected within. And, to the end, there will be many who persist in "trusting to appearances" or—as the Latin proverbs warn them not to do—they "believe in the face of things, and trust too much to the color." *Ne fronti crede! Nimium ne crede colori!* Even a mere magazine cover, by its bright face as with a smile, may draw eyes to itself and to the thoughts contained within.

* *

The exact name of our new cover paper is, we believe, rose antique laid; which would be neither here nor there, were not rose color—the color of flame and of love—devoted to the burning love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for men. It is also the color of hope; and should not the heart of the MESSENGER beat high with hope, now that it has successfully outlived twenty-five years? It is no easy thing for a religious magazine to live at all nowadays; it is so much easier for the magazines of this world to put on a bright face that quite carries away the hearts of easy-going men.

* * *

The features, we say, remain. Only now, through a window beside the *Contents*, are seen steps along the mountain side. Up these the various works put forward in our pages may lead the reader toward the Dayspring—*the Orient from on high*, as our Lord is called in the Christmas Scripture. Curiously enough, our dayspring is a real sunburst; and the pointed arches, through which all is seen, have trefoils to the capitals of their columns, and the cross above is quite a Celtic one. What is the harm? The race which owns these emblems will not grudge their use to

all Christians. It is because it is a Christian race that it has them; and perhaps, because it is Christian, the MESSENGER can live here in America. The trefoil was St. Patrick's symbol of the Trinity Most Holy; and where the Irish Cross has cast its shadow the heavenly sunburst—*the Orient from on high*—appeals to us all.

* * * *

The article in the November MESSENGER on the Maronite Christians of Lebanon has brought us a letter containing corrections of the statements made and additional items of interest.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.
November 2, 1890.

REVEREND FATHER:

I am a Maronite from Lebanon; it has been my privilege and my good fortune to have been educated by the Jesuit Fathers of the Seminary of St. Francis Xavier at Ghazir and Beyrout. At present I am the companion of a missionary of my nation sent by our Patriarch, Mgr. John Peter el Haj, to take charge of our countrymen who have emigrated to the United States. As Maronite and student of the Seminary of St. Francis Xavier I have had opportunities to inform myself on all points regarding my nation, and the condition of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers who are among us. I have already published in the *Catholic Review* of New York, for September 20, an article entitled 'The Jesuits' University at Beyrout, Syria.'

Some inexactitudes having crept into the article in the MESSENGER on the Maronites on Mount Lebanon, I beg you to permit me to point them out so that they may be corrected in your next number.

In the first place the origin of the Maronites is quite well known. They were the first Christians enlightened by the preaching of the Apostles and notably of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, who established his first See in Antioch among the Maronites who were then called Syrians. It is of them that we read in the Acts of the Apostles: "The inhabitants of Antioch and of Cilicia and of Syria have received the preaching of the Apostles." They were known as Syrians until the seventh century.

As they would not allow themselves to be corrupted by the Monothelites, nor by the Jacobites and Nestorians, despite the efforts of the princes of Constantinople and the persecutions of these latter, they were called Mardaites, Rebels, and a little later, Maronites, which name they still retain.

In another part of your article you speak of the Chair of Law in the Seminary of Ain Ourakat. It never had a course of law, nor did any one ever study law there. [*The Illustrated Catholic Missions* published in Manchester, England, in the September number of this year, has this statement: "John Peter el Haj, the present Patriarch of the Maronites, was ordained priest in 1849, lectured for a few years at the same college (Ain Ourakat) on Mahomedan law, and formed many excellent lawyers."—EDITOR.]

The French Protectorate over Lebanon dates from the Crusades, from the time of St. Louis IX. especially. During the reign of Louis XIV., however, it

was exercised more effectively than before. The Maronite chief of whom the article speaks who was made afterward the French Consul at Beyrout, was the same who gave the Residence of Antoura to the first Jesuit Fathers. The Fathers had been cast by a storm on the shores of Lebanon and the inhabitants at first took them for pirates.

The Convent of Loueizeh is not the Mother House of all the Maronite Monks. These monks, who all follow the rule of St. Antony, are divided into three branches. The Convent of Cozhara built near a cavern where St. Antony spent a number of years as an Anchoret is the Mother House of the 1st branch, which counts about 800 members. The 2d branch numbering about 350 monks has for its Mother House the Convent of St. Elias. Loueizeh is the Mother House of the 3d branch, the Alepin Monks who number about 80. The Feast day which reunites all the monks, the Solitaries as well as the Conventuals, is St. Antony's day, and the object is the renewal of vows. In general the novitiate lasts two years.

As for the Maronite rite, the article in the MESSENGER is quite wrong on one point. The Maronites consecrate with unleavened bread, and Communion is given under one kind exactly as among the Latins.

The Mariamettes and the Xaverian Brothers no longer exist. The Seminary at Beyrout is not called St. Joseph's Seminary, but the Oriental Seminary of St. Francis Xavier.

Speaking of schools and the efforts of the Protestants to proselytize, a Protestant minister came to open a school in a village near Beyrout. He was asked the object of his coming. "To open two schools," he replied. "Would not one school be enough for you?" was then asked. "Oh," said he to me, "I will open only one; but the Jesuits will soon be after me to open another; so I can truly say I am going to start two schools." He knew well that the Jesuits' whole heart was in counteracting his efforts.

Your devoted servant,

JOSEPH YASBEK,

Maronite.

* * * * *

Among the works carried on at the MESSENGER Office, is one called the "Holy Childhood." This is a nineteenth-century way of conversion—to buy pagan babies, otherwise cast out to die, and make Christians of them. We heartily recommend it to all our readers. Practically, a cent a month is all that is asked to be paid in to the head of a group. Instructions and the little blanks, with all else needed, may be had on application.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR JANUARY, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

DEVOTION TO ST. ALOYSIUS.

AT the opening of the new year the Holy Father invites the Associates of the League to pray for the spread of devotion to St. Aloysius. As such devotion, if it be real, necessarily implies an imitation of the Saint's virtues, there could not be an aim more worthy than that of spurring the minds of the young to follow in their lives the example of that holy patron of youth. The young of to-day will be the men and women of the next generation; and much of the progress of Christianity depends upon the preparation which they must make betimes for the acting of their part in the serious drama of human life.

I.

Aloysius Gonzaga has, for three hundred years, stood out before the Christian world as a blameless pattern of youthful holiness. His life covered but the short space of three and twenty years. And yet, within that narrow span, we find him giving sublime example of heroic virtue in prudence, fortitude, purity, obedience, poverty, and mercy.

Even in early childhood he was noted for a wisdom far beyond the ordinary capacity of his age. At the very dawn of reason, he seemed to have caught the import of that message which the Spirit of God had sent down to the children of men. *It is a proverb: A young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it* (Proverbs, xxii. 6). Forthwith he set himself to learn and to practise the virtues which make up the honor of age and are the passport to everlasting glory. He

saw ever shining out before him, in clear splendor, the noble end for which he had been created; and the one aim of his life was to make earnest use of the means by which he could most securely attain it.

Belonging to a noble family and having every advantage that could help toward a brilliant career; having, moreover, a father whose fortunes and successes made the way to a lofty station easy for his son to walk in, Aloysius, with noble intrepidity of soul, spurned all earthly glory and, with respectful firmness, stood out against the wishes of a parent whom he loved most tenderly. The rank of a marquis, the fame of a diplomat, the riches of a princedom—these things were as nothing to him who had set his heart upon securing the heavenly inheritance to which, at Baptism, he had received the title.

Difficulties stood in his way, manifold and great. But, with a grand firmness of purpose, he swept all opposition aside and strode on to the goal set before him. Even the sturdy determination of his father to thwart what seemed to him an ill-considered project on the part of his eldest-born, had to give way in the end before the steady, unwavering valor of a youth still in his teens. And thus it came to pass that Aloysius, with his father's reluctant consent, gave up his titles, his riches, his worldly prospects, and was enrolled among the novices of the Society of Jesus in Rome. The novitiate, the house of studies, and the hospital were to be henceforth and until the end the sphere of his achievements.

II.

Young men, according to the world's standard, are estimated by the progress which they make in their chosen career. Here was one who always, in the judgment of the sagest, stood eminent among his fellows. In philosophy, in theology, in all things wherein depth of understanding and quickness of memory were of value, among the first stood Aloysius Gonzaga. He had even among his fellows the honors of a genius.

And yet he valued all this as naught beside the privilege of being considered one among the many who were working out the

will of God and trusting in God to make their labors fruitful. Thus he had brought himself down deliberately and, it might seem, unnecessarily, to the common plane of a common man, in order that he might lead others to follow him toward the higher plane of superhuman, that is Christian, prowess.

Aloysius Gonzaga in the Jesuit Novitiate was simply a unit. His titles, prospects, immense family influence counted for nothing: and he knew it. But he knew, as well, that the faithful walking in the path of duty was the one highway to honorable eminence before God; and so he kept every rule that bound him. Thus he has won the full honor of perfect performance, in being declared blameless of all disobedience, a pattern of exact fidelity in the keeping of his rule. Thus, too, he led the way wherein others may follow. We must look up to Aloysius Gonzaga as a giant in the race wherein we are but stragglers. And we ask him to aid us by his prayers that we may keep on running—for some that began have dropt away!

III.

The Associates of the Holy League ought to have great confidence in praying for the spread of devotion to St. Aloysius. With their success his honor is inseparably bound up. It is wonderful, as well as edifying, to know how many Associations or Sodalities have chosen St. Aloysius for their Patron.

What does it all mean? Just this. In these days of ours when sights of evil everywhere meet our eyes and when sounds of evil are in our ears, it will be a reminder and a help to look up to St. Aloysius Gonzaga as a perfect model of the guardianship of both ear and eye from all evil assault. Imitating him, we may hope to escape the evil influence of the numerous enemies that assail us. Under his patronage our youth will find those helps of grace without which they can never withstand the torrent of evil around them. Thus the spread of devotion to St. Aloysius, Patron of youth, will bring with it Christian modesty and mortification of the senses on the one hand, and on the other that grace of holy and blessed living which is won by prayer and the frequentation of the Sacraments. The unfailing result of our prayers,

which should be continued all this year—the three-hundredth anniversary of the Saint's death—will be *a chaste generation* like unto himself.

And it is well worth while to remember that young men fashioned after such a pattern will never be found lacking in what are specially looked upon as *manly qualities.* Aloysius was no mere lay figure set up to display the shapes and lineaments of holiness: he was a genuine, thorough-going, brave young man whose every action had a higher worth than what human eyes could look upon or human lips extol. Some idea of his character may be gathered from the inscription beneath the statue raised to his honor at the Hospital of *Santa Maria della Consolazione* in Rome. It reads thus:

"Whilst a plague was wasting the city, the holy Aloysius Gonzaga, of the Society of Jesus, took upon his shoulders one of the stricken and carried him to this hospital. Soon thereafter, smitten himself by the scourge of pestilence, he died a victim of Christian charity, in the year of our Lord, 1691."

Whilst, therefore, we pray that our Catholic youth may follow him in his blameless life, we may also implore that they may be like him in Christian valor: the pure who are brave, and the brave who are pure, are the worthy followers of Aloysius Gonzaga.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, for the spread of a true devotion to St. Aloysius, whom the Church has declared the Patron of youth. *Amen.*

TWO APOSTOLIC CIRCULARS.[1]

FROM THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP OF COLUMBUS, OHIO.

I.

COLUMBUS, O., *October 8, 1890.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

The 17th of this month will be the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, the favored and holy instrument in the hands of our Lord to promote devotion to His Sacred Heart. It is my desire that this Second Centenary shall be celebrated in this diocese in a fitting manner. I wish that all the children that have reached the age of reason, shall consecrate themselves publicly and solemnly to the Sacred Heart, either on the 17th of October or the Sunday following, according to a form of dedication that will be sent to you next week, and that their names shall be inscribed on *Lists*, to be furnished you for this purpose, and sent to Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J., MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, 114 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa., who will have them bound into *Albums* and sent to Paray-le-Monial, to be placed in the shrine where the Blessed Margaret Mary breathed her pure soul into the hands of God.

If Sunday, the 19th, will be too soon for you to prepare your children for this important act, let everything be completed and the *Lists* sent to Philadelphia before the 28th of this month, as none will be received there later than the 1st of November.

You will please prepare the children for their Act of Consecration by special instructions, both in the schools and in the Church, on the nature of the devotion and the love of the Sacred Heart for all mankind. As many of the children as have made their First Communion should receive the Holy Eucharist on the day of Consecration, and if possible the rest should go at least to confession.

[1] These Circulars, we regret for the sake of our readers during the past year of consecration to the Sacred Heart, came to our notice too late for earlier insertion.

I grant you the permission to have the children make the Consecration of themselves to the Sacred Heart during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on any day you may choose for this purpose. You should expose the Blessed Sacrament and after the incensation and the singing of the *O Salutaris*, pronounce the words of the *Form of Consecration*, and let the children repeat them after you.

Ask the children to join with the other devout clients of the Sacred Heart throughout the world, in beseeching our Blessed Lord so to manifest the sanctity of His beatified servant, Margaret Mary, that, if it be His holy will, she may be entitled to the honor of canonization, for the greater glory of His Divine Heart.

I earnestly exhort you to cultivate the devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord among all your people, and to establish in your parish the Apostleship of Prayer called the League of the Sacred Heart. The Consecration of the grown people can take place later.

Yours in Christ,

✠JOHN A. WATTERSON,

Bishop of Columbus.

II.

COLUMBUS, O., *October 10, 1890.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

I send you some more of the *Forms of Consecration* to the Sacred Heart, together with the children's *Lists* and an envelope, in which to return them to Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J., 114 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa. In filling the *Lists*, besides the family names, use the full baptismal names: *e. g.*, Mary, Catherine, John, Charles, and not diminutives, such as Mollie, Kittie, Johnnie, Charlie. I now and then find such diminutives on the announcement books of some of our churches. They ought not to be used in the church or on the church records. Please place the name of the diocese, parish and town, or district at the head of the *Lists*, and keep the names of the boys and girls separate. If you have schools, the Sisters will be glad to write the names for

you. Do not confine yourself to the day-school and Sunday-school children. Get, if possible, all the young people in the parish to interest themselves in this work, and to make the *Form of Consecration*. Be enthusiastic yourself and try to excite enthusiasm in them for the glory of the Sacred Heart. Read and explain the *Form of Consecration* to the children before they make it, and distribute copies of it among them. If you want more *Lists*, let me know, and I will send them.

Ask the Sisters in the schools to teach the children some easy hymns and prayers to the Sacred Heart, and get them all into the habit of using them frequently and devoutly, and the enthusiasm will not easily die out. It will be very edifying, if you can have the fathers and mothers present at their children's consecration. Make the ceremony as impressive as you can. Father Dewey will be very glad, if you will send him an account of it, to be published in THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

I earnestly recommend to you and to all under your charge THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART and *The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*, otherwise called *The Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. The latter will be specially interesting and useful to the children. I have asked Father Dewey to be good enough to send you sample copies of them. They are most entertaining and edifying to ecclesiastics as well as lay people; and you will be abundantly consoled for any trouble you may put yourself to in introducing them into your parish. Old and young will be delighted with them. The terms are very moderate. You will find them on the title-page.

In my circular the other day, I exhorted you to establish in your parish and missions *The League of the Sacred Heart*, otherwise called *The Apostleship of Prayer*. I do not wish you to treat this as a mere exhortation, but as a command, which *the charity of Christ presses me* to make, and which I know the same charity of Christ will press you to put into effect. Let us all say with St. Paul: *Caritas Christi urget nos*. To organize the League and keep it going will cost you some work and trouble; but what are we for, but to put ourselves to trouble for the good

of souls? Be assured, however, that the happy results in your missions will well repay you for all your zeal and pains. My heart is in the work, and I hope yours will be too, and I promise you, our Lord's will be in it likewise with many graces to your people and consolations to yourself.

To save you trouble at the outstart, I will send you some preliminary instructions and documents in a couple of weeks, together with a copy of the *Handbook* of the Holy League. A little study of it will show you how to organize the League and keep it alive and active. It will be of small use to start it, if it be not kept going. I want your heart to be in it, and from the fulness of the heart the mouth will speak. You will preach it from the altar, teach it in the confessional, talk about it in private, and pray for it in the secrecy of your own heart. Its success under God will be largely in proportion to your zeal. I commit the work to your charity in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Yours sincerely,

✠ JOHN A. WATTERSON,
Bishop of Columbus.

THE LEAGUE AT WORK.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S CHURCH, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

I AM pleased to tell you that the League is doing much good in this parish. We have large Communions on the First Fridays and many conversions have been effected through this consoling devotion. Very many have been brought to the Sacraments who have been away from God for years. Many beautiful gifts have come to the church through our petitions, for which I am most grateful.

We have yet much to desire. I have a few families in the parish who have not been reached yet, but with the prayers of the League I look for a change of heart soon.

I remain, gratefully,

J. F. MULLANY.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, NEWPORT, R. I.

Through the zeal and discretion of the Promoters the League has made enormous strides, the vast majority of the members taking the Second and even the Third Degree. I know I have bothered you about the Rosary sets, but the demand so far exceeded expectation that I am hardly to blame—I will be able, *D. V.*, to send you an accurate order for January.—Thank God for the League and for the untold blessings it has brought on this parish and city.

In Corde Jesu,

JAMES COYLE.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Our League, thank God! is doing much good. A very large number, indeed scores, go to Holy Communion now on the First Friday when but a few were previously accustomed to approach it.

The Promoters bring us every month many new accessions into the ranks of the League, a large proportion of whom promise to practise the 2d and 3d Degrees. It is a glorious work and will be a saving power to numbers of our people.

Very fraternally yours in the Sacred Heart,

JNO. VEALE.

ST. COLUMBA'S CHURCH, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

On the 15th of June, our new Promoters, to the number of thirty-four, received the much coveted Cross and Diploma. The ceremony took place before Benediction in the evening. Our Rev. Pastor explained in a beautiful and very clear manner this grand devotion of the present, and urged all to lose no time in earning the privilege of wearing the dear Sacred Heart Badge. He then solemnly blessed and conferred the Badge upon fully one thousand persons, who approached the altar for that purpose, while the choir sang *O Cor Amoris* and other beautiful hymns. There is something so touching and sublime in this devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, and its public observance seems, more than any other, to lift the soul and bear it "out beyond the bounds of

space," only to bring it more sweetly and at peace back to the world's homely duties, already consecrated in the *Morning Offering*.

LORENE H. DURBIN, SEC'Y.

DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.

I thought of writing to you several times during the past months, to tell you of the marked success which the League of the Sacred Heart is having in my parish; but one thing or another kept me putting it off, until now I am ashamed of myself. Well, I am glad to tell you that its effects are simply astonishing. Nearly all the "stay-aways" of the parish have returned to their duty. Immense crowds — nearly 1500 — go to Communion monthly. I have in all, about 2000 enrolled in it.

Sincerely in Christ,

H. J. LYNCH.

RANDALL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

Since the establishment here of the Holy League, by our venerable pastor, a marked change has manifested itself in the increased piety and devotion of all the Catholics, and we earnestly beg through the prayers of the League, that this spirit of devotion may continue and daily increase, until each one of us is called to receive the reward in the bosom of the Divine Heart, that is promised for those who have been faithful, and have persevered to the end.

TRANSFIGURATION CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Enclosed find our Intention-blank. I think it will open your eyes, as it certainly did mine, when I saw the grand total of Intentions. The people are gradually recognizing the power and efficacy of "co-praying," and each month is more and more prolific in obtaining favors. Nothing is better calculated to keep alive the interest in the devotion of the Sacred Heart than is this feature of special intentions. May all the Associates of the League learn of the efficacy of these prayers and make use of this means of obtaining favors from the Sacred Heart.

W. F. DOUGHERTY.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (December 12, 1890, to January 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Peter Claver's Church, Baltimore; Our Lady of Mercy Convent (Sisters of Mercy), Mount Washington.

Belleville, Illinois: St. Joseph's Church, Olney.

Boston, Massachusetts: St. Joseph's Church, Wakefield.

Grand Rapids, Michigan: St. Joseph's Church, Grand Rapids.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. Francis' Church, New Haven.

Helena, Montana: St. Francis Xavier's Church, Missoula City.

Kansas City, Missouri: St. Mary's Church, Kansas City.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Antoninus' School (Sisters of Charity), Newark; Convent of St. Joseph (Sisters of St. Joseph), Orange Valley.

New Orleans, Louisiana: Holy Angels' Academy (Marianite Sisters), New Orleans.

New York, New York: St. Mary's Church, Clifton.

North Carolina, North Carolina: Sacred Heart Church, Ghio.

Ogdensburgh, New York: St. Mary's Cathedral, Ogdensburgh; St. Andrew's Church, Norwood; Visitation Church, Norfolk.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: St. John Baptist's Church, Pottsville.

Savannah, Georgia: St. Patrick's Church, Savannah.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Vincent's Seminary (Lazarists) and Academy of Loretto (Sisters of Loretto), Cape Girardeau.

Trenton, New Jersey: Sacred Heart Church, Mount Holly.

Vincennes, Indiana: St. Michael's School, Madison.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

Diplomas of Affiliation, received from the *Prima Primaria* have been transmitted to the following:

Chicago, Illinois: Catholic Industrial School, Chicago.

Detroit, Michigan: Immaculate Conception Church, Lapeer, Michigan.

Scranton, Pennsylvania: St. Leo's Church, Ashley.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Joseph's Church, Edina.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from December 12, 1890, to January 12, 1891.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	481,994	11. Masses Heard	135,613
2. Beads	217,574	12. Mortifications	188,117
3. Stations of the Cross	45,606	13. Works of Charity	116,287
4. Holy Communions	48,518	14. Works of Zeal	115,032
5. Spiritual Communions	262,184	15. Prayers	2,197,168
6. Examens of Conscience	87,163	16. Charitable Conversation	80,104
7. Hours of Labor	407,728	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	76,171
8. Hours of Silence	189,744	18. Self-Conquest	86,136
9. Pious Reading	86,376	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	179,728
10. Masses Celebrated	1,701	20. Various Good Works	235,568
Total			5,238,512

The above returns represent five hundred and fifty Centres.

The Treasury is made up of prayers and good works specially offered for the Intentions of the Holy League. Promoters and Associates are exhorted to make use of the printed lists (on *Intention Blanks*), which, when filled up, should be forwarded with the Intentions to the Messenger.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 95,424.

——*For I say to you, Ask and it shall be given you* (St. Luke, xi, 9.)——

PASSAIC, N. J., NOVEMBER 12.—A person in debt, having no means of meeting his engagements, recommended the matter to the prayers of the League. Two days after, this person received word that the debt *was cancelled*, the demand having been satisfied by other parties.

SCRANTON, PA., NOVEMBER 14.—Sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of an invalid from the influenza: also, kindly offer our heartfelt gratitude for the preservation of the same person's sight, which was threatened to be taken away by ulceration of the eyes.

——, PA., NOVEMBER 16.—Especial thanks for the return of my husband to his duties—he had not been to confession for more than a year.

OMAHA, NEB., NOVEMBER 17.—Thanks are returned to the Divine Heart for an extraordinary improvement in health, and a great spiritual favor bestowed on a person recommended some months ago; for a lady's return to the Church after an apostasy of twenty years; for the cure of several cases of diphtheria in which Blessed Margaret Mary was invoked, her relic being applied in two of them; for removal of obstacles to a religious vocation, and for several spiritual and temporal favors.

COLORADO, NOVEMBER 21.—Heartfelt thanks to the Sacred

Heart for bringing me safely through a night of danger, which was nothing short of a miracle from Heaven.

JOHNSVILLE, CAL., NOVEMBER 22.—I asked some time ago for my brother to get a chance to make his First Communion before winter. A priest came last week and he received his First Communion last Sunday.

ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER 24.—For the blessing of relief from a very painful and severe illness, of a very slow and tedious nature. Great relief came within the nine days of the Novena, and almost complete cure since.

CANTON, O., NOVEMBER 25.—Some weeks ago the baby had an attack of pneumonia; the doctor on being called said he was a very sick child and only very careful handling would bring him through in safety. I placed a picture of Blessed Margaret Mary on his chest, and promised that I would write to the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, if she would obtain his recovery from the Sacred Heart. He recovered rapidly and I now fulfil my promise.

LOGAN, O., NOVEMBER 27.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for two special favors granted, along with many smaller ones.

LEE, MASS., NOVEMBER 27.—A young girl wishes to return sincere thanks for a position she has obtained as book-keeper through the prayers of the Associates.

PETALUMA, CAL., NOVEMBER 29.—Thanksgiving for the conversion of a young man, who though belonging to a good Catholic family, ignored all religious sentiment, and had never made his First Communion. After some years of a reckless life he returned home in the last stages of consumption. He positively refused to hear one word on the subject of religion. Some days before his death, he consented to see a priest, who was immediately summoned; with sentiments of heartfelt contrition he made his confession, received Holy Communion, and the next day, Extreme Unction. The change wrought in him by the reception of the Sacraments was truly a miracle of grace; from a peevish, irreligious man he became a perfect lamb of patience and mildness, edifying every one by his faith, piety, and resignation until his last breath.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., DECEMBER 1.—Many thanks are returned to the Divine Heart of Jesus for employment obtained the day after the intention had been recommended.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 2.—Will you thank the Sacred Heart for many spiritual and temporal favors granted during the past month, especially for three happy deaths.

——, DECEMBER 3.—Please thank the loving Heart of Jesus through the MESSENGER for employment obtained by my two brothers in a most unexpected way.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4.—An Associate returns most heartfelt thanks to the Divine Heart of Jesus, for her child's miraculous escape from being killed. It fell from a great height, but was found unhurt.

An Associate returns thanks for the conversion of one who was wayward, recommended for two months.

An Associate returns thanks most gratefully for being speedily cured of an affliction, recommended last month.

A Protestant friend borrowed the MESSENGER last month. On returning it a few weeks later, she requested to be recommended to the prayers of the League. She is now receiving instructions in the Catholic Faith, and owes her change for the better to the prayers of the Holy League. May I ask the prayers of MESSENGER readers, for the grace of perseverance for her.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 5.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a *very great favor*. The favor I received was almost a miracle —and I feel and know I received it through the prayers of the Holy League.

ST. LOUIS, MO., DECEMBER 7.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the grace of the last Sacraments to a man who had neglected his religious duties since the time of his first Communion, a period of more than thirty years. He had also been long addicted to the vice of intemperance and had opposed his family in the practice of their Christian duties.—A mother of six children returns heartfelt thanks to the Heart of Jesus for the conversion of her husband from the vice of intemperance. He had also long neglected his duty to God, and had abused and neglected his family. He is now temperate, and a model husband and father.

TOLEDO, O., DECEMBER 11.—My husband lost his position in the middle of the year, and in his business it is very difficult to get another at that season; but thanks to the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, and Blessed Margaret Mary he got another one.

FREDERICK, MD.—We, the Catholic deaf-mutes of Frederick, wish to give our grateful thanks to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus for one very great spiritual favor, obtained through the prayers of the League, as also for many other blessings given to us and our teachers.

——.—A family desires to return thanks to the Sacred Heart by publishing the conversion of their grandfather, whose advanced age and peculiar disposition precluded all hope of his acceptance of our holy faith. However, his daughter, her husband and five children have been faithful Associates of the League for some years and constantly implored the Sacred Heart of Jesus to give him the light of faith. Last April the youngest of the grandchildren, who is an Associate of League, being about to receive his First Communion, said he would ask our Lord the favor of his grandfather's conversion. This child had been remarkable in always asking this conversion in the monthly intentions. On the afternoon of the day on which the little fellow received his First Communion a letter came from the grandfather, saying that on the following morning he was to be baptized! The conversion is especially remarkable in its entire completeness, and the aged man, before so self-sufficient, is now with the humble docility of a little child preparing for his First Communion.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—Thanks through the MESSENGER for the baptism of three of my children.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the MESSENGER, for a business position for a young man, which he obtained after the Intention had been recommended to the prayers of the League.—Heartfelt thanks are returned for the obtaining of a temporal favor from the Sacred Heart, through a Novena made to Blessed Margaret Mary.—Thanks for the settlement of a lawsuit between relatives.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

(From a Düsseldorf design of C. Schönherr).

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VI (XXVI). FEBRUARY, 1891. No. 2

THE HOLY HOUR.

By M. Regina Colgan.

HADST thou been in Gethsemani
That darksome night and drear
When Christ the bitter chalice drained,
With none to comfort near,
When all the crimes of sinful men
His cup filled to the brim,
And trickling fell the sweat of blood—
Wouldst thou have watched with Him?

All agony that heart can bear,
All sorrow earth hath known,
He suffered in that cruel hour
And suffered it—alone.

The comfort that the Angel brought
Had rapture been from thee:
Oh, hear His cry of wounded love:
"Wilt watch one hour with *Me?*"
His Heart is calling to thee still:
Canst thou resist its power?
Oh, bow before His lonely shrine,
To watch with Him one hour!

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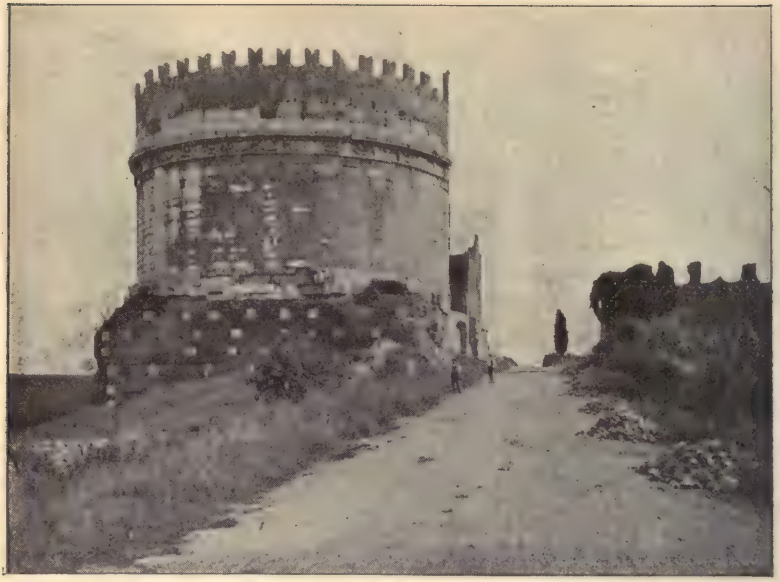
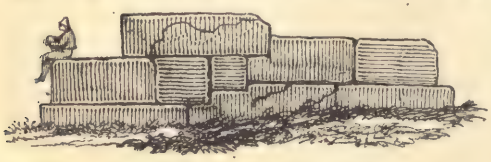


TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.

THE QUEEN OF HIGH WAYS.

THE sun of Rome is mighty. In the clear winter days it glorifies the earth and sky with a semblance of the summer of less favored lands. Then many a stranger who is "doing Rome" is tempted beyond the city walls, at least so far as a carriage will take him. There are plenty of things for him to see, yet for the most part nowhere is there less really seen. It is because the "mind's eye" of the traveller has not been fitted beforehand with a glass for proper insight.



The average tourist will go out beyond the Porta San Sebastiano to the Catacombs of St. Callistus. Perhaps his excursion will be prolonged to the Basilica of St. Sebastian—one of the seven of Rome—a little further on. He is told that he has seen the famous Via Appia. He has indeed been driving along its

course, but always between high walls of brick roughly plastered over with cement, and shutting out the view of everything except the intensely blue sky above and the black polygonal century-old paving-stones over which he jolts below. The most curious thing he will have seen by the roadside is the rare species of ivy growing over the walls and showing in this season its clusters of yellow berries. Here and there, through a clumsy gate, there is a break into some *vigna* where there are antiquities to show and perhaps to sell to the unshrewd traveller. But the real Appian Way—"the Queen of High Ways," as the ancient poet called it—he has not seen at all.

The more's the pity. All the surroundings of Rome might give him an education in this world's history and point its moral, if he only visited them with some proper insight into what they all mean. A little further along this Appian Way, for instance, the mind's eye can look through all the periods of Roman history from the time it became the world's centre until now, quite as easily as the eye of the body can look down its long line of ruined monuments.

If he would silver over his persuasion, the *vetturino* who is his charioteer would readily bring him a mile or so beyond the Basilica, and then alighting he could wander at will on foot along the wonderful High Way. There he would tread the soil over which passed the feet of heroes, Apostles, and Martyrs. But if city life has altogether unfitted him for a pedestrian excursion, still from the first elevated point he may have a fair view of all that has been preserved of the great way which once led from the Eternal City down to Capua and then across Italy to where the ships started for Greece, Egypt, and the East. He should certainly find it as interesting as two thousand years from now posterity will find our own lines of railway, if indeed our work will endure so many years.

All this part of the Roman Field is a continuous up and down of the surface of the ground, never rising so high as the hills of Rome and never descending lower than some deeply cut water-course which drains the hills far away. The elevation near

which we emerge from the line of walls that shut in the way is the great circular tomb of Cecilia Metella, wife of a certain Crassus, perhaps the "lean and hungry" conspirator against Cæsar.

Her name goes back to the early Republic, when the plebian family bearing it gradually grew rich and strong until it was ennobled. But it was later, in Christian times, that the Martyr St. Cecilia became the crowning glory of her race in the Catacombs we have just passed. All along here the Cecilian family had its possessions. Back from the broad High Way were the sumptuous mansions. Along the great Way, after the ostentatious manner of the Romans when they grew rich, they housed their dead in great masses of brickwork, three and four and more stories in height, all encased in precious marble. The marble disappeared centuries ago and went to adorn churches and palaces in the City, or was ground up into lime for whitewashing the vineyard walls of the neighboring peasants. But the brickwork remains and, to all appearances, may remain for ever. The Roman bricks were long thin slabs, and when firmly set together with the tenacious cement of the ancients in which broken earthenware was freely mixed they form a conglomerate mass of rubble that seems a part of the earth's living rock.

From this point on for many miles the whole Way is lined with these monuments, more or less dilapidated. On the top of some of them is found a modern tower, if that can be called modern which was built nearly a thousand years ago. These towers were places of refuge against the Saracens when they made their inroads, or for the shepherds of one powerful family when harried by the sudden onset of the retainers of the next powerful family at feud with their own lords. At the end of the vista from this first great tomb, some few miles away toward the Alban mountains, one of the most curious of all these Roman ruins may be seen. Over the very top of a great circular tomb, the ages with wind and weather have scattered so much fertile soil that a farmhouse has been set up there as on some natural mountain, and an olive orchard may be seen growing far above the remains of Rome's proudest nobility.

ON THE APPIAN WAY.

When this part of the Appian Way was first excavated and laid open to the ordinary traveller by Pius IX., then ruler in Rome and public-spirited in all his works, many travellers came out here to refresh their classical memories. But either the laziness of recent tourists, or the short time in which they hurry over all these scenes that would need years of study, has caused this excursion to be again neglected except perhaps by a few professional students. Yet nowhere are there finer views to be seen.

To the left of the great road you see stretching for miles across the plain the lofty broken arches of the Roman aqueducts, over which the water from the distant mountain streams was conveyed to the City when it had outgrown the use of the muddy Tiber. Further still against the horizon you have the framework of the Sabine Mountains and the Alban Hills. The former are of limestone worn away into all manner of angular and prismatic shapes. All through the winter season their tops are covered with snow and shine forth in the sunlight like masses of rose quartz. The Alban Hills nearer have their rugged sides clothed with the russet-brown hues of the Campagna at their feet, except where, far away, they show dark-blue against the intenser azure of the sky. On their sides here and there gleam the yellow walls of the Italian villages.

To the right, the eye passes over the fields of the Campagna toward the sea, which however can be seen from few points. When seen at all it is only as a silver streak at the horizon, some twelve miles distant. The Campagna itself is the despair of painters. Every shadow of the clouds, every change of light from the sunrise over the Alban summits to the western sheen across the sea waves gives a vital change in color to its surface. In the distance it looks like the smooth floor of an American prairie, but coming nearer you find it the same continuous up and down variety of hill and dale which we have along this part of the Appian Way. Grazing here and there are herds of the light dove-gray, sleek-coated oxen, so famous for the immense span of their ebony-black shining horns. Then there may be some of the humped-backed black and white Roman buffaloes, now becoming

ON THE CAMPAGNA, NEAR ROME.

rare, or again black goats with glistening yellow eyes waging their gray beards. For the tourist from the New World, as interesting as any are the herdsmen themselves in their coats of sheepskin, with sheepskin leggings curiously protecting the front of the leg.

All this region—the ruined tombs, the amphitheatres, the High Way and the ruins which border it, even the names of its insignificant streams—is bound up with some one or other important part of the world's history. To explain all its transformations of land and population would go far toward determining many of the vexed questions of our own day. Here, in the oldest period of which we know, were scattered the fifty or so small independent towns which made up together the confederacy of Latium. Alba Longa, far away on the mountain yonder, was at first the head of the confederacy, until supplanted by its all-conquering daughter, Rome. Some three hundred years before the Christian era, Rome had nothing more left to conquer in her own immediate neighborhood. Then she began absorbing all to herself. Means were found by which the population of these towns was drawn to the great City, and then the more powerful citizens of the Republic—the leading politicians, or those who had "political influence," as we would say—began buying up, or appropriating without buying, all the land into great estates. These estates were cultivated by slaves and little by little ceased to be ploughed, as under the old system of careful cultivation. Then home-grown food had been eaten and home-made garments worn; now everything became foreign and exotic, and the land at home was turned over to pasture. Thus began the second period, of which the Roman historian says sententiously, *Latifundia perdidere Latium* "Great landholdings ruined Latium."

But the Roman landlord now found an enemy with which he could not deal as with those of his own kind. When the careful cultivation of the soil had ceased and only great herds roamed over the broad Campagna there came forth a subtle influence from the land which, little by little, has reduced it to its present desolate condition.

The soil is made up of the friable *tufa* coming from the

decomposition of the great streams of lava sent forth ages ago by the Alban Mountain. It is only along a narrow strip of the plain, beginning just here at the tomb of Cecilia Metella, that we find the strong lava rock resulting from a later eruption over the earlier tufa. It is the property of this volcanic soil greedily to suck up moisture and tenaciously to retain it. In autumn and winter all this land is brown and bare with little but dry stubble upon it, because the intense heat of summer has at the very last dried up its moisture. But with the heavy rains of winter and springtime

SHEPHERDS OF THE CAMPAGNA.

the soil will again become spongy and damp, and so remain month after month through the greatest heats into the Dog-days.

Then such vegetation as can be seen, perhaps, nowhere else in the world will spring up on every hillside. Myriads of flowers, homely or exotic elsewhere, will here bloom together—crimson-tipped daisies, daffodils with perfume as of the tuberose, fox-gloves and hollyhocks, lupins and gorgeous scarlet poppies that wave from the top of every tomb and crumbling tower—even the very thistles will flaunt their purple tufts and give a crown of glory to the land. But then the tourist will be warned not to pass through these beautiful vales after the sunset, for it is the hour when the subtle influence is rising to stalk abroad through the land. It is the dreaded malaria, generated by the moisture left stagnating in fertile soil through lack of cultivation; and the lack of cultivation began with the great landholdings, when the people were driven away and all this fair region was turned to the pasturage of cattle by landlords, "absentee" in Greece or by the Hellespont.

This is the state of the Roman Campagna down to the former Neapolitan frontier. Perhaps no government will ever command the necessary means and men to bring it back to that state of fertility when fifty independent nations two thousand years ago lived from its broad acres. But their natural fertility is so great that they prove a source of riches to the few owners who can induce the peasants to brave the deadly fever. Even so, in the summer season all with the night seek the protection of some neighboring hill, or of the City itself, against the subtle enemy.

But so far we have said little of the tomb before us. It is an immense round tower of Roman brick, once cased with marble, resting on a square foundation of massive blocks of travertine. Nearly all that remains of ancient adornment is a band of ox skulls alternating with festooned garlands round the upper part. From this the neighboring peasants have called it for centuries the Tower of the Bull's Head. Conspicuous above it are the forked battlements which distinguished the Ghibellines of the Middle Ages. For these Roman tombs have suffered many a

curious change in the course of time. This one was used by the great Gaetani family as their stronghold; and from its wall to the ruins across the road they extended their castle like a monstrous toll-gate whence they might domineer over the whole Appian Way, lords or brigands as we choose to consider them. The great tomb far away at the end of the long line was used in like fashion by the Orsini family, which still remains in its broad possessions of the Roman Field.

Another curious thing of this tomb is that it has the same buff color which distinguishes ruins and ancient buildings alike through all this part of Italy, as if the Italian sun had somehow got into the eyes of men and created in the color-sense a craving for something of its own sheen.

The period of Rome's boundless wealth and luxury passed away, and with it the memory of most of these great landed proprietors who, to the ruin of their country, built up these monuments of an idle ostentation.

> This much alone we know—Metella died,
> The wealthiest Roman's wife: behold his love or pride.

It was in those last days of human vanity, which were to end in the subtle malaria of these fields, that another influence sprang up, subtler and more powerful and which from here was to spread little by little through the whole world. This was the religion of the Christian Martyrs who lie by hundreds of thousands in the Catacombs beneath these fields.

From his prison in Jerusalem the Apostle Peter came out hither to the Jews who had settled around the gate opening on the Appian Way. They were the lowly and despised of this world; but their traditional industry and enterprise, and the purity of their social relations had already made them felt as an element in the corrupt Roman society. Along this Appian Way St. Peter, and later on St. Paul, came to find their countrymen and to spread among them, and among the Romans in whose midst they lived, the faith of the Crucified God. To Him they had given up their lives, and for Him they were to suffer death in this same Rome. St. Luke, who was St. Paul's companion,

NEIGHBORHOOD OF TOMB.

in the *Acts of the Apostles* tells how the new Christians of this Jewish colony came out to meet them far along the Appian Way when the great Apostle was brought as a prisoner to Cæsar. But there is something more interesting yet about this Way than the passing over it of those who were to give the beginning to the Roman Church. It is connected with the great estates whose palaces and monuments lined the Queen of High Ways.

The Cecilian family, as has been said, found its crowning glory in the Martyr St. Cecilia, who was laid to rest with countless other martyrs, Popes and priests and simple faithful, in the Catacombs on her own estate. But these Catacombs had long before been opened to Christian burial by a more ancient member of her race, one who has been eulogized by no less a pagan than the historian Tacitus and who may have received St. Peter himself when he first came to Rome. It is only the diligent deciphering of inscriptions long hidden under the ground, which has made it possible during the last few years to identify this noble matron. Tacitus, who saw in the Christian religion only an "execrable superstition," was still able to appreciate the fruits of that religion in a saintly life which he wondered at and eulogized without understanding.

In the year 43 after Christ, shortly after the arrival of St. Peter in the Capital of the World, Pomponia, a matron of high rank, suddenly changed her worldly life to the unqualified astonishment of her pagan friends. She withdrew from society, she put on the garments of mourning, and went to live retired on her country estate. Some thought she was mourning her intimate friend, Julia of the family of Cæsar, who had been put to death under Tiberius in one of the endless intrigues of his corrupt court. But the years passed by, and there was no change in the manner of her life. "She lived long," says Tacitus, "always in her sadness. During forty years she wore only the habit of mourning."

At last this existence, so singular in the world of that day, excited suspicion. Pomponia was accused of joining in "foreign superstitions." According to the Roman law, she was handed over to the judgment of her husband. He was an old consul, who

had had a hand in the conquest of Britain. He seems to have had something of the oldtime honor. After holding a council of his noble family, he declared his wife innocent and free to continue in the way of life she had chosen. Recent discoveries made in the excavation of the first Christian cemeteries along the Appian Way show that the famous crypt of Lucina, which ran into the Catacombs of St. Callistus where St. Cecilia was buried, was the private property of Pomponia. Among the earliest Christian inscriptions there is one narrating the virtues of a young Pomponius, two generations later, showing that this Christian matron had left the heritage of her faith to her descendants. It is not certain even that the name *Lucina*, which means the "enlightened one" and which is attributed to the powerful Roman matron who preserved the bodies of the first Christian martyrs, is not the mystic name of this same Pomponia.

So does this Appian Way bring back the memory of the good and the evil of ages past. In its present desolation, it tells the story of that "foreign superstition" which from Rome and the See of Peter has spread and subtly transformed the whole civilization of the world and the lives of men, even of those men who would now drive it from the earth. Without Rome the world had not been *Christian*, nor without Christianity had our brief life been worth the living.

Awe-struck I gazed upon that rock-paved way,
The Appian Road; marmorean witness still
Of Rome's resistless stride and fateful Will,
Which mocked at limits, opening out for aye
Divergent paths to one imperial sway.
The Nations verily their parts fulfil;
And war must plough the fields which Law shall till;
Therefore Rome triumphed till the appointed day.

Then from the Catacombs, like waves, up-burst
The Host of God, and scaled, as in an hour,
O'er all the earth the mountain seats of Power.
Gladly in that baptismal flood immersed
The old Empire died to live. Once more on high
It sits; now clothed with immortality!

(Aubrey de Vere.)

EUCHARISTIC THOUGHTS.

By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

V.

IN our moments before the tabernacle we might be supposed to be occupied with nothing else but prayer; and these are not prayers. No; because I think it is well in our devotions to practise sometimes one of the wise suggestions of St. Ignatius. He tells us that we ought to show more reverence when we address God directly in prayer than when we are only thinking about Him and His eternal truths.[1] Now our sloth is not capable of much strain, and therefore we quickly tire of our attempts at direct and fervent prayer, taking refuge in that exercise of the powers of the soul which exacts less reverence and less restraint. And therefore it does not seem to me wise to impose it on ourselves as a duty to be always formal and solemn in the thoughts and words which spring up in our hearts or rise to our lips during our moments before the Tabernacle. We may very properly and very fruitfully occupy ourselves with holy and appropriate thoughts of any kind cast in any form. And therefore, kneeling or sitting before the Tabernacle, we may now perhaps dwell with profit on a eucharistic thought, which I will set down here, not by itself but with some of its surroundings.

VI.

In the Life of Felix Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, there is given incidentally an account of an English governess, Harriet

[1] *Exercitia Spiritualia*, Annotatio 3. The Directorium (chapter 15, section 7) says that our colloquies with God and His Saints in meditation require greater reverence than our meditations and speculations.

Shillito, who was received by him into the Catholic Church, and who has been for more than twenty years a Poor Clare in England, if she is living still. Her name occurs to me now before the altar, not on account of the Bishop's words to her: "Why are you not a Catholic? Are you quite sure you are in the truth, your religion having so many separate sects? Can you strike the *Tu es Petrus* out of the Gospel?" Not for those words of the Bishop, but for these other words of Harriet Shillito herself. "The Church has the Eucharist, the most complete and perfect gift of God to man; the Church produces Virginity, the most complete and perfect gift of man to God. I think that perfect truth must be there where there is perfect love."

VII.

The foregoing words join together, with a slight variation, two ideas which I have long been accustomed to link with certain words of a great and good man whose death has called forth a wider and more earnest expression of affectionate admiration than has marked the departure of any man of our time or perhaps of any time. Yes, the truly Christian heart needs no other notes of the true Church of Christ than the Holy Eucharist and the Blessed Virgin. *Ecce Mater tua. Hoc est corpus meum.* But with these grand war-cries and watchwords of the Faith let us join *Tu es Petrus.*

The great and good man from whom we take the eucharistic thought on which we are going now to dwell for a little, is Cardinal Newman. Long before that title belonged to him, in his first year as a Catholic priest, he preached some sermons which even he never before or since surpassed, and which form his first Catholic book, *Discourses to Mixed Congregations.* In the last of these he makes a remark which I have often repeated to others, and to myself hundreds of times as a sort of meditative ejaculation: for I hold strongly that the practice of ejaculations ought not to be confined to direct aspirations to God and His Saints but ought to include mottoes and principles and reflections of many kinds, not all directly spiritual. But this saying *is* directly spiritual. "It

is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste: and why is this but that it gives us Jesus for our Food and Mary for our nursing Mother?"

VIII.

It is the name of Jesus and not of Mary that brings these words before our minds in these moments before the Tabernacle; yet He will let us think first of His nursing Mother. She was so indeed for Him in reality.

Et lacte modica pastus est
Per quem nec ales esurit.

"He on a little milk is fed
Who gives the birds their daily bread."

Did the great neophyte mean by calling Mary not only our Mother but our nursing Mother to claim for her again, in her mystical maternity, not the half only but the whole of the benediction pronounced on her of old by the good woman in the crowd: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts that Thou hast sucked!" St. Clement of Alexandria says that the mother who does not nourish her infant at her breast is but half a mother. *Quæ parit et non lactat dimidium matris est.* All the love and tenderness of the best and truest mothers must yield to the higher and truer love that yearns toward us all from the Immaculate Heart of Mary our nursing Mother. She is our Mother and our nursing Mother. The relations we hold to the Blessed Virgin are not those of the grown-up son or daughter to the venerated parent on whom they lavish marks of respect and affection, the arrears of gratitude accumulated during the long years during which they were, first, the wholly unconscious and then the only half conscious objects of a mother's self-sacrificing love. We are not so far independent. We have not outgrown the wants of childhood. We are helpless children always, *quasi modo geniti infantes*, like new-born babes needing always to be nursed and tended, needing always the Blessed Virgin for our nursing Mother.

THE THROUGH TRAIN TO PARADISE.

By Joseph E. Barnaby.

I.

"WA-WA—Germantown—Mauch Chunk—Through train—Bel-vi-dere division!"

Every frequenter of the superb railway station on Broad Street in Philadelphia knows that this is not quite the way the words run. But this seemed about their sum to the tired little woman in black who had been waiting till late in the night for a train that was never called.

Her clothing was old and rusty, but very neat. A soft white handkerchief was pinned round her wasted throat in motherly fashion. The dingy crape veil pushed back over her antique bonnet set off a pale worn face from which smiles had long since fled. On her arm was an old-fashioned wicker-basket; and the fingers of her thin hands were nervously locked together in her lap.

She sat at the end of one of the long benches of the waiting-room. It was close to the great door opening out on the platform. She could hear the first words of the "usher" or caller-out of trains, as he came in to announce their departure. She looked him steadily in the face, leaning a little forward that she might not miss a word of what he was saying so deliberately. But her train never came. After a time it seemed to her that he only called out over and over the same thing.

"Wa-wa—Germantown—Mauch Chunk—Through train—Bel-vi-dere division!"

Her expectation grew more anxious each time that she settled back into her place. She looked timidly after the usher to see if she might not speak to him the next time he should pass her by.

He was very different in look from herself. Youth was still a-Maying with him; and he stood straight upright in the dark blue uniform and close cap worn by the employees of that great

company which, it is said, owns the State of Pennsylvania. He was a handsome figure of a man. His black hair and kindly grey eyes were set off by a bright healthy flush on cheeks of dusky firm complexion. All this belongs to the "dark Irish" who are the true Milesians, and came from Spain two thousand years ago. He was known as "Irish Charley," though American-born."

He was very proud of his calling out. When his turn came on, all the waiting passengers looked relieved. They were sure to understand in time when their train was ready.

He had noticed the poorly dressed little woman in black. She had given a twinge to his heart-strings, which were tender after his race's wont.

Only a few years brought him back to his childhood when he had seen his mother seated like that in the waiting-room of these great railway offices. That was after his father had been crushed to death between two freight cars he was coupling one stormy night. She had grown old and wasted then like this woman before him. She worked hard and ate little that he might have enough, until at last some one in the great corporation was found willing to take him in and pay for the life of the father by enabling the son to earn a living. He earned more than that, now he had been promoted to call out the trains; and the mother could rest a little and try to grow young again.

At least, this should have been the case. But it was just here that the twinge came to his heart-strings. He called out the trains so loudly that all the waiting crowd turned agape to hear what was so specially announced. He half excused himself by winding up with a prolonged—"Local!" Then all the people who were for the through trains settled back and looked at the long gilt hands on the black dial of the clock up against the wall before them.

Irish Charley stood with a deepened flush on his face beside the little old lady who had betrayed him into this unusual outburst. Her faded eyes were looking straight up to his, with a wan look. The frank kindliness of his own questioning gaze emboldened her to speak.

"If you please, sir, when is the train for Paradise?"

He gave a surprised start, but she went on quickly: "I try and be patient; but I have been here very long and you never call out that train. And I'm so tired."

By this time he was reassured. "Oh, I see now. I've heard of the place. It's not on this line—that's why I don't call it."

The poor creature shrank back in her corner trembling violently as with cold and misery combined. It was time for him to be back at the platform for another train; but he said a word to comfort her in her dismay.

"Don't be afraid. There's a connection somewhere—I'll ask out at the Inquiry Window and tell you the next time I come in. Sorry I didn't know before. 'Twill be all right—don't be afraid. We connect here with everywhere—no trouble at all."

She pressed her fingers tightly together, and the look of patient expectation slowly came back to her eyes. She still shivered slightly under her faded shawl. When the door next opened, she sat forward to hear, with a touching glance of recognition at the usher. He was flustered, and his calling out was not nearly up to the mark. When he had finished, he stopped beside her once more.

"I've found your connection. It's up above Lancaster, and you'll have to ask the conductor where you're to change. I guess you'll have to stage it part of the way."

She looked gratefully up at him and laid her withered hand anxiously on his sturdy arm, though he was not moving away.

"Can I go now? Is it long before the train goes? Oh, I'm in such a hurry—and I'm so tired."

He flushed up once more and turned aside his look as he answered almost timidly: "Well, the truth is, lady, there ain't any more trains that way to-night. The Harrisburg Express was the last, and that's gone half an hour."

The woman was trembling violently again, and warm-hearted Charley could not endure the suffering and agitation visible on her pinched features as he hastily glanced down at her.

"Now, now, it can't be helped and 'twill all come out right, I know. Have you no friends you can go to for the night, here in the city?"

She stared straight before her, without saying a word. Charley was afraid she was going to faint clear away. Her hands were clasped together again on her lap, but she no longer leaned forward with expectation. He touched her on the shoulder and bent slightly over to say soothingly: "Well, don't mind it now. I'll be off work in a few minutes now, and then I'll see to getting a good cheap lodging for you near the station. Then you can get the early train. The evening train would have landed you anyway in the night; and I don't think that's pleasant out in those country-places. Now, do you?"

If she could answer his question, he thought, she would not faint. She mumbled something faintly, but he could only catch as he bent more closely—"I'm in such a hurry to see the King—."

It was time for him to be back at his post. He did the best thing to be done with women and children and even men, when they are weak and in trouble. With a firm, cheery voice and giving a little pat on her shoulder to draw attention to his words, he said: "Now, see here. Just stay quiet where you are till I'm through, and I'll see everything is all right."

She turned her eyes toward his steady gaze, and after an anxious scrutiny bowed her head in assent. There was an old-fashioned ladylikeness about the gesture, and her lips formed the word "Thanks" without uttering it.

When the next train had been called, Charley stopped at her side and said: "There is only one more. Then I'll be ready."

II.

At last it was midnight, and the special officer came on. He was to attend to the duties of the usher as well as of several other functionaries of the more busy time of the day, until six in the morning when the railway public would again begin ebbing and flowing in its ceaseless tide. Charley ran hastily off to the coat-

room to doff the cap and insignia of the Company and to put on the ordinary attire of an American citizen. It is one of our national characteristics that, outside of the duties of our respective offices, we desire to look each quite like the other, excepting always the inborn American principle that clergymen should wear their cloth.

Just as he was leaving the room, with his neat black hat and grey coat, one who had come in on the same errand clapped him on the shoulder.

"Oh, here you are, just in time! The boys are all ready, and we'll have a night of it. You know the officials of the Steel Ring will be up, and if you make friends with them you will not be black-balled at the election."

Charley started back, and the flush on his face grew several shades deeper. "Sorry," he mumbled, "but really I can't go to-night. I have to hurry up home on important business."

The new-comer was employed like himself in the great Railroad Company. He was very different in appearance. Of about the same age, he had lost all frankness of look, if indeed he had ever had it. His pink-and-white cheeks were inclined to hang down in pockets, and the moustache which railway men favor only partly hid those cruel lines about the mouth which betoken a disposition sure to follow on prolonged self-indulgence. His eyes too had taken that half-almond shape which we see in the worst classes of the Chinese, and which perhaps has something to do with their general paganism in religion.

He looked sharply, and for a moment threateningly, at his Irish companion. Then, smoothing his face, he spoke persuasively. "You are not going back on me now, after all the trouble I have taken with you, are you? It isn't everyone I could get into the Steel Ring, you know, and if you do not make yourself solid with the boys to-night you might as well give up all hopes of it."

Charley looked up resolutely, though a little stunned, and said: "Never mind about the Steel Ring just now. I have to go home—and home I am going."

The other looked at him with the same fell look on his face,

before he spoke again: "I suppose you know the harm this will do you, my fine fellow?"

Charley laughed lightly, though there was something forced in his manner, and answered: "I guess I'll live through it all right. I am sound enough with the Union, and your Steel Ring don't seem so powerful around here anyway."

His companion, with an ugly sneer, replied: "Yes, since you Irish took possession of the Union, we decent fellows don't seem to have the power we ought to have by rights. All the same, you will be fixed if you go back on us now."

On the whole, he seemed greatly vexed at the conduct of Irish Charley. However, he had reason to see that he was not gaining ground, but rather exciting the natural obstinacy of the one he wished to persuade. So he tried another tack.

"Now, what is to prevent your coming with us to-night, after all the plans we've made? It ain't right you should lead us into all this expense and then back out. Sunday's our only day, and here you are, free till morning, with your turn not on again till four in the afternoon. Why, you'll sleep everything off by that time."

Charley laughed again, this time more easily, and answered lightly: "Well, you're not putting things very nicely for an employee of the corporation that owns the State of Pennsylvania. What would the Governor say if he heard you? You boys will enjoy yourselves just as well without me, and I can't get out of it—I have to go home."

The other was not to be rebuffed so easily. There was evidently some reason for his wishing to get the usher into the Steel Ring. This was a new secret society among the employees, half-convivial and half-beneficial, and generally dreaded by the employers and looked on with suspicion by the more honorable members of the ordinary Labor Union. It was one of those societies whose name, as it were, "left a bad taste in the mouth." On the present occasion its advocate had said the very worst things possible to persuade his friend. An Irish workingman—even an Irish American—may be drawn with his eyes closed into

any number of ill-meaning associations; but when his eyes are open, and especially when his nationality or his religion are attacked, it is not easy to draw him forward.

The advocate of the the Steel Ring, with another sneer, now said: "See here, Charley, you're an Irishman. I didn't think you folks got religion so strong. Have any of your priests been at you about the Steel Ring?"

A flush now came to the usher's face, which did not leave it speedily. He answered, almost bitterly: "If I did get religion in the Catholic way it certainly wouldn't bring me off with you boys to-night, let alone the Steel Ring. Perhaps it would be better for me if I had got it; but since I have been going with you, you know as well as I that religion is easy. And no priest has been talking to me. He wouldn't be likely to," he added, with an additional tone of bitterness in his voice, "unless he came to change me from what you've made me." Then, hastily buttoning his coat, he added: "Well, I can't go with you, and that is the end of it. There is a person waiting for me there in the waiting-room, and if you wish to see me again to-night you'll have to follow me where I'm going."

So saying, he stalked off with rather more dignity than became his station in life. He found the little old woman still sitting at her place near the door. She looked at him timidly, and there was again the twinge at his heart-strings as he noticed the resemblance between her and his mother. He went up to her hastily, and bending over said: "My work's over now, and you had better have a cup of tea with me here in the restaurant. Then I'll take you home to my mother. She'll be the best one to take care of you for the night, and to-morrow we'll get you a nice train for the place you want to go to."

His face was still agitated, but his voice had recovered the cheery tone which is so affective with those who are shaken in mind and whose dependence has been thrust home upon them. She allowed herself to be raised from the seat, and taking him by the arm feebly walked through the great doors into the dining room. He placed her at a table and gave an order to the sur-

prised waiter, who knew him from his daily familiarity with the station.

The Steel Ring advocate had followed, looking curiously at what he was doing. Coming up behind him he leaned over and said quietly, "Is that your mother?"

Charley again flushed angrily, and said: "No. But it's not your business to ask."

The other scowled and said: "Well, you're not the fellow I thought you were. You are just a big Mamma-boy. You may expect that we'll show you small favor, after leaving us in the lurch like this."

Charley felt himself insulted in his nation, his religion, and his family. Under other circumstances, he probably would have felt inclined to resent the treatment in some more violent manner. As it was, the presence of his charge restrained him. He simply answered in a low voice, between his teeth: "I expect from you just what you are likely to give me. You can go your way and I will go mine. That is the end of it."

The workman flung himself out of the room. The waiter, who had been watching the incident with interest, remarked in an aside to his nearest mate: "I believe it is that young fellow's mother. She's keeping him tight. She knows the Saturday night business." And the two laughed together until all the teeth in their heads glistened.

Charley was considerably discomposed. Yet he took the tenderest care of his charge; and when the cup of tea, which is the comfort of the poor, seemed to have brought a little warmth into her face he led her down the great stairs, and calling one of the few hansoms that remained at the stand drove off to the little side-street where the mother had all but given up waiting for him.

III.

As the door opened, Charley's mother came forward with a little glad cry of surprise, which was at once changed into an exclamation as she saw her son's companion.

Charley felt again the troublesome twinge at his heart-strings.

He was more conscious than he had been for many a long day how he had neglected latterly the good mother who devoted her life to him. It was a new drop in the cup of his bitterness against his fellow-workman that even to-night he would have left her waiting against hope, had it not been for this poor old creature whom Providence had so strangely thrown in his way.

Without hesitation, however, he spoke up in a cheery, resolute way: "Mother, here is a poor old lady who was unfortunate enough to miss all her trains. I am the usher, you know, and I felt a little responsible as she had no friends with her. So I thought it best to bring her home to you for the night."

Charley's delicate heart suggested to him this way of introducing the stranger in order that she might not feel so dependent. For herself, the stranger seemed rapidly sinking beyond any feeling of dependence. She was trembling again and looking wistfully at Charley's mother, who at once stepped forward and taking her by the hands brought her into the warmth of their little room.

It was in one of those "detached residences," as they are curiously called—since they all seem attached to others, in a single row of small brick houses with white doors and steps and shutters, easily the most striking object to the strange visitor to Philadelphia. None the less, they are one of the great helps to the solution of what is called "the workingmen's problem." Here, in this little four-roomed house, with its cheap rent, was a true home for Charley and his mother, and the independence of one who has his own front-door key in his pocket. The room was neatly furnished. The young man's supper, waiting for him after his night's work, gave forth its pleasant fragrance in the room.

Just at present, however, the whole attention of the two was demanded by the new-comer. She seemed on the point of fainting. Charley briefly informed his mother of the events of the afternoon. With the usual sense of womenkind, she at once devoted herself to the care of the poor creature.

"I could not send her off to the station-house in her condition," said Charley, as if to excuse himself.

"You have done for the best," said his mother, thinking

perhaps it was this that had brought him home to her side. "Only help me now until I can warm her up a little; and then, if necessary, we will send for a doctor."

The poor woman soon seemed more easy and was placed on the mother's bed, but her mind now began wandering. The two soon learned her simple story—common enough in this world of ours and yet always new to the individuals to whom it comes for the first time.

She was an English woman from one of those great Lancashire manufacturing centres where Catholics have remained on without changing their religion in spite of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and all the other Reforming sovereigns. Her journey to America was comical enough in a way, though the two hearers could not refrain from tears as they listened to her tale. She was a widow, with a son—his name too was Charley—who had employment in one of the great railway stations at the junction of many lines. Here he had worked his way up, until he had been given a post of considerable responsibility. It occupied him constantly about the tracks, which he had to traverse every few minutes. He had much to do with the incoming and outgoing of those trains which, to an American, seem to dash about heedlessly and without system in the railway centres of England.

Charley, who had a professional interest in the matter, could not make out to just what office in his own station this other Charley's position in England might have answered. But what happened to him became clear as the poor mother went on with her story.

He had been led away, little by little as the case always is, by some of his fellow-workmen. He had first been taught to drink; then he had joined in their convivial societies. He had finally been initiated into some one of the secret associations with which the paternal government of England has more than once tried to interfere by law. At last, one Saturday night like this, just as he was finishing up his duties and in haste to join his boon companions, he had tripped on the rails as the flying Liverpool Express came thundering by. All that was left of his mangled

body was brought home to add its horror to the misery of his mother's loss.

Her sympathetic hearers gathered that at that time a strange mixture of ideas had been set going in her poor brain. She told it very simply in her own words,—

"When my Charley was brought home and the priest tried to comfort me, I fell so ill that I remember nothing more for many days. When I awoke they told me as how he had gone to Paradise, and the priest had sung a Mass and had sprinkled the holy water over his grave. Then I remembered how in the Church we school-girls sang about Paradise."

And in her cracked old voice, flightily, she struck up a hymn which, without much sense, has touched the popular sentiment all through England:

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old—

and so it goes on. Now, if she could reach the King in Paradise she might get back from him her dead Charley. Through all her other flighty thoughts ran this one settled idea, that he had gone into the next world unprepared to meet the King.

By some strange chance, her case had not been understood. With that dread of the workhouse which settles down upon every English laborer in distress, she concealed many of her ideas and actually obtained a passage to America which she had always heard called the "New World." And, if "this world was growing old," Paradise must certainly be found in the New. With her neat upper-servant air she passed unnoticed through the port. When questioned as to her destination, she had managed to interest some of the officials in her search. They simply understood that in some American town called "Paradise" was the son from whom she had been separated; and finding there was a place of this name in the southern part of the State of Pennsylvania they had forwarded her from New York. She was waiting patiently to go still further on toward Paradise, when she fell under the observation of Irish Charley.

It would be hard to say who was the more touched by this

simple tale—the mother or the son. The mother of Irish Charley had had many occasions of late to fear a fate much like that of this English Charley for her own boy. The latter had himself heard every word with a little stab of self-reproach for his own past conduct. He could not help thinking that the fate of English Charley might have been his own, if it had not been for this poor crazed being so strangely thrust into his life.

All manner of good resolutions began waking in him, but just at this time the state of their guest demanded all their attention. The nervousness, the flighty manner, the disposition to faint, increased so much that Charley hastened out for the nearest doctor and the priest. When he came back with the latter he saw that all was nearly over. She recognized the priest and said a word about the King in Paradise; that she should find her Charley; that if she could get to the presence of the King he would give him back to her. Then she sank away into unconsciousness.

Charley and his mother sat by the bedside watching through the remainder of the night. As the early morning light came in through the white curtains of the window, the two could see that the end was at hand. The mother read from a worn prayer-book the Prayers for the Dying which are so dear to every Catholic heart; and Charley kneeling by her side answered her.

At last the sun shone between two gaunt brick walls that stood on the other side of the way. A ray came stealing down and fell full upon the white face on the pillow. All the hard drawn lines of suffering had faded away, there was a look of peace on the worn features. The mother and son knew that the King in Paradise was listening to the petition of the mother of English Charley.

Irish Charley, still upon his knees, looked up doubtfully to his mother as she arose from her place. Then he spoke huskily: "Dear Mother, do you remember how I used to tell you everything when I was a child?"

The mother, whose heart was full, could only bow her head in assent.

The boy went on: "You will not expect me to do that now that I am grown. But I promise you here that you shall never have from me the suffering which this poor woman has taught me would have been waiting for you, had she not found me last night."

The mother placed her hands on the dark locks of her boy in silent benediction. The sunlight crept over till it shone around them both. It was not alone the soul which had dwelt beneath the pinched features of the corpse on the bed that had taken a through train to Paradise that night. Two others also had heard it called out, and were henceforth on the way.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

Unhappy man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

St. Paul, to the Romans, vii. 24.

O ancient Kings, O Wise ones of dim story,
Through what dark depths of Time your eyes were aching!
One flash of light upon your figures breaking,
And then the vision blinded by New Glory!
Enough, enough, ah, keep your secret hoary!
I too, from blackest darkness now awaking,
May share the pilgrimage that ye are making,
Though giftless, sad, and weak and dilatory.

"*His star we've seen?*" I, too, have seen it sadly;
I, laggard on the track that Kings have run,
Crawl toward the goal for which great hearts beat madly.
Without avail? Yet I would worship gladly:
Oh, body of this death, when wilt have done?

S. H.

THE CHASUBLE.

By the Secretary of a Tabernacle Society.

II. Ornamentation.

AMONG the Romans a white toga with a purple border was worn as a distinction by those holding office. Following the custom of the times, as well as the seemliness of it for the sacrifice of the Lamb without spot, it is probable that the Eucharistic robe was originally white. In the life of St. John Chrysostom we read that, being about to die, he desired to celebrate the Holy Mysteries and called for the white vestments that he might clothe himself therein. The purple border of the toga, was repeated in the bands of purple, called *clavi*, which adorned the planeta of the Romans. These usually went to the end of the robe and were made rich with arabesques and embroidery; they varied in elegance according to the wealth and dignity of the wearer. When the planeta passed from profane into ecclsiastical use, these adornments were retained for enriching the sacred vestments of priests and deacons. It is certain that in the first centuries the richest chasubles had a band of stuff of distinctive color back and front. In certain places it took at the back the form of a cross.

In the frescoes of the Catacombs and in early mosaics, we

see vestments adorned with the bands of purple. This color does not mean the purple of our day. Crimson, blood-red, scarlet, and what we call rose-purple, were all comprised under this name. Sometimes the band was of gold; it was then called *aureus clavus*, and later *Aurifrigium* or *Orphrey*.

From the earliest days of Christianity the spirit of faith delighted to lavish adornment on the vesture of the priest. The historian Anastasius speaks much of the beauty and costliness of the sacrificial vestments from the time of the Emperor Aurelian, A. D. 275, until the conversion of Constantine after 300, when the sacred ritual naturally became magnificent. Then the scarlet stripe, which bordered the white vestment, began to be exchanged for bands of costlier material to correspond with the greater splendor of the material of the vestments. Gold, silver, and precious gems made them brilliant; and images of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints, or symbolic flowers and animals were embroidered on them, a custom consecrated by the Fathers of the Second Council of Nice, A. D. 787.

A curious fashion sprang up in the Diptych Chasubles, representing the successors of bishops or pontiffs who had governed the Church. One belonging to the Church of St. Apollinaris at Ravenna bears in needlework the images of thirty-five bishops of Verona, from the third to the seventh century. They are in as many medallions on a large band of gold cloth sewed front and back and dividing round the neck. This chasuble was six feet ten inches in length, while the front measured six feet. A few fragments of it yet remain.

The earliest deviation from the straight band or *clavus* was, according to an English authority on church em-

broidery, what is called the **Y**-cross, within the fork of which were placed elaborate needlework, gold, and jewels. Dr. Rock says: "The most beautiful and rarest stuffs were sought after to make this ornament (called the '*flower*'), which consisted of a mass of rich golden needlework which spread itself in broad thick branches, sometimes before all over the breast, and always behind upon the higher part of the back and about the shoulders of the chasuble, while all around its neck ran a broad band of gold studded with jewels."

When the Latin cross was introduced the orphreys followed its straight lines; and figures of Christ, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, as well as sacred symbols, were embroidered on it. In the South Kensington Museum, London, many of the sacerdotal vestments of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are preserved and are a most interesting study of sacred subjects for embroidery and painting.

In mediæval times, spinning and embroidery were the occupation of women of all ranks. Imitating Mary, the Virgin Mother who 'worked and prayed,' pious women delighted in enriching the robes of the house of God with the work of their hands. St. Etheldreda, Queen and first Abbess of Ely, presented to St. Cuthbert a stole and maniple marvellously embroidered and embellished with gold and precious stones.

In the tenth century, in France, Queen Adelaide wife of Hugh Capet, presented to the Church of St. Martin at Tours and to the Abbey of St. Denis chasubles of different designs and of wonderful workmanship. Emma, wife of Canute, gave costly vestments to the church at Ely, one of which had been embroidered all over with orphreys by the

queen herself, and embellished with gold and gems disposed with such art and profusion as could not be matched at that time in all England.

St. Barbara, the dear St. Elizabeth, and hosts of others, wrought lovingly the vesture for glory and for beauty in which the priests were to minister to God. While the lords and knights of the Middle Ages fought for the cause of the Church in the Crusades, their ladies sat at home and with patient zeal worked rich stuffs and embroideries for chapel and monastery. Endless are the interesting accounts in the old chronicles of the gifts of the rich and puissant to the Church.

One that is specially attractive is that from the Duchess of Lancaster. "A chesible of red baudekin, with orphreys of gold with leopards, powdered with black trefoils, with two tunacles and three albes of the same suit, with all their apparels. Twenty fair capes every one of which had wheels of silver in the hoods. And a chesible of red velvet with Catharine-wheels of gold, with two tunacles and three albes, with all the apparels of the same suit."

The vandalism of Henry VIII. and of Cromwell ruthlessly destroyed the rich treasures of the Church in England, while the wars and revolutions of Continental Europe have left us little of the work of mediæval days.

MISSION HOUSE, ST. PETER'S, MONTANA.

THE URSULINES IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

NESTLED among the Montana Buttes is a spot of which few but the Angels have heard. It seems nearer to heaven than any other on earth, and yet a natural winding road connects it with the Manitoba Railway station, Cascade. Hither wandered Father De Smet with a devoted companion fifty years ago; hither in 1884 came six devoted Ursulines from the prosperous Toledo mother-house.

Like many great things the Ursuline foundation in the Rocky Mountains had a small beginning. First conceived by an ignorant laborer, the thought was communicated to one of those sterling characters not often found even under the hallowed seal of priestly consecration. From him, with the lightning's power and with its speed, the thought became a deed under the guidance of two of the most noted prelates of the North American Church.

How few noble-hearted nuns who have drunk deep at the springs of self-immolation, how few generous-hearted girls who yearn with all the eagerness of pure youthful enthusiasm for the active seclusion of religious life, have heard of the picturesque Ursuline Novitiate of St. Peter's Mission! And yet its door swings gladly back to welcome devoted workers into the whitening field where may be yearly garnered a rich harvest of souls.

St. Peter's Mission lies fourteen miles south of Cascade in the hilly district of Western Montana. It boasts a post-office, a Jesuit mission house, an Ursuline convent, several rich ranches, and many picturesque huts and "tepees." Thus the people of the surrounding country, old and young, enjoy plentifully the advantages of religion and education. While the boys, both white and Indian, are trained in separate schools by the Jesuit Fathers, the girls enjoy like advantages at the hands of the Ursuline Sisters.

We who trace these lines for the readers of the MESSENGER have long listened to the Sisters' enlightened teachings, and would not exchange them now for all the advantages that Europe and our own American so-called "fashionable" boarding-schools afford. All who have given the matter of education serious Christian thought, know well that the heart together with the mind needs careful training, and that no hand so well as woman's can gently strike its strings and make them vibrate to what is noble and good.

The Convent at St. Peter's is a series of log-cabins, hung with the saintly memories of the dead, vocal and bright with the cheerful voices and the smiling faces of the noble workers of to-day who keep

> With many a slight disguise
> The secret of self-sacrifice.

Under the watchful polar star rises the "Fish-back" Butte; a little to the east is the "Square" Butte, the glory of the landscape; while proudly forming the apex of this gigantic triangle rises the "Crown," a resplendent hill, full of inspiration, which to the thoughtful mind speaks in accents not unlike those suggestive and delicate promptings of Hawthorne's *Great Stone Face.*

ST. PETER'S MISSION, MONTANA.

A short distance from the log-cabin convent is the 'college' of the Jesuit Fathers, a square stone building, facing the semi-cardinal points, and smiling its cheery greeting to the unfinished monastery where future Ursulines will follow in the footsteps of their pioneer log-cabin sisters. This building is responsive to the grand austerity of the surrounding landscape. At a glance the tourist might detect its object, even were not its massive walls of cut grey stone surmounted by a ponderous gilt cross. Here it is that in the very near future, so we trust, the despised and deeply-wronged race that long held sway in this mighty land will receive, in exchange for these glorious hills and copious waters, the benefits of enlightened civilization and deeply Christian Catholic education.

Nor has St. Peter's Mission gathered for itself alone the blossoms the wilderness has been forced to yield. We read in the life of the great St. Dominic how that, scarcely had he clothed his brethren in the white garb of the Friar Preacher, than he sent them two by two to scatter abroad with lavish hand the Heaven-sent seed. Some of these, listening to the dictates of human prudence, bade him garner first the precious germ to let it ripen beneath his paternal eye, and not scatter it broadcast upon the desolate waste of this poor world. But the founder, wiser in his seeming foolishness, did not change his purpose. And the thirsty earth drank in the dew from Heaven and the cockle of Albigensian growth rotted and died beneath its gentle violence, and the order grew strong and prospered, and God's blessing rested upon the spreading Dominican tree.

In six years the mustard seed planted by Ursuline hands has sent forth seven mighty shoots: St. Peter's, the Novitiate and generous Mother-house; St. Francis Xavier's Mission among the Crows, its proudest blossom; next, but not second in importance, old St. Ignatius, in the heart of the great Rocky Mountains; Holy Family Mission among the Blackfeet; Miles City, where first the Mothers rested on their Western pilgrimage; St. Labre among the Cheyenne Indians; and picturesque St. Paul's, where the generous purpose of the workers is aided, as the seraphic Teresa

ST. AMADEUS' ROCK.

ON CONVENT GROUNDS, ST. PETER'S MISSION, MONTANA.

would have it for her daughters, by all the grace and loveliness of nature.

The reader perhaps now asks: What is the actual work of these pioneer missionaries in their distant western field? What and how must the Indian children be taught?

Of the seven missions we have mentioned, the Holy Family Mission in the Blackfoot Reservation is the youngest. To trace the every-day life of the workers there, is to answer the question we have proposed, in the fairest because the strongest way. The Blackfoot Nation numbers three families: the Blood, the Blackfoot, the Piegan. The representative of this latter is simple man. Sunk in degradation by centuries of paganism and by the recent example of fortune-seekers, which the late treaty with his nation has drawn in crowds to this distant point of the great mining state, he is still faultlessly reserved, silent, and quick to discern and to revere purity and truthfulness in others. And this man must be reached, Christianized, civilized through his child. Its first Sign of the Cross is his religion; its stuttered English his Shakespeare and his Addison; its simple song, his Mozart and all the harmonies that are to soothe and soften him. He is a foolish, doting parent, governed by his child's caprice. The first work of the founders of a mission, therefore, is to entice the child by all the means that God's grace may suggest to those whom the Church has fitly styled the "Mothers of Christianity"—from the squalid "tepee" to the peaceful, beautiful convent, from ignorance to education. Reason and philanthropy are nowhere; maternal tenderness, the purest supernatural charity alone can compass this. Tents whose filth and misery cannot be described, scenes of degradation and sorrow that make the heart sick and faint, deception, misunderstanding, trickery on the part of the prejudiced white man, may not stay the worker. And when, at last the children are safe, sheltered beneath the convent roof, what must they be taught, what is left for the Ursuline to do? We spare our readers the ceremony of initiation to civilized life. If charity were not its own reward, perhaps some compensation might be found in the expression of strange and exquisite comfort

OPENING OF ST. XAVIER'S MISSION.
CROW INDIAN RESERVATION MONTANA.

that steals across the dusky face when the process nears completion. Comb, brush, needle, thread, fork, knife, broom and mop are strangers to these little ones: to these must they be personally introduced. The task of teaching household work is very laborious. Not only must the children be watched and directed, but in many instances the work must be renewed before them day after day. At last their imitative genius gets the better of their native laziness, and then they are quick and willing enough. Two hours daily are devoted to such instruction in these mission-schools; and besides the sewing and the ordinary school branches, the pupils are occasionally and in turn called upon to assist with the washing, cooking, and baking.

The Indian children are fond of books: writing is their delight: and singing!—there is no better means of teaching them. The English alphabet was a medley of intangible nothings to the Piegan children, until communicated to them by means of song, when it began to re-echo enthusiastically through the school-rooms and back from "Buffalo Rock." They are wild and roving in disposition, with pretty, suggestive faces, full of merriment and affectionate ways. Philanthropy might smile at a scene which the above recalls.

Not far from the white cross-shaped convent of the Holy Family Mission is the little church which the children love to visit. What strikes their fancy in the Ursuline dress is the girdle, and this they are fond of seizing at recreation hours with the suggestive cry "*Natuapaki notas*—Holy Mother, thou art my own horse"—and off to the church. Is their irreverent reverence unwelcome to Him Who said: *Suffer little children to come unto Me*?

While the little Indian girl is learning to be clean, to be reconciled to a roof and to the customs of civilized life, to speak English, to read, to write it, is she doing nothing better? We hear of the ecstasy of the philanthropist who, after years of toil, succeeded in making a girl that was dumb, deaf, and blind conceive the idea of God. Her shapeless countenance was transfigured. Now this very grace and joy may be hers, however unlettered she

may be, who offers a true and generous heart to the Ursuline Novitiate at St. Peter's. Gentleness and prayer and the force of example transmute our wild little creatures.

As we have said, they are imitative; the rites and ceremonies of the Church captivate them and little by little the inner meaning dawns on their clouded intellects. Though they have the word "*Apistatokin*," they have not as yet the true idea of God. Surely no prouder privilege was ever woman's than to kindle in the mind of a fellow-creature this mighty light.

Ah! little human souls, buried for centuries in sensuality, paganism, and degradation, shall there be none to break to you the bread of Catholic education? Shall your fathers still *reach you a stone?* And when the workers of the present lie down in your midst to-night, broken and weary, or are awakened to-morrow, more weary still, perchance by the wailing voice of Montana's

URSULINE NUNS WITH INDIAN PUPILS.
ST. PETER'S MISSION, MONTANA.

buttes or the grey streaks of the circling dawn, must they be pursued by the dread that when their strength has wholly waned, you are to be bereft of your truest, your only friends?

Shall not this first band of Ursulines live many years in generations of successors? Welcome to this laborious work, ye hearts of gold, who in your silent, well-appointed cloisters have learned the price of naked poverty! Welcome ye who watching the shadows play on tessellated floor and oaken rafter have learned that the sanctuary lamp can guard as dear a Treasure in the western wilds! Welcome, ye devoted teachers, who in the delights of deeper study or mathematical research have learned the wisdom of the little catechism, the value of a single soul!

Shall this great work perish for want of workers? Shall we suffer the urgings of our soldier-hearts to be silenced by dreamy indolence, or lack of energy? Shall we who were born to work for God—and who was, if not we?—indulge the sweets of contemplation, turning a deaf ear to the silent whisperings of the Spirit that presses us night and day to go forward and join these conquering ranks?

THE FATHER OF MANY SOULS.

John Henry Newman,

Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church: born in London, England, 21 February, 1801, elected Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford University, in 1823, sometime University preacher (Anglican), received into the Catholic Church, October 9, 1845, died 11 August, 1890.

MONG the notable deaths of the year which is past, that of Cardinal Newman drew most attention to itself. Indeed, it was the fitting close—after a lifetime long and full of work well done—of a career most worthy of note. All, of every or no religion, knew something of the wonderful power of thought and expression of the dead Cardinal; and all

had felt something of the still more wonderful power he wielded over the minds of men by leading them to think along with himself as he expressed his thought in sermons or written books. Catholics cannot doubt that he was raised up in this difficult generation to bring back the minds of men to the eternal interests of the soul, so often forgotten in the midst of the passing interests of worldliness and worldly science. It will be pleasant and comforting for them to follow him in his co-operation with the Spirit of God while working out his Providential mission.

God does not regularly choose out men to work great things in the souls of others without first making their own souls ready for the great work. Happily, we have many words from the worker himself—written at the various periods of a life exposed of necessity to the glare of publicity—which may help us to appreciate the spiritual worth of this remarkable career.

While as yet only a young Protestant minister at the University of Oxford, he visited Rome and had an interview with one who was destined to help him much later on in reaching the term of his course—the future Cardinal Wiseman. "When we took leave of Monsignore Wiseman, he had courteously expressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome; I said with great gravity, 'We have a work to do in England.' I went down at once to Sicily, and the presentiment grew stronger. I struck into the middle of the island, and fell ill of a fever at Leonforte. My servant thought that I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them, as he wished; but I said, 'I shall not die.' I repeated, 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light.' I never have been able quite to make out what I meant.'"

Thus he wrote thirty years after; but meanwhile He Who searcheth the reins and the heart of man well knew whither He was leading this sincere soul. It was at this time that Newman himself wrote lines inspired by the great thought weighing upon him. They have become familiar wherever the English language is spoken, and they express more perfectly than anything else we can know the inmost spiritual life of this man whom God

was leading on to be the "Father of many souls" in their way to the light of the Christian Catholic faith.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

All this first part of his life the young Newman had been a diligent student of holy things. He preached the first sermon of which we have record in 1825; and before the great movement Romeward with which his life is connected had begun he published his first book—*The Arians of the Fourth Century.*

In his writings of this time we have glimpses of an unusually earnest soul, one to whom conscience is all in all. It may be said here that one of the lessons of his life, which was also inculcated in many of his writings in defence of his final faith, was simply this: Faith in the Divine Revelation is not likely to be accepted by one who merely reasons about it as a matter of speculative truth or falsehood; it is not the mere knowledge of truth which is sufficient for receiving into the heart God's gift of faith, but the willingness to receive it is also required. And this supposes that a man's reason acts not only by judging truth from falsehood, but also by judging right from wrong and acknowledging the obligations of conscience. Thus, in a sermon on "Secret Faults," preached January 12, 1825, he goes on in this way—curious enough at that time of dead calm in the Established Church of England:

"If you receive Revealed Truth merely through the eyes and ears, you believe words, not things: you deceive yourselves. You may conceive yourselves sound in faith, but you know nothing in any true way. Obedience to God's commandments, which implies knowledge of sin and of holiness, and the desire and endeavor to please Him—this is the only practical interpreter of Scriptural doctrine. Without self-knowledge you have no root in yourselves personally: you may endure for a time, but under affliction and persecution your faith will not last. This is why many in this age, (and in every age), become infidels, heretics,

schismatics, disloyal, despisers of the Church. They cast off the form of truth because it never has been to them more than a form."

This turning in upon self of the light of conscience was one of the first effects of his influence over others: and to understand his life in the lines along which it was cast from the beginning, it should be remembered that he was specially raised up by God to influence others. As he thought and worked out truth for himself and trembled with fear or hope, so many others around him thought and labored and feared and hoped. This comes out curiously in some of the familiar reminiscences which have been published since his death. Father Lockhart, who was his early disciple and even preceded him by some years into the Church, has this:

"Newman's sermons had the most wonderful effect on us young men. It was to many of us as if God had spoken to us for the first time. I could never have believed beforehand that it was possible that a few words, read very quietly from a manuscript without any rhetorical effort, could have so penetrated our souls. I do not see how this could have been unless he who spoke was himself a *seer*, who saw God and the things of God and spoke ot that which he had seen in the keen, bright intuition of faith. We felt God speaking to us, turning our soul, as it were, 'inside out.'"

What follows will, to most observant Catholics, be still more expressive of that disposition of mind which made Newman and his true followers so open to the influences of the Catholic faith. Father Lockhart goes on:

"The great defect of Protestant training is that no one, (I speak of fifty years since), ever spoke clearly of the essential immorality of all impurity. Certain things which injured life, health, or reputation were reprobated. Nothing else was ever hinted at. There was, of course, no training of the confessional, by which alone with Catholics this evil is generally nipped in the bud. For the Catholic child knows by the instinct of faith and through the few modest words said to him by teachers or parents, when he is preparing to make his examination of conscience before confession, that 'immodest thoughts' even, if deliberately

indulged in, would be mortal sin. This is the great defence of Catholic morality,—a fortification with a strong outwork—*murus et antemurale*. . . . The absence of this training left English Protestant society in a very corrupted state. The public and, still more, the private schools were such that it was rare indeed if any innocent youth passed through them without being stained: too often he was utterly corrupted. It was of such materials that the youth of Oxford were chiefly composed. On such as these Newman's sermons came down like a new revelation. He had the wondrous, supernatural power of raising the mind to God, and of rooting deeply within us a personal conviction of God—a sense of His presence. He compelled us to an intuitive perception of moral obligation—of that natural law of right which is written in the mind by the Word and Wisdom of God, and which St. Augustine and St. Thomas say is the 'Reason of the Divine Wisdom imparted to man by the light of human reason.'"

Another characteristic of the young University preacher was his unworldliness. It is certain that, humanly speaking, the use he made of his exceeding literary talent was not such as to draw to him the rewards of this world. If a great name came to him later in life, it was rather in spite of the line of thought and labor which he mapped out for himself than because of it. In a sermon of the year 1831, toward the close of this period of preparation for his life work, he has this:

Christians are called upon to think little of the ordinary objects which men pursue,—wealth, luxury, distinction, popularity, and power. It was this negligence about the world which brought upon them in remote times the reproach of being indolent. Their heathen enemies spoke truly—indolent and indifferent they were to temporal matters. If the goods of this world came in their way they were not bound to decline them, nor would they forbid others in the religious use of them; but they thought them vanities, the toys of children, which serious men let drop. Nay, St. Paul betrays the same feeling as regards our temporal callings and states generally. After discoursing about them, suddenly he breaks off, as if impatient of the multitude of words; "But this I say, brethren," he exclaims, "the time is short."

Another prime element in the spiritual life of this man so pure and unworldly was his keen sense that the truths of religion must be taught him from above. That is, as a sympathetic, but

non-Catholic biographer has but lately said, "Dogma is the backbone of religion."[1]

Newman's mind was all along clear in this regard. He says in the *Apologia*, that wonderful history of his religious opinions which an attack obliged him to lay before the world:

"From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know no other religion. I cannot enter into the idea of another sort of religion. Religion as a mere sentiment is to me a dream and a mockery. As well can there be filial love without the fact of a father as devotion without the fact of a Supreme Being. What I held in 1816 I held in 1833 and I hold in 1864. Please God, I shall hold it to the end."

He came at the close of an age when the scattered fragments of Christian faith which early Protestantism had preserved were still held with a certain vigor. It was not as in these later days when even the fragments seem dissolving before the powerful action of free thought. But Newman already had an unusually intense realization of that spiritual world whose existence is made known to us by the teachings of the Christian faith. A sermon on the action of the Angels in connection with the natural forces of this world is often quoted as an instance of curious speculation. An exquisite early poem on "The Separation of Friends," begun in 1833 and finally completed on the death of a beloved companion in 1836, shows this even more clearly. As it is little known, it will be worth while quoting a few lines from it:

Do not their souls, who 'neath the altar wait
  Until their second birth,
The gift of patience need, as separate
  From their first friends of earth?
Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone
  By Eden's Angel flame,
But that Earth knows not that the Dead has won
  That Crown which was his aim.

. . . . . .

So day by day for him from earth ascends,
  As dew in summer even,
The speechless intercession of his friends,
  Towards the azure heaven.

[1] *Cardinal Newman*, by R. H. Hutton.

We may stop to notice, in these lines of his first period, that he had already a firm hold of the Catholic truth of the Communion of Saints. Later, after the death of Hurrell Froude—a brother of the historian, and one of whom Cardinal Wiseman said that he might be considered as dying a catechumen, so near was he to the Church, these lines were added:

> Ah! dearest, with a word he could dispel
> All questionings, and raise
> Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
> And turning prayer to praise.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Dearest, he longs to speak as I to know,
> And yet we both refrain:
> It were not good; a little doubt below,
> And all will soon be plain.

To this same line of thought belong the two last verses of the hymn "Lead Kindly Light," which seem to have puzzled one of the Cardinal's later correspondents. In 1879, he answered quaintly that "he was not bound to *remember* his own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years." But the lines, taken in this connection, explain themselves:

> And with the morn those angel faces smile
> Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Another characteristic of the soul of Newman was his intense reverence for truth, his utter sincerity in seeking for it, his willingness to be satisfied with it when it was found. With this reverence for truth was bound up his life-long opposition to what he called "Liberalism" in religion. When he was raised to the Cardinalate, he spoke these significant words:

"I rejoice to say, to one great mischief I have from the first opposed myself. For thirty, forty, fifty years, I have resisted to the best of my powers the spirit of liberalism in religion. Never did the Holy Church need champions against it more sorely than now when, alas, it is an error overspreading, as a snare, the whole earth. . . . Liberalism in religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another, and this is the teaching which is gaining substance and force daily. It is inconsistent with any religion as true."

As to the sincerity of the great Cardinal, it is curious to notice that precisely on this point he was accused both before and after the time of his conversion. People could not understand why he did not say flatly just what he believed and whither he was tending in his belief. It should have been plain that he could not say what he could not possibly know without a divine revelation of the future. But this strange opinion remained floating in the air till the late Canon Kingsley publicly accused him of saying that "truth had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy, and on the whole ought not to be." This ruthless accusation forced Newman into writing what will, perhaps, remain the most important of his works and what was, undoubtedly, the most painful to him in the writing. This is the history of his religious opinions, published under the title of *Apologia pro Vita sua.* It is this book, more than anything else, which has completely changed the course of English thought in regard to the Roman Catholic Church. Its entire frankness and simplicity, its touching laying bare of the inmost roots of belief in the soul of one so entirely in sympathy with his age and with the souls of other men, its portrayal of the growth of Catholic belief in one who by nature should have been a leader in the opposition camp, strongly impressed English readers with the mistaken judgment of the past three centuries concerning that Church which had civilized the world and given them their own moral life. From this book we may date the recognition on the part of English thought that the Roman Catholic Church leads now, as before, in Christian religion and the observance of the Ten Commandments.

Of his confidence that truth can be found and his satisfaction with it once it was in his grasp, we have only to repeat the words of a non-Catholic critic and others, still more significant, from himself. Mr. Hutton, the well-known writer of the London *Spectator*, says:

"This is what makes Cardinal Newman a really great man. His whole life has been lived in the passionate confidence that these great, these apparently appalling difficulties are not only not really insuperable but are infinitely less than those which any man

would encounter, who, dealing honestly with his own conscience, should yet give up as false belief in the divine origin of the world and the divine character of Christianity."

Newman's own words need always to be remembered by those who breathe in, day by day, the atmosphere of a world that gives ear to all objections and never waits to know the answer.

"Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt; as I understand the subject difficulty and doubt are incommensurate."

This can be easily illustrated from a school of philosophy which has sprung into great vogue since Newman has upturned English thought from its depths. It declares that no less obvious a truth than that two and two make four cannot be known to be a necessary truth. Undoubtedly many who would stand open-mouthed at the assertion would be unable to answer clearly the arguments brought to sustain it. It is the same in regard to the defence of the Christian faith. What is demanded is not a ready answer, tripping on the tongue, to every difficulty which may be brought from any and every quarter, but enough reason for belief that God has revealed what is taught. Then God Himself will do the rest. For faith, being a grace, is always a gift from Himself to the soul of His creature.

What we have said of this early period of Newman's life is intended to show why a soul, in circumstances naturally so ill-adapted to the reception of Catholic faith, might still be rightly expected to receive it as a gift from the Holy Spirit on account of its dispositions for welcoming the truth. Such dispositions, which are needed much more for the will than for the intellect of man, were his sensitiveness to the obligations of conscience, his purity and unworldliness, his trust in God as a Teacher and his near sense of the spiritual world, his sincerity and readiness to follow the "kindly Light" whenever he could discern its leading.

> Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant scene; one step enough for me.

THE SECOND BISHOP OF CHARLESTON.

By M. L. Meany.

IGNATIUS A. REYNOLDS, successor of the glorious England in the See of Charleston, is almost forgotten. The doom of being misunderstood, which attended him through life, seems to have followed him after death. This has sometimes been imputed to his predecessor's overshadowing renown; but it seems to have a deeper and earlier cause. Mr. Webb says:[1]

"Of all the native priests of Kentucky, the late Dr. Reynolds was possibly the least understood and the least appreciated by others than men of discriminating judgment. Nature had not given to him the pleasing ways by which persons so endowed are able to attract and lead captive the hearts of men. Still, it was not because his own heart was not open as the day to all gentle influences that such was the case. It was for the reason, rather, that his was a peculiarly sensitive nature. No man ever had a juster appreciation of the transcendent dignity of the priesthood. He appeared, indeed, at all times, as if he were fearful lest, by some inadvertent act, or some frivolous speech, he might cause men to lose sight of the unworldly character of his ministry."

This timidity, which in such a divine might seem absurd, probably arose from one of the earliest incidents of his ministry—the excommunication of a brother priest, who, after giving bright promise of a noble career, suddenly abandoned not only his mission but the Faith, and sealed his apostasy by marrying. Mr. Webb thus pictures the sad ceremony:

"Shortly afterward he was publicly excommunicated—the first and last time the awful ceremonial was witnessed in the diocese—from the high altar of the cathedral church of St. Joseph, Bardstown. I was present on this occasion, and occupied a place in my father's pew, immediately in front of the sanctuary. I was

[1] Sketch of Right Rev. Bishop Reynolds, in the *Catholic Centenary of Kentucky*. By Hon. Benj. J. Webb.

under twelve years of age at the time, but I can say that, from that day to this, the scene I witnessed, in all its terrible significance, has remained firmly impressed in my memory. It had become publicly known that something extraordinary was to take place in the cathedral on that day, and the building was filled by a dense and expectant crowd, many of whom were non-Catholics. In the sanctuary appeared Bishops Flaget and David, accompanied by a numerous retinue of priests and seminarians. While the dread formula was being read by the late Rev. I. A. Reynolds, afterward raised to the See of Charleston, the attitude of the venerable Bishop of Bardstown was itself a study. His face was stern, but very sad. As it has since appeared to me, it was as if another Abraham, at the voice of God, was on the point of sacrificing the beloved of his heart. As was their head, so were the ecclesiastics by whom he was surrounded. One could discern the sorrow that was in their hearts by its pictured impress on their faces. The stillness that pervaded the church was so profound that the reader's voice, rendered tremulous and deeply pathetic by his own emotion, was audible in every part of the sacred edifice. The saddest of obsequies could not have been more impressive, nor more significant, indeed, of death and the grave."

The recollection of that sad day probably overshadowed all the young priest's life, made doubly personal to him as the reader of the "dread formula."

Among the early emigrants from Maryland to Kentucky in 1785 were John and Ann (French) Reynolds who settled on a small farm about three miles north of Bardstown. Of their five children, Ignatius Aloysius (the second eldest) was born on the octave of the Assumption, 1798.

"But for the fact," says Mr. Webb, "that John Reynolds was the husband of an extraordinary wife, and the father of a still more extraordinary son, no special mention of his name would be here necessary. He was an industrious, well-meaning man, to be sure, and after a manner, pious. But he was given to the vice of intemperance. His wife was altogether of another stamp. To use the expression applied to her by an aged Sister of the Nazareth

community, she was 'a living saint.' It is doubtful if there has ever occurred in Kentucky a more noteworthy example of healthful influence exerted over a household than that which is presented in the case of Mrs. Ann Reynolds. In addition to the fact that her religion was as the measure of her life, she was of that precise temperament that is most attractive of love and confidence. Modest, retiring, helpful, prayerful, sweet of temper and loving her children in God and for God, it will not be considered strange that these latter should have readily yielded themselves to her moulding hands, and become, even as she was herself, exemplars of Christian life and social respectability."

The Holy Spirit rewarded the fidelity of this valiant woman not only by unusual graces to all her children, but by making one of them a shining light in the Church. The little Ignatius was among the earliest ecclesiastical students in the log-cabin Seminary of St. Thomas, and was transferred by its venerable President, Father David, to the Sulpitian Seminary at Baltimore, where he completed his theological studies, and was ordained priest in Baltimore, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Maréchal, on the 24th October, 1823.

During the next twenty years, the young priest was continually at work for God and souls. As companion to his bishop (Flaget) and to the renowned missionary priest, Kenrick (afterward Archbishop of Baltimore), he went through the vast diocese of Bardstown, preaching the jubilee of 1825, teaching in St. Joseph's College, of which he was president for three years, pastor of the Bardstown Cathedral, and afterward of the Church of St. Louis, then the only Catholic temple in Louisville. One year was spent abroad in attending to diocesan affairs, and then, after three years of arduous and successful labors as vicar-general, he became Bishop of Charleston.

Never was ecclesiastical promotion more unwelcome to its recipient. The most aspiring ambition might well hesitate to take the place of the lamented England. What then must it have cost this modest, self-distrustful priest! But, as his biographer says: "Dr. Reynolds was not the man to evade in the least particular

the requirements of ascertained duty. It had never been his habit to question either the motives or the wisdom of those to whom he had vowed obedience, and now that Christ's Vicar on earth had given expression to his will in his regard, he felt that the proper course for him to pursue was to render cheerful obedience."

He was consecrated in the Cathedral of Cincinnati, on the feast of St. Joseph, 1844. Even in this he felt a "splinter of the cross": his own bishop would have been his choice for consecrator, but his age and infirmities forbade it. "Bishop Flaget could do no more than be present at the ceremonial and pray, as he no doubt did, that this son of his adoption might be led by the Spirit of God—" says Mr. Webb, who adds in a note: "I was present at the consecration, and I remember to have been greatly struck by an incident that took place immediately after the newly-consecrated bishop had imparted the episcopal blessing to the kneeling crowds that filled the cathedral. I observed from where I sat the tottering form of our late saintly prelate being led up the steps of the high altar. In a moment after, in accents so feeble that they could scarce be heard at the extremity of the church, he intoned the initiatory words of the solemn episcopal benediction, *Sit nomen Domini*. When he turned to give the blessing, every knee was bent to receive it, whether of bishops, priests, or people."

It was characteristic of the unassuming nature of the new prelate, that he had already taken leave of his Kentucky home and friends, so that there was nothing to delay his immediate journey to Charleston. During this journey it was the writer's privilege to see him, under circumstances never to be forgotten.

Stopping over Sunday on the way, Bishop Reynolds was prevailed on by a former college-mate to fill the pulpit in his church. Late as it was on Saturday night, word went with lightning speed through the parish, and some who had more curiosity than piety were induced by anxious friends to anticipate an intellectual treat. Among them was a young scape-grace whose feet had since boyhood been unfamiliar to the house of God. Great was the delight of many to see him duly walk up the middle aisle. The Gospel of the day was rather long, and Bishop Reynolds read it in a con-

fused, hesitating tone that promised poorly for the sermon, his eye glancing occasionally in a strangely-beseeching way at the silent and motionless crowd before him. When he had finished, and all had taken their places, the youth before mentioned opened the pew-door and walked deliberately down the middle aisle, in full sight of the pulpit. The Bishop's face did not flush at what was but too evidently meant as an insult. The appealing gaze became more childlike, as it rested on the congregation, and in a tone no less calm than sad, he proceeded to say that not many words were needed to explain the Gospel just read: it was its own best expounder. What the sermon was, whether eloquent or commonplace, no one probably could have told.

"That was just like Ignatius!" said the pastor afterward. "Well, you came to hear a preacher,—*you saw a saint.*"

"Perhaps —— will owe his conversion to it," said a sorrowing relative; for all felt that the sensitive heart prayed for the offender.

No greater contrast could be imagined than between the first prelate of Charleston and his successor. Each had his peculiarities. But in the one essential, zeal for God's honor and the interests of the Church, both were alike and both successful. Bishop Reynolds was not deficient in pulpit oratory; indeed we are told that in the first year of his ministry he was ranked as the second preacher in the diocese of Bardstown—Rev. R. A. Abell, his senior by ten years, being the first. Bishop England was dauntless and in fact aggressive, where Bishop Reynolds was patient, retiring and almost shy. The first had the true Irishman's facility in turning strangers into friends and helpers: the second, by his want of self-confidence, made others slow in yielding to an influence that was more supernatural than they would have believed. He once, in a moment of unthinking confidence, no doubt, told Mr. Webb "that relief, often from unexpected quarters, had never failed him in his most urgent needs."

During the eleven years of his episcopate there was something about him that often recalled the scriptural eulogy on the valiant woman: "The heart of her husband hath trusted in her."

The heart of the Church could trust implicitly in him. As great a contrast as could be imagined to his illustrious predecessor, he yet carried out his unfinished work, was as ready to help on the publication of Bishop England's varied writings as to approve a child's catechism, as zealous for the building of a grand cathedral as for opening poor stations where others deemed it "a sin to have Mass said." A hard and close worker himself, he was indulgent to the weakness of others. Always keeping within the strict lines of his legitimate duty, he was yet neither impatient with so-called *dreamers*, nor distrustful of new undertakings. It was fortunate for Mr. Webb that it was Dr. Reynolds he consulted about publishing a Catholic paper, the thought of which had occupied his mind for five years. Of course, he met with neither discouragement nor ridicule. "Our relations may be said to have been intimate from this time to the end of his life. I can truly say that the more he revealed himself to me, the greater was my respect for him as a man, and the more was my reverence for him as a priest."

To the last, he was the same—a worshipper of the Divine Will and a doer of it. In the midst of his great episcopal labors, he was struck with a mortal illness, which, after many months of suffering, terminated his earthly life on the 9th of March, 1855. As his untiring labors had edified all, so the Bishop's patience and resignation in suffering completed the holy example he left his widowed flock.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

A Second Dialogue.

Disciple. We were on the question of principles. You were saying that the union of many in a League of Prayers was likely to induce certain careless Christians to remember their morning prayers. Their motive would be to have the benefit of

all those prayers which would be offered for them by others, provided only they themselves are faithful to the common Morning Offering. Just here I have a difficulty. Is it worth the while to induce careless Christians to pray in that manner? Some people imagine that as long as a man is in a state of sin, it is of no great use for him to pray at all, let alone the expecting any benefit to be received by others in virtue of his prayers. I think you understand what I mean.

Teacher. The difficulty is not a new one, and you will find it explained by the old theologians. I wish a little more of this old theology would get into our present-day practices. I consider this one of the chief benefits of a League like the Apostleship of Prayer, which makes a morning offering, common to all its members, its essential starting-point.

Disciple. What is it the old theologians can have to say on this point? Do you mean that the Apostleship of Prayer is merely an application of what has always been taught by Christian Doctors?

Teacher. That is about what I mean. The theologians put the question to themselves in this way: Ought every one, whether saint or sinner, to pray?

Disciple. The stricter sort of people are apt to think that it is a kind of undue familiarity on the part of one who is not a friend of God to address Him.

Teacher. St. Augustine had heard so, and answers that the duty of prayer amounts to this: We are to do what we can to obey God, and what we cannot do (either through our own weakness, or extraordinary temptations, or even from our own wretched fault) we are to pray God that we may become able to do. It would be a very sad thing that a sinner who has no direct claim on God's kindness could not even ask for a little of His mercy.

Disciple. I am afraid that it is here the difficulty begins. There is a certain class of minds who are always rating God from a human standpoint. They seem to think that if absolute justice is done, all and more than all that one has a right to ask is done. So they conclude the work must stop there. It is, as I under-

stand you, the duty of the sinner to count on the mercy of God over and above every claim He may have on him.

Teacher. Yes; that is partly the case, but it does not reach the whole truth. It is said in the Scripture that God hears the little ones of the raven that open their mouths to call upon Him; and He fills their beaks with food. Now, no matter how great a sinner a man may be, he is still God's creature. God is with him, God works in him, God is still his father—*One God the Father of all*, as St. Paul reminded Timothy. It is a horrible perversion of ideas that the one who needs God's grace the most should not be allowed to ask for it. In fact, the asking for it is all that he can do. He is God's creature, he is under God's Providence; and, unless like the devils in hell he wishes to reject once and forever all love of his Maker, he is under the bounden duty of having some communication with Him. Now this communication is prayer for God's mercy.

Disciple. I imagine that in this the theologians do not far differ from the sinners themselves. I know that very hard cases, when in some imminent danger, break out quite spontaneously into some hasty prayer for help. It may be the first time for years, but it shows that they have the real feeling that there is a God above them.

Teacher. Yes; I think it very rarely happens that a man is so far gone that he willingly contemplates dying in his sins. Usually there is simply a question of temporizing: he will accept God's grace some time, but not to-day. Now in such a case the practice of prayer is invaluable. When the sinner prays he exercises faith and hope, to say the least; and all this is a direct disposition toward penitence and charity.

Disciple. I suppose, then, you would extend the duty of praying to all that great number of people who have little more than the light of nature to guide them, and who profess no religion at all.

Teacher. Yes; and to bring back the question to that from which we started—to our Apostleship of Prayer—I can give you some instances. An unbaptized person came to me not long

since with one of the cards of the Apostleship in his hand. He was greatly struck by the very idea of such a vast Association of people praying to God for the same things. He asked whether he could not join in with the others and have his own needs and intentions recommended. Of course, I could not say to him that he could share in the privileges of the others; for, not being a Christian, he was evidently incapable of the Communion of Saints. But I did advise him to begin the practice of the Morning Offering, and promised to recommend his intentions along with the others. I believe that where a man will not do much for God, he should be encouraged to do a little. That little, with God's grace, may grow until it reaches the friendship of God: and this is the aim of all our labor. I cannot bear to shut the door of God's grace to the sinner because he will not, here and now and at once, come forward to enter it.

Disciple. I hope that is not lax teaching, for it certainly seems greatly needed in our time. I am constantly running across people who have given up all practice of religion. The result is that except for some very serious event, as at the death of a friend or in the case of some misfortune, they never pay the slightest attention to God. I do not quite see how God's mercy is likely to reach them. There is nothing in them for Him to lay hold on. He would have to work a downright miracle in order to bring them back to Himself.

Teacher. Oh, for that matter, the turning of a man from a state of sin to penitence and grace is always a kind of miracle: that is, only the grace of God can do it. But we must remember that this grace is always ready, even for the worst sinner in the world. It was the greatest sin of Judas that he despaired and put himself out of the reach of God's grace by taking his own life. God could have pardoned him the betrayal of His own Divine Son; but even God cannot create a free will which at the same time shall not be free. This is the true secret of all impenitence. It is not because God has not offered the grace, but because the man has freely refused it even unto the end.

THE READER.

*

With the Lenten season our Mother the Church opens before us the fair book of the Passion of our Lord and Saviour. All the year round the simple Catholic faithful read therein, and are comforted in their disappointments and sorrows. But with Lent, which is the old Saxon word for the springtime, the Church calls us to walk together along the royal road of the holy Cross. Weekly in all her temples the sweet solemn procession takes place from station to station of the Way of the Cross. All the voices are lifted up to Mary Mother of Jesus Crucified:

Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.

* *

Sometimes a stranger to the Faith timidly enters the door through which the heavenly harmony sounds beyond the church's walls and into the profane street. He looks curiously around, only half-understanding. The loving words of prayer read out for each successive mystery of the Divine suffering move him strangely. Is not his own life a solemn journey ever lengthening out, wherein are mysteries of suffering?

Along with the touching prayers follow the homely practices of devotion which to his beclouded understanding seem minutious, unbecoming, even grotesque. So he goes away, perhaps to come back again and again until clearer light dawns upon his soul, perhaps to drift away forevermore into the darkness. He has had but a glimpse of the heart-filling religion of Him Who has transformed the world by His sufferings and death. Will he remember afterward that to Catholics Christ is not a mere ideal to bolster up some theory, nor Jesus a name to be bandied about irreverently in the mouths of men that say unto their fellows—"I am holier than thou"?

* * *

No, the "mighty Mother," the Catholic Church, the Church of Rome which alone is universal, acknowledges all to be her

children—the publican and the sinner quite as well as those who seem to be the salt of the earth. And she does this in the name of the Good Shepherd Who trod the way of the Cross with bleeding feet, that He might seek and save the sheep that were lost. She is a mighty Mother, gracious, strong, faithful in life and in death; and these devotions are but the least of her many ways for binding her children fast to her in the faith and hope and love of Christ. Yet in all and through all, it is the Christ Himself, Jesus the Son of the Living God, Whom she brings before us. Visibly He is gone from us; but she stands visibly before us clothed in widow's weeds.

"Why, O my Mother, dost thou wear the garb of mourning?"

And the sinner, still sore from his grievous sin, and the saint in whom divine love stirs strange questionings about this unhappy world, and the unbeliever himself if he will but look attentively upon her, see behind her and above her, rising high as the heavens the awful presence of the Crucified One.

* * * *

O Face of agony, from whose mercy no sin can debar the penitent heart! O outstretched Arms, from whose embrace of love not Judas himself had been excluded, had he not so willed it in his despair! O wounded Hands that beckon, O bruised Feet that point the way! O pierced Heart, with Thy charity infinite as Thy Divinity, draw unto Thyself all souls, for all do sorely need Thee; with Thy strength in the midst of suffering, stay their weary feet amidst the sorrows of this life; with Thy flames of zeal, enkindle in all Thy faithful servants the desire to bring souls to Thee, true Lover of souls, even though they must sacrifice themselves with Thee on Calvary, where Thy Mother stands beside Thy Cross.

Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.

* * * * *

In spite of the power and sweetness of Catholic devotions, perhaps many of us—because "the world is too much with us"—do not rate them at their true value. Controversy is good, provided it is divine enough to bring about conversion—which is not

always the case. Organizations humanly planned out for the reform or betterment of Catholics are also good, and may easily have the grace of God attached to them. And the Holy Mass and the ringing of church bells, and the duty of observing the Ten Commandments go on always. Still, there is always the room and always the need for devotions in private and in common. One of the most grievous attacks made on Christian Faith at the time of the so-called Reformation was that on the devotions of the faithful; and as such it was recognized by the Council of Trent. Perhaps in our own day the Faith would spread more rapidly among those who live and die unbaptized in the shadow of our churches, if Catholics would breathe in more constantly this air of devotion. Perhaps the hope of the future is here.

* * * * * *

A great part of the "printing work" of the MESSENGER has been to spread abroad little ways and means of just such devotions. Here and now, it is proper for us to speak again of the booklet on *The Holy Hour*,—one of the three practices asked by our Lord Himself of Blessed Margaret Mary; viz., for His sorrowing love to keep one hour each week, one day (the First Friday) each month, and one day each year as the feast of His Sacred Heart.

In this book Father Nonell says: "All can console the suffering Heart of Jesus; first, all who suffer from bodily ailments, whatever they may be; secondly, all who have some natural defect which humbles or grieves them; thirdly, all who have to lament the loss or absence of one who is most necessary or dear to them; fourthly, all who stand in need of human aid or sympathy, and yet are deprived of it; fifthly, all who are under spiritual trials, temptations, doubts or fears as to their salvation; sixthly, all who suffer loss of their earthly estate or fortune, and have to bear poverty; seventhly, such as are victims of dishonor, calumny, insult, or loss of reputation; or, in a word, all who, whether willingly or unwillingly, have to suffer. But to those who call themselves lovers of the Sacred Heart, especially those who form part of the Apostleship of Prayer, this office of Consoler particularly belongs."

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR FEBRUARY, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

FIRMNESS OF FAITH.

WHEN the Holy Father summons us to pray for firmness of faith, it may be worth our while to call to mind what a very important part faith plays in the ordinary affairs of human life.

In its broad outlines it means information taken on trust. Thus we trust our baker for the freedom of our bread from poison; we trust our grocer that our coffee has not been adulterated; we trust our newspaper that the stock quotations are not misleading. In general, we take upon trust, partly as a convenience and partly as a necessity, very many things which we have not the time nor, perhaps, even the ability to investigate by ourselves. In this way faith—mere human faith—comes to be a very common method of information to man about the common details of life.

I.

When we pass from the realm ot the visible and strive to glean some knowledge of the invisible world, then faith becomes the *only* source of information. We cannot enter in or investigate. We are even overwhelmed by the consciousness of our own inability; and the utmost that we can achieve is to insist upon a thorough scrutiny of the claims of any one who professes to offer us knowledge of the world beyond our senses. That brings us, in a certain way, face to face with God Himself. For, if He does not speak, as of old He spoke in the lightnings and the thunder of Sinai, He gives, at least, the commission to one who can speak

in His name and with His authority, thereby demanding of us a reverent obedience to His authority and a submissive acceptance of His teaching. And it was in this way that our Lord Jesus Christ sought for and won the faith of mankind in the doctrines which He proposed to them. He claimed to be the Son of God, and He established the justness of that claim by His numerous miracles and works of divine power. Those who heard Him heard God the Father Who had sent Him; and their faith rested on the divine authority itself.

Faith was the very foundation of the Kingdom He had come to establish—the Kingdom of God upon earth. And when He deigned to exalt men to the dignity of being His fellow-workers in the development of that Kingdom, faith was their first equipment for the discharging of their sublime duty. It was by firmness of faith that they were to stand bravely against all the assaults of a hostile world and be ready to forfeit their lives for the sake of a religion which to the Jews was a *stumbling-block* and to the Gentiles *folly*. Their firm faith vanquished the world: that was the path to victory which had been marked out for them by their Divine Leader.

II.

When the solemn moment was drawing near in which He was to leave this world and return to the Father, He spoke very instructive words to the one whom He had chosen to be His visible representative upon earth. A man was to rule the Kingdom of Christ, to be the guardian and expounder of His truth, to teach in His name and with His authority; and to that man He said: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired you that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee *that thy faith fail not:* and thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren." (St. Luke, xxii. 31, 32.)

Union with Peter in his faith and its profession is the first essential requirement for membership in the visible Kingdom of Jesus Christ upon earth. It is, in the ordinary Providence of God, the one way of salvation. Hence it becomes clear that faith

is a priceless treasure bestowed by an all-bountiful Father upon His children. Neither is it less clear that the precious gift is held by very unsteady hands and is always in danger of being either lost or injured.

The chief office of faith being to enlighten the mind with regard to divine truth, its firmness will be shown in the strength and clearness of conviction and in the fixity of purpose to hold on to that truth in all its purity, come what may. Wherefore a man runs very dangerous risks who does not watch closely after the safeguards of faith, or who deals too lightly with things which of themselves tend toward its destruction. Sensuality, pride, wilfulness deal very damaging blows against the spirit of faith: the light is obscured, the conviction becomes infirm, the virtue itself languishes. It is corruption of the heart which pushes a man to that depth of folly wherein he says: There is no God.

Other serious dangers to the purity and firmness of faith spring from association with those who either have no faith or a very spurious quality of it. Our newspapers, our current literature, our political doctrines assign faith a very inferior position in all their aims and reckonings. They regard it as a right or privilege to be allowed to question, to criticize, to explain or to impugn doctrines of faith with as much freedom as might be used in regard to any uncertain information. The countless sects into which Protestantism has been split up, and their wide diversity of views about the fractional tenets of the Christian faith which they have retained, make upon the minds of many an impression that it is extremely hard to know what to believe. Then the evil tendency of fallen nature suggests the corollary, that it makes very little difference what one believes.

It is in an atmosphere impregnated with such false principles that our lives are passing. Hence the great readiness to find fault with the teachers of religion, from the Pope down; to lay down stern laws for the Church in her dealing with the affairs of men; to stand aghast at the ignorance of Catholic people and their supposed tendency to superstition. As if, indeed, scholarship and culture can be substitutes for divine revelation, or as if

the simple faith of one in whose mind the light of God's truth is shining must necessarily be superstition because out of harmony with the earth-born materialism above which it soars heavenward!

III.

Associates of the League, pray for firmness of faith for ourselves and for our Catholic brethren. Clear and firm faith in God and in the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolical Church which He founded upon earth to be the ark of salvation for man, is the greatest blessing we can possess. The faith of the Patriarchs and Prophets, of Apostles and Martyrs, of Confessors and Virgins; the faith St. Paul describes in his grand eleventh chapter to the Hebrews, which sounds like a great triumphant march after glorious victory—such faith is to be our model. We should aim at having a faith as simple as the trust of a child in its mother and as strong as the loyalty of a hero to the flag under which he fights.

Now faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not.

. . . . . .

But without faith it is impossible to please God. For he that cometh to God, must believe that He is, and is a rewarder to them that seek Him.

. . . . . .

Let us run by patience to the fight proposed to us, looking on Jesus the Author and Finisher of faith, Who having joy set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame, and now sitteth on the right hand of the throne of God.

Hebrews, xi.-xii.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, for firmness of faith amid all temptations, whether from the life around us or from the weakness of our own hearts. *Amen.*

DIRECTOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

IN answer to a number of letters lately received by the Head Director, it seems necessary to state very plainly and distinctly certain formal regulations which have been made concerning the management of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer. These regulations, of course, have for their sole object to safeguard the work which is done by the League: they were not made for this or that special country, but for the whole League when it was approved at Rome. Doubtless it was considered that without these regulations the League would be inefficient and, perhaps, finally altogether unable to do its work. They concern the publication or issuing of various documents and articles which are made use of in its simple machinery.

After all, men cannot be united together without some exterior signs of their union. Also, the Church grants her spiritual favors in connection with similar exterior signs. The questions now before us concern the Indulgenced Cross conferred on the Promoters who are the necessary officers of the League, and the Indulgenced Badge, which forms the special outward mark and rallying-sign of the Associates as well as a scapular for constant wear.

As to the first, it is evident that any number of trinkets quite as pious in look and far more expensive might be manufactured: but they could never be the Promoters' Cross. They might be diamond crosses, and emblematic of all the mysteries of religion, but they would simply serve to no purpose, no matter by whom made and by whom conferred, so far as the League of the Sacred Heart goes. The Promoters' Cross is given out with the Diploma which confers on them their office. This Diploma is signed and the Cross given *in the name* of the Director General of the League throughout the world. The Director General is named by the Pope; and those who sign documents *in his name* must be specially delegated by him for that purpose. They are,

briefly, the Head Directors of the work in the different countries, and are regularly associated with the publication of the different MESSENGERS. It is therefore idle to bring in more ornamental diplomas or richer crosses simply for the sake of adornment, and it is worse than idle to pretend to associate these things with the League. The League Cross and Diploma do not constitute a mere decoration: they signify a thing. And it is evident that the Indulgences granted by the Holy See are connected only with those which are validly given out by the authorized Head Directors of the League.

Second, as to the Badge—something which has become dear and sacred to millions of souls throughout the world—it is still less a decoration. It is very essential that those who wish to support the work of the League should remember that the League is for all, for the rich and poor alike. Hence, whatever simple, outward means it may use must be of a most democratic—or republican, whichever you wish—character: meaning that it must be within the reach of all. For this it must be cheap, stout, and serviceable. For the Irish soldiers going off to the battle of Tel-el-Kebir in Egypt, silk-faced and gold-fringed badges were not sewed in their jackets; the common Badge of the League—which, once again, is dearer to its members than any new invention can be—was all they asked for. And for those who have any true idea of the spiritual use of such outward things it is evident that the League has already all that is required, and needs nothing more and nothing finer. Besides, any other is spurious.

We ask, then, the good friends of this work to protect it as far as they can against the mania for regalia and expensive decorations. Once for all, nothing of the kind belongs to the work or has been authorized for it. The Head Director in the United States is as powerless in this regard as the humblest Associate.

Third. It may be well to notice here that the great zeal of manufacturers to include all possible devices on the articles they sell has led to the insertion of the special motto of the League on very many badges and scapulars, which properly have no right to it. "*Thy Kingdom come!*" is doubtless a prayer for all and

sundry, and cannot be spread too widely; but it has been indulgenced by the Holy See as the special motto of the Associates of the League. To publish this Indulgence, therefore, on the badges of other associations is, unwittingly, to put out a false declaration.

(The Roman Rescripts explicitly limit the right of issuing whatever is officially connected with the Holy League to the Director General, *and to those expressly delegated by him to act in his name, i.e.*, the various Head Directors. This was declared in 1866, 1867, implicitly in the New Statutes of 1879, and explicitly in 1880, and finally in the Letters Apostolic of 1886, declaring the powers of the Director General. The latter officially promulgated this limitation, for the American Head Director in 1887, and with reference to the Badge in 1888 to Ireland.)

THE CENTENARY OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

FATHER DE AUGUSTINIS, an old Woodstock friend of the MESSENGER and for some years now Professor of Theology in Rome writes from the latter place concerning the preparations made for the due celebration of the 300th anniversary of the death of St. Aloysius, Patron of Catholic youth. The "General Intention" of January brought this model Saint before our readers. We have also given a general notice of the Centenary in the Almanac for this year, and we shall have occasion to recur to it again in detail. At present we desire to draw the attention of our readers to Father de Augustinis' letter:

I congratulate your Reverence on the progress of the work of the Sacred Heart in the United States, and I bless God for it. It is having wonderful success; and your periodical really deserves it in my opinion. I desire for the glory of God and the honor of your MESSENGER to lay before you a thought which has come to me.

You know that in Italy as well as in the rest of Europe there is a great movement on foot to celebrate worthily the ter-centenary of the death of St. Aloysius. The date is the 21st of next June. Besides the feast in the churches, exercises in schools, and the like, there will be pilgrimages to Castiglione and to Rome. Some of them will be national, for Italy; but there will also be international pilgrimages. I really think that your MESSENGER ought

to set to work to promote as far as it can this honoring of St. Aloysius in the United States. A special reason is that St. Aloysius had unique relations with the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. You know the words of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi: they are taken from her vision in Florence about nine years after the death of St. Aloysius and seventy-three years before the first apparition of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, to manifest the devotion to His Sacred Heart. Now the Florentine Saint says:

"Would that I might go through the whole world and declare how great a Saint is Aloysius the son of Ignatius."

And then immediately she exclaims:

"How great was his love while on earth. Wherefore now in Heaven he is in possession of God in the highest fulness of love. As darts to the Heart of the Eternal Word were his aspirations while in this mortal life, and now that he is in Heaven, as arrows that have returned, they rest in his heart."

Father de Augustinis next cites the part directly taken by St. Aloysius, a century and a half after his death, in the propagation of the devotion through the Italian Jesuit novice, Nicholas Celestini. This was described in our MESSENGER for June, 1888. We reprint it here, adding that the renown of this remarkable vision and miracle worked profoundly in the minds of both friends and foes of the devotion at that time.

The Saint took an active part from his blissful heaven in the spread of a devotion calculated to make men know and love and follow Jesus Christ. It was in the year 1765 in the Jesuit novitiate in Rome. The young Nicholas Celestini lay at the point of death. He had been during his short religious life a worthy imitator of the three Saints who stand together as the special models of such as he—Aloysius Gonzaga, Stanislaus Kostka, John Berchmans. An Italian, a Pole, and a Belgian, they represent how the grace of the Church's Sacraments brings to all nations healing and peace.

The face of the young novice was already corpse-like, his eyes sunken, and the rattling of his breath announced the last agony. The physician silently took his departure, saying—"In two hours all will be over."

Suddenly the dying man raised himself up, and fastening his

looks on a picture of St. Aloysius which was hung in the room for the consolation of the sick, he cried out as though to one who had entered by his deathbed:

"O St. Aloysius, how beautiful thou art! My brother, how beautiful thou art!"

He fell back upon his bed. Then again he rose up, and the eager listeners heard him say—"Thy will be done!"

Then he turned to them amazed and affrighted, and said to them in a resolute and strong voice: "I am cured; I will arise."

It was true; and he related, later on, all that had happened.

"All the morning long I saw St. Aloysius. Suddenly, I heard him ask me the question—very distinctly:

"'Which do you wish, your health or to die?'

"I answered—'Thy will be done.'

"Then the loving Saint replied: 'During your illness you have manifested no desire save that of receiving the Holy Viaticum, and in all else you have desired only the will of God. Therefore our Lord has granted thee, at my prayer, the grace of health, that thou mayst apply thyself to the acquiring of perfection, and during thy whole life mayst spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus! This is a devotion most pleasing to Heaven.'"

The young novice was faithful to his mission. The miracle which had been wrought was examined by order of the Holy See, and published with its authority. The scene of the apparition and its history were engraved and spread throughout Europe, and powerfully contributed to spread the devotion in the midst of the increasing coldness of those evil days of revolution and anti-Christian violence. Thus St. Aloysius Gonzaga, long after his death, continued his work as an apostle of the Sacred Heart.

Long after, among the papers of Father Ramière, the chief founder of our League, was found a little picture of the Saint leading young souls to the Sacred Heart.

Father de Augustinis adds to this:

You see, then, that the MESSENGER has reason to give special honor to St. Aloysius, and the organization of the League is well adapted to secure good results in promoting the celebration of the Centenary. And as so many come over to Europe for their own amusement, perhaps some might come to glorify God in His youthful Saint. All the good people are hoping for a great renewal of virtue, especially among the young, on account of this Centenary.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

NEW APPROBATION.—The Right Reverend Bishop of Natchitoches has graciously approved the propagation of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in his diocese.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (December 12 to January 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Albany, New York: St. Colman's Presentation Convent (Presentation Nuns), West Troy.

Brooklyn, New York: Holy Name Church, Brooklyn; St. Francis de Sales' Church, Patchogue.

Brownsville, Texas: Ursuline Convent, Laredo.

Chicago, Illinois: St. Sylvester's Church, Chicago.

Cincinnati, Ohio: Holy Cross Retreat, Mt. Adams.

Columbus, Ohio: St. Mary's Church, Lancaster; St. Rose's Church, New Lexington.

Detroit, Michigan: St. Boniface's Church, Detroit.

Grand Rapids, Michigan: St. Mary's Church, East Saginaw.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: St. Casimir's Church, Stevens Point.

Helena, Montana: St. Labre's Mission, Ashland.

Leavenworth, Kansas: St. Francis Xavier's Church, Burlington.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: St. Rose's Church, Racine.

Natchitoches, Louisiana: St. John Baptist's Church, Cloutierville.

Nesqually, Washington: Gonzaga College, Spokane Falls.

Newark, New Jersey: Seton Hall College, South Orange.

New York, New York: Epiphany Church, New York; Immaculate Conception Church, Stapleton; Sacred Heart Church, Mount Vernon.

North Carolina, North Carolina: St. Mary's College (Benedictine), Belmont.

Peoria, Illinois: St. Mary's School, Peru.

Providence, Rhode Island: Convent of Mercy, Providence.

San Antonio, Texas: St. Mary's College (Brothers of Mary); Ursuline Convent, San Antonio.

St. Joseph, Missouri: Immaculate Conception Church and Convent of Benedictine Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration, Conception.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Kevin's Church, St. Louis.

Vincennes, Indiana: St. Michael's Church, Madison.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

Diplomas of Affiliation, received from the *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Aloysius' Church, Washington.

Boston, Massachusetts: Immaculate Conception Church, Boston.

Chicago, Illinois: St. James' Church, Kankakee.

Concordia, Kansas: St. Boniface's Church, Tipton.

Detroit, Michigan: St. Boniface's Church, Detroit.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: St. Stephen's Church, Stevens Point.

New York, New York: St. Mary's Church, Williamsbridge.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia.

Providence, Rhode Island: Immaculate Conception Church, Westerly.

Springfield, Massachusetts: St. Mary's Church, Uxbridge.

St. Louis, Missouri: Our Lady of Good Counsel School (Sisters of St. Joseph), St. Louis.

The Sacred Heart Mission, Indian Territory.

[This extract is from *The Indian Advocate*, a quarterly review published by the Benedictine Fathers in the interests of the Indian Missions.]

The League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was organized at the Sacred Heart Mission by Rev. Father Thomas, Sunday, October 24. His Reverence distributed the Badges of the Sacred Heart, after Vespers, to the newly-received members, all of whom were students of the Sacred Heart College. This is only a beginning; the girls of the Sisters' Convent will no doubt follow the noble example of the boys. The Indian children take pride in wearing openly this Badge of the Holy League, and every morning, at the beginning of Mass, they recite together the beautiful *Morning Offering*. We hope that in a short time this devotion may spread throughout the Prefecture, and that the fire which Jesus came on earth to kindle may soon burn deep in every Catholic heart.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from December 12, 1890, to January 12, 1891.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	164,620	11. Masses Heard	117,637
2. Beads	208,959	12. Mortifications	223,533
3. Stations of the Cross	45,215	13. Works of Charity	74,334
4. Holy Communions	68,417	14. Works of Zeal	35,126
5. Spiritual Communions	203,650	15. Prayers	1,515,349
6. Examens of Conscience	119,617	16. Charitable Conversation	14,529
7. Hours of Labor	656,599	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	25,073
8. Hours of Silence	444,832	18. Self-Conquest	65,913
9. Pious Reading	171,954	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	107,994
10. Masses Celebrated	626	20. Various Good Works	109,388
Total			4,373,365

The above returns represent five hundred and fifty-two Centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 94,415.

——*That for this gift obtained for us, by means of many persons, thanks may be given by many in our behalf* (II. Corinthians, i. 11).——

BUFFALO, N. Y., DECEMBER 12.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart for the reform of my nephew who had been addicted for three or more years to intemperance. Also for his return to the practice of his religious duties after the same number of years.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., DECEMBER 13.—A Promoter returns fervent thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the restoration to health of her brother who had been in ill health for a number of years. In November he was recommended to the prayers of the Holy League, and is now in perfect health.

FLORENCE, ALA., DECEMBER 15.—Please return *sincere* thanks for prayers answered.

FREDONIA, N. Y., DECEMBER 16.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for improvement in health, the reformation of a brother from drinking, and assistance in temporal affairs.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 17.—A year ago I was asked to petition the Sacred Heart for the conversion of one who had not practised his religion for over forty-five years. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, he received the last Sacraments three weeks previous to his death.

MOORELAND, LA., DECEMBER 19.—God has most mercifully heard my prayers.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., DECEMBER 21.—Thanks for the conversion of my brother, who had been very negligent about his religious duties and who gave his whole time to the world.

CLEVELAND, O., DECEMBER 25.—Thanks in the MESSENGER for two situations obtained, in spite of many difficulties.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 26.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for recovery from a very serious illness, and also for a temporal favor granted.

ODANAH, WIS., DECEMBER 27.—Two children offer thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return to the Sacraments of their father who had neglected them for eighteen years, being a Freemason and a constant drinker for many years. The children recommended him several times to the prayers of the League, and since last September he has not tasted a drop of liquor. On Christmas Day he received holy Communion with their mother, who had not lived with him for the last eleven months.

ST. LOUIS, MO., DECEMBER 27.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of the father of a family who was addicted to intemperance; he has given up drink, and has entirely reformed. Also, for the conversion of a young man, who had given up the practice of his religion, and was leading a scandalous life. His case seemed desperate, but thanks to the prayers of the League, he attended the mission given in his parish and took the pledge.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a young lady. She had been recommended every month for nearly two years. For the continued good feeling between parties who were at variance. For the success of a class at an examination. For means to build a church.

KANSAS CITY, MO., DECEMBER 29.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the happy death of my husband, who was converted on his death-bed.

WEST HOBOKEN, DECEMBER 30.—A religious offers special thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for the speedy recovery of a fellow-religious. The latter had received the last Sacraments. A brother-religious recommended him to the Sacred Heart,

promising to offer public thanks—through the MESSENGER—if he should be restored. In a few days the crisis had passed and he is now able to go about.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31.—Thanks for the conversion of a man after a life of dissipation lasting forty years.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JANUARY 1.—Most fervent thanks to the Sacred Heart for an almost hopeless favor asked through the kind intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary. I commenced a novena to her, and on the eighth day my prayers were granted.

SOUTH BEND, IND., JANUARY 1.—Thanks are returned for five favors granted through the prayers of the League.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 5.—Thanks are returned for the conversion of a man who had not been to confession in twenty years. The prayers of the League were asked one month. He has received the Sacraments and is very attentive to all his religious duties, particularly in attending Mass. Also for the conversion of a friend to the faith, recommended to the prayers of the League for fifteen months; she has joined the League, is a fervent Catholic, and owes all to the Sacred Heart; for many spiritual and temporal blessings received through the prayers of the League; for an Associate who had not been to the Sacraments in almost three years but has at last gone to confession.

JEFFERSON, S. DAK., JANUARY 6.—A young lady returns sincere thanks for the curing of her eyes which were seriously attacked.

WILKES-BARRE, PA., JANUARY 6.—I beg you to give sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return of a father to temperance. He has taken the pledge and is now a sober man.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., JANUARY 8.—Thanks for two temporal favors received in November. I had to meet two debts, and I asked the Sacred Heart to lend the money to me through another party, and I got the money without delay and met the debts the day they came due.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 9.—Thanks for a situation obtained; the request was sent but two weeks ago and the young man procured an excellent position on the 7th inst.

BOSTON, JANUARY 10.—A Promoter returns her grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of His divine Mother for a temporal and spiritual favor unexpectedly granted her.

FREDERICK, MD., JANUARY 11.—Thanks are returned for a very special grace obtained eight hours after it was placed on the *Blank*, with a promise to insert it in the MESSENGER if granted.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 11.—Thanks are most gratefully returned to the Sacred Heart for the baptism and reception into the Church of a lady and her four children. Her husband, who abandoned the faith when he married, has had the grace to repent and return to the practice of all his religious duties. Thanks are returned for a temporal favor recommended since last June.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a special fulfilment of the promise: "I will give peace in their families."

WORCESTER, MASS., JANUARY 12.—A Promoter returns thanks for a sister who had been blind. At present the doctor has every hope of her entire recovery.

FORDHAM, N. Y., JANUARY 12.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a remarkable conversion of one (recommended in the MESSENGER some time last August) who had for the space of seven or eight years given up all the practices of religion, even doubting the articles of our holy faith, but through the great goodness and mercy of the Sacred Heart is now again reconciled to God.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—Thanks to the Divine Heart for sending me money to pay some pressing debts.—Thanks for assistance in a business matter.—Thanks for recovery from illness. Also, for the return of my mother to her religious duties after neglecting them for eight years. She was recommended to the League two months ago.—A poor widow returns sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for winning a lawsuit which would have deprived her of the only means of support.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for a temporal favor granted.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

(Design from the Studio of Gagliardi, Rome.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

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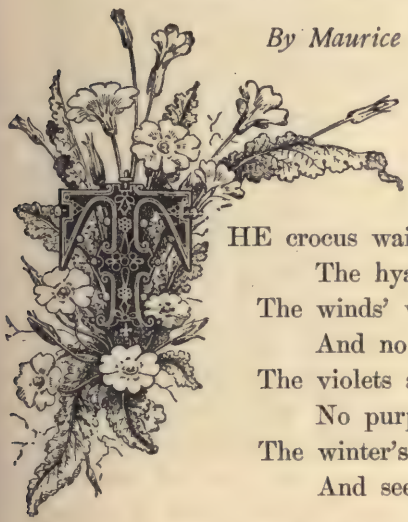
AN *AUBADE* FOR THE ANNUNCIATION.

By Maurice Francis Egan.



THE crocus waits a touch of sun,
The hyacinth has no curled bells,
The winds' wild races are not done,
And no spring bird his story tells:
The violets and the dogwood fair
No purple cups or clusters show—
The winter's rime is in the air,
And see there is a gust of snow!

And yet, wild March, we love thee well,
For thou art first of all the year
To greet our Lady, and we know
Thy message casteth out all fear:
No cherry blossom in the May,
No crimson rose in heart of June,
No woodbine on an August day
Is sweeter than the March winds' rune.

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Upon thy winds came Gabriel,
Beneath thy sky our Lady heard
The Voice that on her rapt heart fell
And spoke the message of the Word:
Ah, not September's tendriled grape,
Nor sunsets on October eves
Compare with March's gusts that make
A whirlwind with last Autumn's leaves.

Like sun upon the crocus bed
Which make the brown bulbs spring to it,
Like breezes to the tulips red
Which make their great bells ring to it,
The lilies, in our Lady's heart,
Of faith and love and purity
From tenderest buds to sweet blooms dart:
And so, dear March, good morn to thee!

THE MONKS AND THE ROMAN FEVER.

IT was the last day of August, and the sun was blazing in the Roman heavens. In fact, this and September are the worst months for the Roman fever. I had been staying through the hot season in the city, and now my last day had come. I had not yet seen what I much desired to visit—the establishment of the Trappist monks where Pius IX., so public-spirited in all his works, had placed them to combat the dreaded malaria by their careful cultivation of the ground and the planting of the eucalyptus tree. I had only the afternoon left for my visit; and with the parting words of my friends not to be caught at twilight, when men and beasts—everyone except the poor—hasten cityward for protection, I drove out through the Porta San Paolo.

Just before reaching the gate there is the curious pyramid of Cestius, a Roman of the days of Cicero. It is built in rubble on a square foundation of travertine, like most of the massive Roman monuments, with a casing of white marble. The city walls of the time of the Empire have been run up against it; but it still stands out boldly to tell the vanity of the rich Roman who erected it for his monument. It is no inconsiderable gravestone, for it measures 97 feet on each side at the base and rises to the height of 120 feet.

THE PYRAMID OF CESTIUS.

The worn and rough turrets of the gate shimmered in the fiery sun. Just beyond, there is a more curious monument still by the roadside. It is a high hill surmounted by a cross. What is extraordinary about it is that it is entirely made up of broken pieces of pottery. No one knows whether this was the result of long agglomeration from the city, where pottery must have been in daily breakage; or whether it came from the factories near at hand; or, as some have suggested, from the ruins left after Nero

had burned Rome. Books have been written about this Monte Testaccio; perhaps it is no more trivial a subject than many another on which wise-looking books are published. The Catholic will look with more interest to the vineyard on the right. There the noble St. Frances of Rome devoted herself to the poor. That she might aid them the better she used to come, clad in a coarse woollen garment, to cut fagots which she brought away to the houses of her clients on her head.

The road now leads straight onward for a mile and more. A low range of hills runs off toward the sea on the eastern side, and to the west the meadows gradually widen toward the Tiber. In front of us is the great Basilica of St. Paul-without-the-Walls. The outside is rude and bare, in spite of its mere impressiveness of size; but every visitor to Rome must remember the glory of polished marble and brilliant mosaic that shines upon him as he enters the portal. On the ordinary traveller I doubt if St. Peter's itself makes quite so strong an impression. This Basilica, which was restored in its present brilliant state after the great fire at the beginning of the century, is attached to the old monastery dating from the early Middle Ages. But the monks here do not remain through this dangerous season, when the chill dews of night bring up from the ground the fatal seeds of fever. It is one of those places of which the Roman says, "There is a fever in every drop of water."

The great Basilica honors the first burial-place of St. Paul. But the exact scene of the martyrdom is at the Trappist monastery to which I was going. This is on a country road, narrower than the great highway, and turning off from it toward the left some little distance beyond the Basilica. Good Mrs. Jameson has left a gloomy description of the place, as she saw it fifty years ago.

In all the melancholy vicinity of Rome there is not a more melancholy spot than *Tre Fontane*. A splendid monastery, rich with all the offerings of Christendom, once existed there: but the ravages of that mysterious scourge of the Campagna, the malaria, have rendered it a desert. Three ancient churches and some ruins still exist, and a few pale monks wander about the swampy confines of the hollow in which they stand. In winter you approach them through a quagmire; in summer you draw in the breath of the pestilential vicinity.

TRE FONTANE.

And yet there is a sort of dead beauty about the place, something hallowed as well as sad, which seizes on the fancy.

As I approached, I dared not only to breathe but I found that the beauty of the place had become alive. It is certainly hallowed; I fear it is still sad. I will describe it for the reader as I found it.

It has changed much since the day of Mrs. Jameson, who was a sympathetic art writer but unseeing, after the fashion of those who visit Rome without a knowledge of the Roman faith.

It is a modern road that leads from the great Ostian Way, on which the Basilica stands, to the Tre Fontane. Before arriving at the latter place, we reach an old road with black lava paving-stones along which St. Paul himself must have passed to his martyrdom. It is not the least of the stirring recollections of the place. Passing over the brow of a hill we see beyond us the tall glistening trunks of the eucalyptus trees, planted in long dense patches, to form a forest safeguard against the malaria. Its light green leaves have a dull gummy look which indicates their power of sucking up moisture from the earth, and there is a faint aromatic perfume wafted from them which is supposed to counteract the perilous miasma.

The churches and the monastery are inside the great enclosure, out from the hill. The time-worn stone portico at the entrance dates from the time of Charlemagne, and there are still fragments of the old frescoes then painted on its walls. It is a long way back to Charlemagne; but from an inscription dug up here a few years since, it seems that this was made the property of the Basilica by no less ancient a Pope than St. Gregory the Great.

It is curious how few works of recent scholarship, even of those specially devoted to the Roman Campagna, speak of this place. It is only De Rossi and the Christian archæologists who have investigated it. It was a place of springs and known as the Aquæ Salviæ in the time of the holy matron Lucina, who supplied burying places for the earliest Christian martyrs in her various villas. I have already had occasion to say that she has been identified by some with the Roman lady whose austere life is described by the

historian Tacitus. Her broad fields extended to this part of the Campagna. After the martyrdom of St. Paul, she transported his body to that part of her possessions where the Basilica now is. Afterwards, it was transported to the catacombs and finally deposited, with his companion in martyrdom, St. Peter, in the central church of the Christian world.

Some distance back along the road we have traversed, a modest chapel commemorates the farewell of St. Peter and St. Paul on their way to martyrdom, the former to the Janiculan Hill across the Tiber, the latter to the Aquæ Salviæ. The inscriptions in it, even if not authentic, agree with writings of the earliest centuries and tell us what the traditional feeling of the first Christians was concerning the two great Apostles:

> In this place Saint Peter and Paul separated on their way to martyrdom.
>
> And Paul said to Peter, "Peace be with thee, foundation of the Church, Shepherd of the flock of Christ."
>
> And Peter said to Paul, "Go in peace, preacher of good tidings, and guide of the salvation of the just."

At the door of the monastery the Trappist porter stands before you like an apparition from another world. His rough reddish-brown gown, his bare head, his complexion like transparent yellow marble telling plainly of the hardships of a life led in these malarious swamps, are enough to impress the most casual visitor. He was like some figure from the deserts of Egypt mummified in the days of the ancient hermits and now risen to welcome hither the modern world.

At the left of the entrance there is a hall where visitors can obtain information, or rest themselves, or drink a glass of the eucalyptus liqueur. Past the shrubbery to the right there is a mass of rock-work in the form of a grotto, enclosing a representation of one of the most modern devotions of the Church. This is a group of life-size statues—the apparition of our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary to reveal the devotion to His Sacred Heart. So the new meets here with the old, the religious feeling of the present-day followers of St. Peter and St. Paul with the most ancient Christian memories. In fact, memories of all ages from the Apostles down may here be gathered.

CLOISTER OF MONASTERY.

A little over twenty years ago, the laborious monks desired to improve the stone aqueduct which supplies them with water. Digging along the hillside they found the remains of an ancient church. De Rossi, who scents from afar every vestige of Christian antiquity, at once began his investigations. By the nature of the architecture and by other remains found here, it was discovered that this church dated from the first centuries. The learned German, Tischendorff, had published some years previously one of the early accounts of the martyrdom of St. Paul, which narrated that his head had been stricken from his shoulders at the foot of a great pine. During these excavations there were also found the calcined remains of myriads of pine-needles.

Present travellers know—and it is about the only thing of which they generally have taken pains to inform themselves—that the church farthest along the hillside is built over three springs of water which give its name to the place—*Tre Fontane*. This church follows the slope of the hill, and the springs are enclosed by it. The principal one is some feet higher up than the second, and the second higher than the third; and there is a corresponding difference in the temperature of the water. Now, it has always been said that the head of the Apostle, when struck off by the axe of the executioner, bounded thrice down the hillside; and at each place where it struck the ground there sprang up a stream of water. It is really instructive to note that, in building the earliest church on this spot, not many lifetimes after the Apostle himself, care was had to preserve sacred the position of these three springs which still exist. By means of a long-handled dipper the visitor or pilgrim draws up through the marble opening water from these springs. It is a pity that those who are not Catholics should see in all this only an amusing, half-childish custom, without knowing how far back the tradition goes.

As I entered the monastery on this day in the heart of the malarial season, three travellers came up at the same time. It was very easy to identify their nationality from the bad French which they were speaking to the porter, who was himself a German. They stared at me, in my gown with the mantle and broad hat of

the ordinary Roman priest, as a part of the curiosities of the place. I could not help addressing them in plain English. "You are Americans, surely. Are you not afraid of the malaria? This is considered a dangerous time to visit these places." But fear does not seem an attribute of Americans abroad. After assuring me that they were from Albany, New York, and that they had been "doing Rome" for the last twelve days and "had seen everything worth seeing," they cheerfully sipped their thimbleful of the aromatic eucalyptus liqueur, went hastily through the paths, evidently knowing nothing of the history of the place and inquiring for nothing; and then drove off to reach Rome after twilight! Perhaps their manner of travelling explains the great number of graves with English names to be found in the Protestant Cemetery which we passed on our way here.

The trees and tall shining-leaved shrubbery mass so densely around these antique buildings that you must look back from every open space to see well the monastery. On the way back from the Church of Saint Paul, which is built over the Three Springs, there is a good view of the long side-wall. It is the side of the cells of the monks, with narrow windows in the dingy stone wall opening against the fierce rays of the sun. By day their poor rooms must be like ovens; and there must be a sad contrast when the dews of the night throw a sudden chill over the atmosphere, even in the midst of the dog-days. It is no wonder the Roman fever abounds here, and I am afraid the monks are waging a losing war against it.

Theirs is a curious vocation. They are here first of all for the purposes of their own religious life, that is, for prayer and penance—for they are purely contemplative monks—and this manner of life is bound up with all the holy recollections of the spot through the past centuries. In such a vocation, the very keeping together of such holy recollections would be a motive for their braving these dangers. Their life, in any case, can never have the fulness of earthly existence. We are not to judge any of their actions by the ordinary rules of hygiene and good living.

But these monks are here now for yet another object, which

seems scarcely at all religious, and yet is for the greater good of many. It is a most comforting instance of how the "mighty Mother," the Roman Catholic Church, bends herself to the least needs of her children. Successive governments had given up all hope of reclaiming this region from its unhealthy condition. Then the last Pope who was allowed to rule here called on the devotedness of the monks. They were to come in numbers, joining the few of their brethren who had always guarded this holy place—at least during the winter season, for they migrated mostly to some healthier monastery in the summer—and they were to plant here forests of the eucalyptus tree.

Devotedness was required; for it was necessary that they should reside here at all seasons of the year, to keep their fields in cultivation. Moreover, it was certain from the beginning that for many years little advance would be made against the subtle malaria, and that many would come here only to pray, labor, do penance, and die prematurely. It is not, then, a vocation of direct charity as in the service of the sick in hospitals, nor has it anything directly to do with the evangelizing of souls which leads missionaries into the deserts of the torrid zone. But simply because these monks have given up life already, they are content to devote whatever remains to them of health and strength to the merely material well-being of the Roman peasants. The Government, which has usurped the place of the Popes, has been unwilling to dispense with the services of the monks, whom elsewhere it universally persecutes; but on the other hand it has not had the public spirit to uphold them in their work. The great farmers, who own the neighboring estates and live far enough away from any influence of fever not to suffer from it themselves, have simply done nothing to help on the sanitary work which was entrusted to these monks. It is difficult to see how work done in this one limited spot can be of any wide benefit to the country around.

Meanwhile the monks themselves are reaping the full benefit of their devotedness. They are simply dying off in numbers, as they were sure to do under such circumstances. Five died the

CHURCH OF STS. VINCENT AND ANASTASIUS.

summer before my visit, and as I entered the monastery the death-bell was tolling for the first one of that year.

The monks are of different nationalities. A German welcomed me at the door, and the majority are French; but there are some from Italy and other countries. With all the burden and heat of the day which has been placed upon them and with all the burdens which they have taken up freely in their vocation—silence among themselves, seclusion from the busy world, ceaseless manual labor in the fields, the many hours of prayer which they snatch from the night-time or noon-day rest—they have ever before them the grand inspirations of the place.

To go back to the entrance, just in front rises the first church called St. Mary of the Ladder of Heaven. This is an old foundation, containing what is perhaps the single monument left of the first Pope Nicholas from the year 857. He had restored on this spot a still more ancient church, which was then called the "Dwelling-place of Mary the Holy Mother of God." Its present name came to it from the great St. Bernard, the chief propagator of the Cistercian monks, of whom the Trappists are a branch. He was brought to this place with a community of his monks of Clairvaux by Innocent II. Perhaps the malaria at that time was not so deadly. His monastery flourished, one of his monks became Pope under the name of Eugenius III., and here St. Bernard—himself one of the greatest preachers since the Apostles—held high communication with Heaven. One day, as he was saying Mass in our Lady's church, he had the well-known vision of the holy souls which mount up from purgatory to heaven by the prayers of the faithful as by so many steps. In memory of this the name "Ladder of Heaven" was given to the church itself. The visitor may descend into the crypt of this church where, in times of early persecution, St. Zeno and many other martyrs were buried.

Still further along the hill is the Church of Sts. Vincent and Anastasius. This is not without architectural pretensions. It is noted by Fergusson, who has a design of it in his *History of Architecture*, as being one of the earliest deviations from the old

arrangement of the basilica toward what is now called Gothic. This was, properly, the church of the adjoining monastery. The interior is plain to excess. It may interest the traveller who has artistic tastes to know that the great cartoons of the Apostles on the central pillars of the nave are of Raphael, although his guide-books will simply speak of them as "common work done in a coarse manner." So perhaps they are, but they stand out well in the bare and somewhat rigid simplicity of the church, especially when the light comes streaming through the windows at the end.

Saint Anastasius, who is buried here, was a monk murdered in the year 626 by Chosroes, King of Persia. Hither, to do honor to St. Paul and the religion he preached, were brought monks and martyrs from East and West. And here their lineal successors—these sallow-skinned, rough-gowned, haggard shades that flit about, with lives consecrated to good in despite of every maxim of worldly common sense, keep up the tradition of the religion of St. Peter and St. Paul.

SANTA MARIA DE SCALA COELI.
FIRST CHURCH INSIDE ENTRANCE.

MARY'S HUMILITY IN THE ANNUNCIATION.

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

And the Angel being come in, said to her: Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women. And when she had heard, she was troubled at his saying.
St. Luke, i. 28, 29.

TROUBLED at his saying—the deep peace
Of her pure soul, like some vast shining sea,
Ruffled, disturbed!—By what?—An Angel's praise!
O rare and marvellous humility!

Ne'er was there woman like this Woman blest,
Nor daughter like this Daughter of delight;
Yet, see her, by an Angel's laud distress'd,
Trembling upon Annunciation-night!

Trembling and sinking in the deep abyss
Of her own nothingness—completely blind
To her own merits!—Is there aught like this
In all the storied lists of womankind?

Up from the soundless depths, wherein she lies,
Lost to all thought of Self—abyssed in love—
Humility's strong guardian ramparts rise,
Shutting out all save God and heaven above!

Come to this gulf profound, daughters of Eve,
And hide yourselves in true humility!
Come, and from Mary troubled learn to grieve
At every breath of praise or flattery.

For he who with such fare your weakness feeds
Doth but deceive you and destroy your way—
The way that from the lowly valleys leads
Up to a glory that can ne'er decay!

GREGORY'S SISTER.

By L. W. Reilly.

VERY one that knew her in the years gone by spoke of her as 'Gregory's Sister.' To them she had no other name. If they ever heard what she had been called when she was christened, they forgot it in following the family custom that identified her by means of her relationship to her only brother.

And, indeed, her life was strangely bound up with his.

Their father was a doctor. He had inherited a small patrimony that consisted of a stony farm adjacent to a hamlet in Massachusetts and a half interest in the village paper. If he had been contented to concentrate his energies on the practice of his profession, or on his land, or on his weekly, he might have had a fair measure of success. But often when he was attending a patient, his mind was busy with his fancy fowl; and sometimes when he should have been tending his stock he was composing verses for "The Poet's Corner."

"He is a genius," said the priest of the parish. But less considerate critics declared: "He is daft."

When his wife died—and she, poor thing, was a gentle creature, too much like her dreamer of a husband to rouse him from his rainbow plans—Gregory was nine months old and Gregory's Sister had entered her eleventh year. There were two other girls in the family, Stella and Agnes, one older and the other younger than Gregory's Sister, but to her the child clung when his mother could no longer care for him and from her no one could take him away.

"You must be a mother to him, my dear," said the doctor. And Gregory's Sister accepted the trust as if she understood its full solemnity and foresaw the self-immolation that it would entail.

For three years Gregory's Sister was the doctor's housekeeper, for his eldest daughter inherited his poetic temperament and had no talent for administration. It must have been during that period that she lost her name and had her identity merged, as it were, into the personality of her brother, for it was then that he asserted an exclusive ownership and had his claim allowed. Almost as soon as he could talk, he spoke of her continually as "My Sister." The name stuck to her. The other members of the family gradually adopted it, so far, at least, as to call her "Sister," and their neighbors followed suit by referring to her always as "Gregory's Sister."

In the third year of his loneliness, the doctor took unto himself another helpmate. She was an energetic woman. Almost before the honeymoon was over, she had turned the house upside down, and from that time on she kept it full of her presence. The old order changed. The doctor parted with his interest in *The Chronicle* six months after his second marriage, and before the year was out he sold his patrimonial fields in order to purchase a house in the centre of the town, with the intention of devoting all his energies to his profession. Thenceforward for five years he went about bewildered at his own activity and secretly lamenting for the halcyon days of old. He could not get used, however, to the bustle and the uproar of his new life and it was a dazed worry more than sickness that brought him to his end.

"Good-bye, Father Mapes," he said to his pastor, when the latter had anointed him. "Good-bye, and take care of Gregory." And with one hand clasping a crucifix and the other around his only son, the weary doctor died.

From the first day that Gregory was introduced to his new Mamma, he would have nothing to do with her. He did not dislike her nor treat her disrespectfully, but he avoided her. In a childlike way he shunned her, and neither caresses nor chidings could draw him to her lap. He fastened his arms around his favorite sister's neck and nestled his head on her shoulder, and from that coigne of vantage, laughing or crying, he resisted all attempts to coax or compel him away.

The step-mother soon quit trying to wean him from this

partiality—selfish and cruel and burdensome as it was at times—and left his sister in full charge of him. He did not suffer on this account. He was dressed and fed and sung to sleep, nursed in sickness and watched at play, kissed and corrected and carried, taken to school and helped with his lessons, loved and worried for and cried over, with the affection of a mother and the devotion of a slave.

Life was hard for the family after the father's death. The income of the money received from his life insurance policy and invested in mortgages was not sufficient to support them. They were getting into debt.

"Let us go out to work," said Gregory's Sister to Stella. So one of them found a situation as assistant teacher in the district school and the other obtained employment in a store.

The step-mother became fretful and fault-finding in the early days of her widowhood and grew more severe and vexatious as the melancholy months went by.

"Be patient," was the advice of the priest, "and all will turn out well."

So the young folk never resisted their step-mother but once, when Gregory's Sister decided that he should go to college.

"He shall do no such thing!" exclaimed the step-mother, when the project was broached to her.

"Oh, yes, he will," his sister replied, with a tremor in her voice. "Father Mapes says that he ought to. Besides, it is my money that will pay his expenses and it is his desire to go."

So go he did. When the next scholastic year began, he was a pupil at a well-known Worcester institution conducted by the Jesuits.

It was about this time that Gregory's Sister received her first and only offer of marriage. She had little leisure to receive attentions from gentlemen, but one good man, attracted by her Madonna face and cheerful disposition, asked her to be his wife. The high compliment—the highest that a man can pay to a woman—was flattering to Gregory's Sister and elated her during the week that she took to consider it; and it might well delight her, for the

maker of it was a gentleman, refined, honorable, manly, and well-to-do. Her brother, however, had lately shown an inclination to be wild. His love for her and her devotion to him were barriers that kept him back. She must be free to serve him. So the offer was kindly refused. Expostulation was vain. "I cannot leave Gregory," she finally said. And that was the end of her romance.

In the middle of his second term at college Gregory was called home to attend the funeral of his step-mother, who had fallen a victim to paralysis. Two weeks later he returned to his class. There he remained until he was graduated, an event which occurred when he was in his twentieth year.

On his return home Gregory knew not what to do. He had shown no conspicuous aptitude for any special pursuit, unless a love for literature that was probably inherited from his visionary father could be so considered. He wrote a few communications for *The Chronicle*, but they brought him little glory and no pay. He submitted essays, stories, and poems to the magazines, but they were returned to him as "not available." He thought of going to New York to look for work as a reporter.

Gregory's Sister comforted him in this time of trial and stimulated him to further effort. She believed in him. To her his sketches were charming. She wondered why the unappreciative editors could not see their merits while they published articles that in her biassed judgment were much less worthy of praise.

"Never you mind, Gregory," she chirruped, "you'll make your mark yet."

"If I had no education," he replied, jocosely, "I should make my mark now."

She thought that this repartee was characteristically witty, and she insisted on entering it in his note-book, for him to use in his next short story.

When Gregory was pretty well discouraged, a college friend of his, who had gone West and started a book-store in Kansas City, invited him to become his clerk. After careful consideration the invitation was accepted, and speedily thereafter Gregory went out to Missouri.

But his favorite sister could not endure to be separated from Gregory, nor did he get along satisfactorily apart from her, although he did not appear to suffer in his affections from her absence so much as she did from his. So, three months after he went from home, she resigned her post as teacher and made preparations to follow him.

By this time, Stella was married and living in Boston, and Agnes was a novice in a convent in Maryland. The old home was rented, and a little later it was sold and the proceeds were divided among the heirs.

Just when Gregory and his sister began to feel contented in their new surroundings, a new trouble arose—the young man's employer received a munificent offer from a publishing house in Chicago and decided to accept it. But what was to be done with the store? And would the new proprietor keep the old clerk?

After much deliberation, Gregory resolved to buy out his friend. He gave him in payment his own and his sister's share of the price of their father's house and the savings of the latter from her salary as teacher. Then, behold! the sign over the store was changed. Gregory's name was substituted for that of "Harold Kent, bookseller, printer, and stationer." A more accurate name for the proprietorship would have been "Gregory's Sister & Co.", for it was her money chiefly that bought the business, it was her energy that emboldened her brother to take it, and it was her tact that was to make it a success.

Gregory did not appreciate all that his sister was to him. He took her presence, her love of him, her fidelity to his interests and her helpful advice, as a matter of course, to which he had been used all his life, and which could not be expected to falter or to fail any more than the sunlight, or the coming of evening after day, or the growth of the flowers in the spring. He did not realize the extent of his indebtedness to her. He gave himself credit for ideas that originated with her, he congratulated himself on avoiding mistakes that had been pointed out by her, and he assumed to himself all the honors of the concern.

Shortly after Gregory purchased the store, his sister went to

his assistance while his salesman and book-keeper was off on vacation; and, when at the end of a fortnight the latter wrote from a ranche in Colorado that he had become a cowboy for good, she persuaded her brother to let her do the work. Accordingly she became the keeper of the accounts and general assistant.

The brother and sister were conspicuously happy during the next three years. They rented a pretty frame dwelling near the suburbs of the city, and with the aid of one servant began housekeeping. Their cottage, with its beds of flowers in the front yard, reminded them of their home in Massachusetts before their mother died.

At last, Gregory's fancy turned to thoughts of love. It was somewhat of a shock to his sister when he told her that he contemplated matrimony. She had noticed his liking for the young woman whom he had chosen for his bride, but she never dreamed that this fondness would lead to marriage. She could not get rid of the notion that he was still a child, and every successive stage in his manhood's development was a surprise to her. But, as his happiness was her passion, she seconded his plans when he determined to take a wife. There was a pang in her heart, however, when she discovered that her affection was not sufficient for him, as his had been for her; but, when she considered the affair that night before saying her prayers, she reproached herself for wishing to engross his love.

"May God forgive me," she said, "for being so selfish!"

So she stifled all repining and set her face resolutely toward the new conditions that were about to confront her.

After the wedding, life in the cottage went on pretty much as usual. The monotony of its history was broken only by the purchase of the little home and by the coming of five children, who in the course of a dozen years made their appearance and claimed their share of love.

As soon as each babe began to take notice, it went trustfully to its aunt; and, as it grew older, this fondness increased. It was "Auntie" that had to dress them in the morning, give them their food at breakfast and tea, and put them to bed at night. Into

her arms too they cuddled when they were sick, and on her lap Rose, the lovely darling, died. Mary and Gregory, Jr., Leo, and Grace, she loved them all, but if she had a favorite, was it strange that Gregory, Jr., should be the one?

At one time, Gregory thought that his sister ought to stop working in the store, which had now become a large establishment, and—possibly urged thereto by his wife, who was somewhat jealous of her sister-in-law's influence in the business—he entreated her to stay at home. She consented at last, reluctantly but not unpleasantly, and for five weeks she took a rest, helping in the household, visiting the shops and the parks, and going on a trip to her sisters in the East.

But the store missed her. The clerks missed her. The customers missed her and inquired for her. Worst of all, the proprietor missed her every hour in the day, and it dawned on him that he had deprived himself of a helpful coadjutor. Just then, too, everything seemed to conspire to worry him. He became exceedingly abrupt and irritable, and many a joke the facetious porter cracked with the chipper errand-boy about the amiable temper of their employer.

"Come back soon," Gregory wrote to her, "the store cannot get along without you."

From that time forward, her services were valued at their proper worth, even if, as of old, she drew nothing from the business but her board and clothes and these of the plainest sort, for she was abstemious at table and her gowns were neither numerous nor rich.

Sometimes of a night, when the work had been trying to her nerves, or her brother had been more than usually preoccupied with his own happiness, or the little ones had been exceptionally troublesome, Gregory's Sister would sit in her room alone, questioning her own heart and brooding over what might have been.

She did not yield often or long to these wretched feelings. The remembrance of Gregory's temporary waywardness, of his docility that was made possible by her devotion to him, of his return from the downward path, and of their peaceful years together comforted her.

"Our Lord knows that I acted for what I thought was best," she would say, "and I will accept what He has sent."

It was hard at times to be cheerful and resigned, for Gregory was absorbed in the future of his children and Gregory's wife was not always considerate. Once she said something about "a prim old maid," and on another occasion she remarked that "somebody was not worth her salt," words which fell on ears for which they were not intended and cut to the quick.

"Remain where you are," was Father Mapes' advice in the last letter he ever wrote, "for Providence placed you there and Gregory will yet need you more than ever."

No one but the priest knew the sorrows of her heart, for her face was always placid and her tones were low. She was blithe by nature and she methodically cultivated cheerfulness as a habit. Only those who observed her closely could notice the tightening of the lines of the mouth that was her only signal of distress.

After ten years of married life, Gregory fell sick with typhoid fever. In spite of the best medical attention and the most devoted nursing, he sank under the malady. Inside of a week he was dead.

After the interment, a fortnight passed before the bereaved family could resume the regular order of their life. But Gregory's Sister had to return to the store two days after the funeral, for she could not spare more time to the luxury of grief. The widow and the children had to be supported and they depended on her. So she brushed away her tears, saying to herself: "My heart can cry, if my eyes are dry," and she went back to the drudgery that brought in their daily bread.

She is there still. She has consecrated the rest of her life to the task of rearing Gregory's children. Quiet, unassuming, diffident, she does not realize that she is one of life's heroines. "I am of little use in the world," she said yesterday, "and soon I shall be of less." But the Angels of God have a different opinion of her worth, and some day when her unselfish work is all done, they will throw open wide the gates of Heaven to welcome her to her abiding home.

ASSUMPTION UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

THE SOUL OF SAINT PATRICK.

The soul from Patrick's body toil-worn at last departed,
God's angels all the night sang round it unceasing.

. . . . . .

Together they ascended to Jesus, the Son of Mary.

Hymn of Fiacc.

NOTHING so builds up the interior man as coming in contact with the soul of a Saint. Men change through the different ages. The manners of the time of St. Patrick would seem to us as grotesque as his language would be difficult. But souls are always much the same, with capacity for love and sorrow, for desires lofty as the heavens and low as the nethermost earth.

Fortunately something has remained to us of St. Patrick which lays bare the working and aspiration of his soul. Concerning the dates and events of his life there has been much dispute among the learned. But all have agreed that the two curious documents called the *Confession* and the *Epistle to Coroticus* are his genuine productions.[1] They resemble each other too much not to be from the same hand. Full of sympathy and as poetic as they are mystical, the one in its earnest humility and the other in its still more earnest remonstrance against wrong done to Christian souls, they lay open to us the inmost heart of the Saint. We say "heart," because it is not merely the workings of his mind that are set down before us, but the sincere affections of the soul. All this is done with constant reference to the religious ideas which impelled him along his difficult way of life.

[1] The recent translation of Sir Samuel Ferguson, in his posthumous work *The Remains of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland*, is here followed with slight modifications.

The thought which seems to have impressed most deeply the soul of the Saint is that he has been guided to his present life by the Spirit of God. He comes back again and again on this thought as did St. Paul. "It is not I, but the Spirit of God that worketh in me."

Thus he says of himself to Coroticus, who was doing a great wrong to Christian converts:

> Not for mine own delight: 'twas God that stirred
> That strong solicitude within my heart,
> That, of the hunters and the fishermen
> Whom He aforetime for these latter days
> Had pre-appointed, I too should be one.

And he gives as the reason of writing his Confession that it is only a fit return for the favors bestowed on him by God.

> . . . And therefore now
> I will not hide, nor could I, were it fit
> To hide, such boons, such graces, as my Lord
> Has deigned me here in my captivity.
> And this my poor return: that having attained
> The touch and apprehension of my God,
> I should with high exalted heart, in face
> Of all that lives below all skies, confess
> That other God nor was, nor is nor shall be:
> . . . . . .
> One God in Trinity of Holy name.

This thought overrules him. Telling of God's Providence which has led him step by step to his high calling, he lets drop precious details of his own history. In this leading of Providence he sees the clear reason and justification of his desertion of his own race. This he boldly brings up to Coroticus, who seems to have been an only half-Christianized kinglet inclined for his own selfish purposes to leave his Christian brethren a prey to the pagan Picts and Scots.

> What! Was it then without God's promises
> Or in the body only that I came
> To Ireland? Who compelled me? Who me bound
> In spirit that I should no more behold
> Kindred or early friend? Whence came the sense
> Inspiring me with pity for the race

That once were mine own captors? I was born
Noble; my father a *Decurio;*
That privilege of birth I have exchanged
(I blush not for it, and I grudge it not)
For benefit of others, bartered so
In Christ and given over to a race
Extern to mine, all for the glorious hope
Ineffable of that perennial life
Which is in Jesus Christ, our Lord.

He speaks of the sorrows of his early captivity, after he was carried away to Ireland as a slave, with patience and thanksgiving; for by this way of sorrows he has been led to his present calling wherein he has been able to do something for his Lord.

. . . Before my happy humbling came,
I was as is a stone that, in deep mire,
Lies on the highway: and He came, Who can,
And in His pity thence did lift me up
And set me on the wall-top. . . .
. . . Not, indeed, that I
Was worthy that my Lord His servant poor
Should so far favor, after all the toils,
The hardships heavy, and the captive years
Borne 'mongst this people;—should bestow such grace
As till I came to Ireland I nor knew
Nor ever hoped.

He looks back over the commonplace unending toil of those youthful days, no longer with a sense of their wretchedness, but with thankful heart because of what God then wrought in him.

. . . Herding daily here,
And often in the day saying my prayers,
Daily there more and more did grow in me
The fear of God. And holy fear and faith
Increased in me, that in a single day
I've said as many as a hundred prayers,
And in the night scarce fewer; so that oft
In woods and on the mountain I've remained,
And risen to prayer before daylight, through snow,
Through frost, through rain, and yet I took no ill,
Nor was there in me then aught slow as now,
For then the Spirit of God within me burned.

It is touching to note the humility of the Saint who, at the

very end of his glorious career, counts himself as slow in comparison with the devotion of the days when he was a boy, a wretched slave—

> For then the Spirit of God within me burned.

The special call which came to him from the Divine Voice, after he had escaped from slavery and returned once more to his family and the comforts of a Roman military post, resembles not a little the voice which came by day and night to Saint Paul—*Come over to Macedonia and help us.* The calling of St. Patrick has been told a thousand times, but never more impressively than in his own simple words:

> . . . I found myself at home
> Amongst the Britons with my family,
> Who all received me as they might a son,
> And earnestly besought me that at length,
> After these many perils I had borne,
> I never more would leave them. It was there
> In a night vision I beheld a man
> Coming as 'twere from Ireland. Victor he.
> Innumerable letters bore he: one
> He gave to me to read. I read one line,
> "The voices of the Irish," so it ran.
> And while I read, methought I heard the cry
> Of them that by the wood of Focluth dwell,
> Beside the Western Ocean, saying thus,
> "Come, holy youth, and walk amongst us, come!"
> All with one voice. It touched me to the heart,
> And I could read no more; and so awoke—
> Thank God at last Who, after many years,
> Has given to them according to their cry!

Whenever he speaks with authority, it is always as one who has this authority from the vocation God has given to him. Thus he begins to Coroticus:

> I, Patrick—I, a sinner and unlearned,
> Here in Hibernia constituted Bishop,
> Believe most surely that it is from God
> I hold commission to be that I am,
> A proselyte and pilgrim, for His love,
> Here amongst savage peoples. He Who knows
> All things, knows also if this be not so.

This special call seems to have been borne in upon his soul by something of that high divine action which was used in the case of St. Paul. "I will show unto him what great things he must suffer for My name's sake." The story of the voices of the Irish calling to him in his sleep is paralleled, in later times, in the life of the great Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier. In his life we read that, whilst at the University of Paris, dreaming of the literary distinction to which his family and his undoubted talent entitled him, in sleep he bore with toil and suffering an Indian upon his shoulders over rock and torrent. As is probably the case with all the supernatural vocations which somehow transcend the ordinary call to help in the saving of souls, a special grace of God seems to have wrought a peculiar union between the destined Apostle and his Master Christ. St. Patrick is everywhere conscious of this grace; and he gives us details from his own life as wonderful as those we read in the writings of the most mystical Saints. It will be noticed, too, that his uncertainty concerning the definite manner of such wonderful action of the Divinity on his soul is quite like that of St. Paul who, when carried to the third heaven, knew not "whether he were in the body or out of the body."

> And, on another night, I know not, I,
> God knows, if 'twas within me or without,
> One prayed with words exceeding exquisite
> I could not understand, till, at the close,
> He spoke in this wise—"He Who gave His soul
> For thee is He Who speaks." I woke with joy.
> And once I saw Him—praying, as it were
> Within me, and I saw myself as though
> Within myself, and over me, that is
> Over the inner man, I heard Him pray
> Strongly with urgent groans, myself the while
> Amazed, and wondering who should pray in me,
> Till, at the very ending of His prayer,
> He showed, a Bishop. I awoke and called
> To memory what His Apostle says:
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "The Lord our Advocate doth plead for us."

This conscious indwelling of his Master Christ in the depths

of his soul sustained him through many trials. Doubtless the personal love of Jesus Christ is necessary to the most ordinary practice of the Christian faith. The martyrs, as has often been said, did not die for any ideal truth, but for a Person in Whom they believed and hoped and Whom they loved more than life itself.

In the career of St. Patrick a peculiarly bitter trial seems to have come upon him, concerning which he says:

> . . . Some certain of my seniors came
> Against my toilsome, hard Episcopate,
> And made impeachment of me for my sins.
> In that day truly I was tempted sore
> To fall both now and everlastingly.
> . . . . . .
> . . . They found me, after thirty years,
> To charge me with one word I had confessed
> Before I was a deacon. In my grief
> And pain of mind I to my dearest friend
> Told what I in my boyhood, in one day,
> Yea, in one hour had done:—because as yet
> I had not strength: I know not, Heaven knows,
> If, at that time, I yet had fifteen years.

With the strange contrition which great Saints by reason of their completer light conceive concerning the slight or few sins of their youth, St. Patrick goes on humbly to attribute the sufferings of his slavery to this sin, whatever it may have been. Then, with a surprising burst of faith, he beholds the road from sin through chastisement to his present glorious calling:

> I had not yet believed the living God
> Even from my childhood; but remained in death
> And unbelief till sore chastised I was
> By hunger, nakedness, and enforced toil
> Daily in Ireland—for I came not here
> Self-sent—until, indeed, I almost sank.
> Yet these were rather boons to me, because,
> So chastened by the Lord, I now am made
> What once was far from me, that I should care
> Or labor for the weal of others, I
> Who then took no thought even for myself.

It is probable that those he calls his "seniors" did not take

quite the same view of the case. Even estimable men may be lacking in the discretion of spirits, which is after all a free gift of the Holy Ghost; and they may unconsciously be swayed by natural feelings of jealousy which prompt them to exaggerate the least fault in men who are most nearly faultless. St. Teresa quaintly remarks that if the members of your community once get the idea you are a Saint, they will expect such great things from you that in the end they will make you a martyr. But in the midst of his trouble St. Patrick felt again, and in a new manner, the abiding presence of his Master with him.

> On that same day when these my elder ones
> Rebuked me, in a vision of the night,
> I saw a script against me, and no name
> Of honor written; and the while I heard
> That voice within make answer, "We are here
> Ill-styled by men, stripped bare of dignity."
> It was not "Thou art here ill-styled", it said,
> But "We," as if the Speaker joined Himself
> Incorporately with me, and the voice
> Were His Who once said, *Whoso toucheth thee,*
> *Toucheth as 'twere the apple of Mine eye.*

This sense of his union with Christ in working for the Irish people crops out constantly.

> . . . With fear and reverence
> Faithful in heart and uncomplainingly
> I serve this people, to whom the charity
> Of Christ assigns me, for my rest of life,
> If I be worthy; that, with humble heart,
> And truthful lips, I teach it, in the faith
> And measure of the Holy Trinity.

With the faith of the Holy Trinity St. Patrick's mission began and ended; and the same may be said of the faithful people he left behind him.

A last thought, to show how his spirit has remained among the Christians he formed, may be taken from the Confession. In the midst of their wretchedness and poverty and forced ignorance, the Irish people have become known throughout the world for the love and practice of purity. *How beautiful is the*

chaste generation in glory. This, too, is the great ideal of St. Patrick for his people.

——Now the Irish, who in former days
Had but their idols and their rites unclean,
Nor aught knew of the Lord, have late become
The Lord's own people. And the sons of Scots
And daughters of their kings, now sons of God
Are counted, and vowed handmaidens of Christ.
And one bless'd Scotic lady nobly born,
A most fair person whom myself baptized,
Came soon thereafter making her report
Of intimation by a messenger,
Sent her from God, with His admonishment,
That virgin she should live and nearer Him.

The violation of this high ideal by Coroticus, who had exposed the Christian flock to the lawless violence of the pagans, is the burden of St. Patrick's complaint.

Lord, ravening wolves have eaten up Thy flock,
Which here in Ireland had such fair increase,
Sons of the Scots and daughters of the kings,
Now holy monks and handmaidens of Christ,
So many, past my counting.

And he reproaches the faithless chieftain:

Thou slayest and sellest into extern lands
Which know not God, my Christians, and dost cast
Christ's baptized virgin members into shame.
What hope canst thou, so acting, have in God?

This was the last message of holy love for God and man of him who described himself, humbly—

A proselyte and pilgrim for His love
Here amongst savage peoples.

THE HYMN OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

By Adrian W. Smith.

THE dawn arose more radiantly grand
Than at God's first command,
Where Juda smiles with Jordan to the sea;
And every saintly power
Acclaimed the destined hour
When Jesus came on earth to make men free.

They brought no glittering gift of gold or gems,
Or burnished diadems;
But all men's goodly deeds since Adam's wrong
God's angels held on high
And, tender as the sky,
His mercy shone resplendent from the throng.

The host came trooping from the flaming East
To greet the bridal feast;
And Gabriel his wondrous message bare
Where sate in simple state,
Unwist of sacred fate,
The temple's royal handmaid, Mary fair.

Her queenly will unto the Will Divine
She hastens to incline;
For comes He not in love, when she has heard
In all her dreams of night,
At eve and morning's light,
The music of the promise of the Word?

Incarnate God! ye angels fold your wings,
While awful Mystery flings
Her glowing veil o'er Hope's ecstatic face;
Supernal incense bring,
And let each living thing
Adore the Christ upon His throne of grace.

VILLAGE IN THE CORDILLERAS.

THE NAMING OF THE AMAZON.

I.

Gonzalo Pizarro.

"IN the year 1539, the Marquis Don Francesco Pizarro, being in the city of Cuzco, received tidings that beyond the city of Quito and beyond the limits of the Empire formerly ruled by the Incas there was a wide region where cinnamon grew; and he determined to send his brother Gonzalo Pizarro, that he might conquer such another land as the Marquis himself had found and become the Governor of it."[1]

This discovery of Canelos or the Cinnamon Land had been made three years before, in 1536, by Captain Gonzalez Diaz de Pineda. Beyond the fact of its existence, however, little was known of this vast tract of country, the Provincia del Oriente of Ecuador; the imagination of the Spaniards working on the lying or imperfectly understood relations of the Indians did the rest and conjured up visions of vast empires and of wealth untold

[1] The Expedition of Gonzalo Pizarro to the Land of Cinnamon, by Garcilasso Inca de la Vega, Part II., Book iii, of the Royal Commentaries, translated and edited by Clement R. Markham, F.R.G.S.. Hakluyt Society Publications.

hidden behind the huge ramparts of the Cordilleras which rose above them, snow capped and threatening, "grim wardens of the passes" into the regions beyond. The lust of gold and of empire has always been a potent factor in the affairs of men, but never perhaps were men so ready to brave hardships and danger for the sake of gold as in the early days of the Spanish conquest of South America. The chronicles of that time are one uninterrupted tale of famine and privation, of cruel physical suffering, of brutality and rapacity, and in more than one case of unparalleled treachery; and the impelling motive of every recurring expedition was gold. Such a tale in all its features is the history of the expedition of Gonzalo Pizarro from the time it crossed the Cordilleras until Pizarro found himself basely deserted by his lieutenant Francesco de Orellana and was forced to retrace his steps to Quito, a broken man with the poor remnants of the brave little army with which he had set out nearly two years before. It is true the expedition, in spite of all, led to the discovery of the Amazon; but the glory of this achievement is more than counterbalanced by the act of disloyalty and of pitiless cruelty, which led to the great discovery.

Before taking up the tale of Pizarro's expedition, a word is needed here to enable our readers to do justice to these expeditions and to the men who took part in them. We have spoken of cruelty and rapacity and treachery, but we do not at all join in a too common wholesale and bitter condemnation. These were men of faith; and though their conduct too often belied their belief it never destroyed it, and gave consequently to the brave and generous missionaries, Dominicans and Franciscans and Jesuits, who were always found with or ahead of these expeditions, something to work on in their efforts to restrain or hinder the excesses of the cavaliers and the troopers. Mr. Markham, to whose labors we owe very much and whose right to speak no one questions, assigns four motives that led men into these wilds of the Amazon and, generously enough, he puts as the first "the conversion of the Indians"; the search for gold he puts in the second place. It is true he is speaking of the expeditions subsequent to Father

Acunha's, of the Society of Jesus, in 1640; but even before this the desire to plant the Cross had brought more than one intrepid missionary into the valley of the Amazon. The Franciscan Saint Francis Solano who reached Peru in 1589 and whose feast the Church celebrates on the 24th of July; Father Juan Fonte who in 1589 with only a boy to serve his Mass ventured among the Lules; Father Alonzo de Barzana who in the wilds of Eastern Bolivia married three thousand couples '*in facie ecclesiæ*' in 1591; Father Gaspar de Monroy who in 1592 preached to the Chiriguanas, and Father Rafael Ferrer who, sometime after 1608, was murdered by the Cofanes of the Cinnamon Land, are but a few of the glorious names in the Martyrology of these regions. In this very expedition of Gonzalo Pizarro, one of the principal figures that appears in the chronicle is that of the Dominican monk, Gaspar de Caravajal. Through all the hardships and sufferings of the expedition his courage and fortitude and his generous words were employed to keep up the sinking hearts of the soldiers.

The Spaniards were the instrument God employed to bring to innumerable souls the grace of faith; and, though we cannot defend many features of their government of the conquered races, we must not hastily condemn either. More than all we must not forget the heroic labors of the missionaries, who also were Spaniards for the most part and who laid down their lives for their savage brethren.

In 1539, Gonzalo Pizarro, who had been summoned to Cuzco by his brother, set out for Quito, nearly five hundred leagues to the north. Francis Pizarro had appointed his brother Governor of this city as a preliminary step to assigning to him the government of the Cinnamon Land he was to conquer. After a long and toilsome march, fighting most of the time, and on one occasion so hard pressed that reinforcements were sent him from Cuzco, he finally reached Quito. On his arrival he found the government in the hands of Pedro de Puelles, who however made no difficulty in resigning it. With absolute control of the city and its resources and the good will of everybody—for, as the chronicler tells us, "he was the best beloved man in Peru and had by his noble qualities

A PASS IN THE CORDILLERAS.

endeared himself as much to strangers as to his own friends—" Gonzalo found little trouble in fitting out his expedition, and in a very short time was ready to start for the Cinnamon Land.

On Christmas Day, 1539, though there is some dispute about the year, the march was begun. There were in the party one hundred and fifty horsemen, about two hundred foot, and four thousand Indians. And of these Indians we may note in passing some remarks of the chronicler, which throw light on the relations of the Spaniards to the Indians in these countries at that time. When, after the desertion of Orellana, the party began to retrace their steps to Quito, but one thousand out of these four thousand Indians were alive and these "served like sons to their masters, in these hardships and privations, searching for herbs and roots and wild fruits, frogs and serpents and other wretched food." Another remark is made a little further on, when the chronicler tells how finally even these Indians perished from hunger, "and among them was an Indian beloved by Gonzalo whose death Gonzalo mourned as if he had been his own brother." Again the chronicler carefully sets down the fact that "many Indians perished from hunger and Spaniards also, though the flesh of the horses was equally divided." Nearly four thousand head of swine for food and a flock of llamas to carry part of the baggage completed the equipment.

During the first few days of their march, nothing seems to have occurred to cloud the high hopes of Pizarro and his men. They were still on the great central plateau of Ecuador between the eastern and western ranges of the Cordilleras, and the climate here is most agreeable and invigorating. Food was plentiful and easily procured, and where the fame of the Spaniards had not prepared for them a welcome, their mere appearance with their horses and firearms was sufficient to drive every hostile force from their path. Soon however they began to ascend the first slopes of the Eastern Cordilleras, and as they ascended the face of nature changed very rapidly. The trees disappeared; the cold became severe; roads there had been none up to this—there are no roads in Ecuador even yet—but at least progress was easy.

Now rain began to fall in huge drops mingled with hail and snow, the wind came whirling down the mountain side in violent gusts strong enough to hurl a man to the ground. From time to time the clouds would part and the sun appear, but only to burn with its fierce rays the exposed features of the soldiers without giving any warmth. Drenched by the rain, almost breathless with the winds, and parched by the sun, it is little wonder that the Spaniards were surprised at the difference between that land and Peru.

For forty or fifty days they were exposed to these hardships, to which were added the terrors of a violent earthquake accompanied by thunder and lightning, which destroyed the greater part of a hamlet in which they had encamped. Snow too began to fall in such quantities and it became so cold that many Indians were frozen to death, being so lightly clad. To escape from this region was imperative and that speedily; so, without considering the hardships there might still be in store for them in the unexplored tract on the eastern side of the mountains, they left the herd of swine and the provisions they had brought behind them, and by forced marches crossed the crests of the Cordilleras and descended into the district watered by the Coca.

Here they found themselves surrounded by vast and trackless forests, but without any signs of inhabitants. They had cut themselves off from their stores of provisions, counting on the natives to supply their wants; and too late they realized their folly.

With much difficulty, they forced their way through more than one hundred leagues of this dense forest, oftentimes being obliged to open a way with axe and hatchet and living on herbs, roots, and wild fruits, and finding not even sufficient of these. At length they reached the Coca, which rising in the Cordilleras forms a great curve from east to south and falls into the Napo. They had consumed two months in this march, and during that time the rain had been falling constantly so that their clothes had become rotten.

Near the great river they came upon a village, Cuca, the

chief of which received them well and supplied them with provisions. Here they remained another two months until they had been rejoined by a band that had been left behind at the foot of the Cordilleras. Then, following the bank of the stream, they proceeded another fifty leagues without meeting a bridge or even a ford by which to cross, so swift and deep was the volume of water this stream carried down to the Napo. Many were the surprises that met them on their march. The great Cascade of the Coca and the rapids below; the rain which never ceased; the oozy soil and matted undergrowth and the strange forms of bird and beast are mentioned in the chronicle, with the astonishment of the Spaniards to see a thing so great and so strange.

BRIDGE OVER A TRIBUTARY OF THE NAPO.

Forty leagues further down they reached a point where the stream narrows and flows between precipitous banks nearly two hundred feet high. By felling trees after the manner of the Indians they succeeded in bridging the stream; and, after scattering some Indians who ventured to oppose them, they proceeded on their way down the other bank of the stream. But the same difficulties met them here and finally, having passed through a

land called Guema, where many Spaniards and Indians fell sick and died owing to hunger and fatigue and the heavy rains, they reached a more hospitable country. Here it was determined to build a brigantine, to transport the sick and the baggage; and this it was that led to the crowning disaster of the expedition and to its great glory as well. When this brigantine was built, all their gold and everything of value was put on board, and then the weary march was resumed. Two months more were spent in efforts by those on land to force a way through the thick and matted brushwood and the soft spongy soil, into which they sank at every step, while those on board the brigantine had all they could do to keep their bark from being carried down the stream and separating them from their comrades.

At last when their hopes of reaching the wonderful land they had started to conquer had almost died out in their breasts, some Indians appeared and by signs made them understand that ten days march down the Coca they would reach another great river, the Napo, on the shores of which was this land they were in quest of, a land well provisioned and rich in gold.

A council was called and Gonzalo Pizarro gave Francisco de Orellana command of the brigantine and fifty men, and sent him on to this land with orders to load the brigantine with provisions and return to his starving comrades as quickly as possible. Pizarro up to this evidently had seen no reason to mistrust Orellana, and sore indeed must have been the temptation or cold and cruel the heart of the man who could conceive under the circumstances the act of treachery which Orellana completed. Over two thousand of the four thousand Indians who had started were already dead, and many of the Spaniards; and the only hope for the survivors was the speedy return of the brigantine.

Three days sail down the swift stream brought Orellana to the Napo, a distance of eighty leagues, only to find that the Indians had deceived them. The banks of the river were deserted. There were neither Indians nor gold nor provisions to be found. What was to be done? To return against the current was almost impracticable; to remain where they were and await Pizarro was

the only honorable course left. This Orellana decided not to do, and without opening his mind to anyone he ordered his men to sail on. To their credit be it said that many, suspecting his design, opposed him strongly. Chief among these was the Dominican Father Caravajal. But Orellana gained over some and, abandoning the head of the opposition, he proceeded down the Napo till he reached the Amazon and the Ocean and finally arrived in Spain.

Gonzalo Pizarro, when he found that the brigantine did not return, slowly and painfully, now that he had no brigantine to transport the sick, made his way down to the Napo. There he found

THE AMAZON AT THE MOUTH OF THE NAPO.

Don Hernan and learned of the base treachery of his trusted lieutenant. But all this only served to bring out the greatness of the man. Animating his followers by word and example, he continued his march three hundred miles down the Napo until even he saw that to proceed farther would only result in the destruction of his whole band; so reluctantly and despondently he turned back. The story of the retreat was a repetition of the tale we have just been recalling. The dogs and the horses that were still alive were killed and eaten; the bodies of their dead comrades that fell by the way were, horrible to relate, greedily devoured and when these

were gone, roots and herbs and the few animals they were able to snare, with frogs and snakes, were all they had to quiet the pangs of hunger.

Three hundred leagues of march brought them to Quito. The four thousand Indians had perished to a man; of the Spaniards, two hundred and ten had died out of the three hundred and forty had started, not counting the fifty who followed Orellana. Little wonder then that "they kissed the earth when they reached the borders of Quito, giving thanks to God Who had delivered them from such great perils and hardships," or that the citizens of Quito who came out to receive them, "wept for grief to behold those who came and to know that the missing had died of hunger."

Thus ended the first great expedition into the lands watered by the Amazon and its tributaries.

A *RONDEAU* FOR ST. JOSEPH.

By Marie Louise Sandrock.

THE silvern cup that rises there,
From pillared stalk of lily fair,
Ingathers ev'ry day, I ween,
Hosts of petitions all unseen
To our kind Saint and debonair.

The largess sought, which is my prayer,
I leave within the lily's care
That it be purer made through sheen
Of silvern cup.

This is thy treasury; so dare
We all, St. Joseph, here repair
That thou, when clam'rous have we been
In loud outcry of wants most keen,
Mayst give to us some helping fare
From silvern cup.

THE FATHER OF MANY SOULS.

John Henry Newman,

Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church: born in London, England, 21 February, 1801, elected Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford University, in 1823, sometime University preacher (Anglican), received into the Catholic Church, October 9, 1845, died 11 August, 1890.

II.

IT was in 1833 that what is now known as the Oxford Movement was finally begun. In this remarkable movement of minds no one has ever doubted that Newman had the leading part—not that held by the highest drop in a wave-crest, pushed up by the chance work of the forces around it, but a true leadership of minds. All who took a part in it have confessed this. The late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury said: "It was a time when Newman reigned supreme in the University."

Mr. Gladstone has spoken in the same sense in well known words. One who himself became a Catholic, the Jesuit Father Coleridge, son of the biographer of Keble, roused himself from illness to write the following words after the death of the great Cardinal, whom he affectionately calls "a father of souls."

Now I shall speak more freely, as is sometimes allowed to those who have a great debt to pay, of one whom, as I said in my opening words, many souls (of whom I am one) look upon most truly as the father of their spiritual life. . . . What St. Paul claims to have done for the Corinthians, that I most humbly and gratefully acknowledge to have been done to myself by John Henry Newman. God might have used many other instruments, many other means, but what I know of our past tells me that the instrument and the means He has used for my conversion was Cardinal Newman.

This second period of Newman's life has been told in its inmost detail in his own *Apologia*. For those who desire a complete and thoroughly trustworthy history of the Movement, the

son of one of its chief men, who followed Newman into the Church and was long editor of the *Dublin Review*, has written fully in a book on that period of his father's life—*William George Ward and the Oxford Movement.* To these volumes we must refer our readers for the details. We will content ourselves here, in accordance with our design, with quoting, mainly from Newman's own words, passages that show how the sincere dispositions of soul which he had shown when comparatively unknown still led him on, through all the temptations of a brilliant public career, up to the great act by which, as an Anglican newspaper has not hesitated to say, "Protestantism lost the founder of the present Anglican Church!"

These were years of mental difficulties; but through them all Newman preserved his balance of mind unshaken. Little by little the whole ground of the convictions he had been advocating so earnestly was changed beneath him. He could not see whither he was tending; and the distrust, even of his friends, must sorely have grieved a heart so sensitive.

Yet to one thing he was always true. Christ, the Son of God, had taught truth to the world, and to Him alone would he go. All the difficulties of the world and unbelief, all the uncertainties of a State religion patched together by the private judgment of individuals, could not make him swerve in his faith that what Christ had taught and all that He had taught is to be believed. This is simply the Catholic faith; for our reason for believing what the Church teaches is that we know that the Church teaches what Christ has taught. She continues His work and, like Him, is the living mouthpiece of God among men.

In the year 1838, he spoke these stern words to the men of the University who flocked around him:

> Oh, miserable we, then, if we are of the number of those who prefer sight to faith! Oh, miserable, if when our Saviour, the very Word of God and the True Witness, speaks plainly one way, we listen to the serpent's voice, saying, 'Ye shall not surely die.' We have no right, indeed, surely not, to say absolutely that this or that man, whom we see and can point out, is destined to future punishment; God forbid, for we can but judge by outward

appearance, and God alone seeth the hearts of men. But we are expressly told that there are persons so destined; we are told that the finally impenitent, whoever they shall be, are so destined: whatever the sight of things may tell us, however the weaknesses and waywardnesses of our hearts may plead against such awful truths, however our feelings and imaginations and reason may be assailed, yet 'Let God be true and every man a liar.' Let us believe Him, though the whole world rise up and with one voice deny His words.

His intense devotion to the Person of our Lord, and his clear appreciation of the fact that mere intellectual conviction is insufficient to Christian Faith, come out in a remarkable sermon preached at Oxford in the year 1841. His discourse was designed to defend the position in which he then was. He did not as yet look forward to anything further. He asks:

Would you know why holy men believe, even in an age of miracles? Hear St. Polycarp's words when the heathen magistrate asked him to blaspheme Christ: 'Eighty and six years,' said he, 'have I served Him and *He hath never wronged me*, and how can I blaspheme my King Who hath saved me?' Or, as St. Paul said, 'I know Whom I have believed.'

Already he had recognized the "Offices of the Church."

This is the glory of the Church, to speak, to do, and to suffer with that grace which Christ brought and diffused abroad. . . . This was that new thing that Christ brought into the world, a heavenly Doctrine, a system of holy and spiritual truths, which are to be received and transmitted, for He is our Prophet; maintained even unto suffering, after His pattern, Who is our Priest; and obeyed, for He is our King.

This, indeed, is the immovable foundation of Catholic faith. We believe what the Church teaches, because Christ—God, Who can neither deceive nor be deceived—teaches through her. On this the Faith of Peter is built up, according to the words of that Apostle when his Master in a time of sore trial asked of His disciples: *Will you too go away?*—to which Peter, the Rock on which Christ was to build His Church, made answer, *To whom, Lord, shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we*

have believed and know that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God. (St. John, vi. 68).

At last his confidence in the tenableness of the views he had hitherto advocated was seriously shaken. In the two volumes of letters of this period of his life, published only in the last few weeks, we have striking marks, in this supreme trial, of the good dispositions of his soul for welcoming the truth wherever it was to be found.

Of course, one of the sorest trials to one of his sensitive nature was the necessary discomfort and unsettling of conscience which he would have to inflict on those over whom he had so much influence. To this he alludes in the *Apologia;* and it brought considerable criticism upon him both at the time and later on. He could not give a sharp, abrupt decision to those who were in distress of mind, for the simple reason that his own mind had been unsettled. On the other hand, he could not in conscience lead men on with himself in his own doubts, the end of which he could not foresee. This made him miserable whenever he was consulted in regard to matters of belief. In 1842 he thus answered Dr. Pusey, who had asked him concerning one of the more advanced of his followers:

As to my being entirely with Ward, I do not know the limits of my own opinions. If Ward says that this or that is the development of what I have said, I cannot say yes or no. It is plausible, it may be true. . . . I cannot assert that it is not true; but I cannot, with that keen perception that some have, appropriate it. It is a nuisance for me to *be forced* beyond what I can fairly accept.

In the recently published letters there is a private comment on this state of mind, addressed to his sister in 1844, the year previous to his final conversion to the Church.

I am not unwilling to be in trouble now and for others to be—for it is what must be—and the more of it the sooner over. It is like drinking a cup out. I am far from unmindful of what you say about unsettlement of others being a providential intimation; but there must be a limit to its force, else the Jews could never have become Christians in early times, or Nestorians or

Monophysites Catholics in more recent. How St. Paul must have unsettled quiet Jews, who were serving God and heard nothing of our Lord but as a Samaritan and a 'deceiver.' And this suggests what has ever been said against the Church at all times, namely, that it was corrupt, anti-Christian, &c. This has ever been a note of the Church. And I do believe the Church of Rome has the imputation only in this sense (allowing for our Lord's parable of the Net). It is no new thing that the Church has been under odium and disgrace, and I confess the atrocious lies—I can call them nothing else—which are circulated against myself have led me to feel how very false the popular impression may be about the Jesuits, &c. I say this because one of the most plausible arguments against the Church of Rome is, 'We do not understand these things, but we are quite sure that there could not be so much suspicion, so much imputation, without cause for it at bottom, in spite of prejudice, exaggeration, &c.'; just what people may say, or do say, about myself.

In this correspondence there are a few very touching words, showing his utter unworldliness:

Nothing you say about my loss of influence has any tendency to hurt me, as you kindly fear it should. I never have thought about any influence I have had. I never have mastered what it was. It is simply no effort whatever to give it up. The pain, indeed, which I knew I was giving to individuals has affected me much; but as to influence, the whole world is one great vanity, and I trust I am not set on anything in it—I trust not. Nor have I thrown influence away if I have acted at the call of duty.

The time had come when Newman felt that he could not in conscience retain the place which he held in the Anglican Establishment. On the other hand, he could not yet see whither his steps were leading. He accordingly resigned his position and retired into the lay communion of the Church whose great light he had been. His last sermon—"The Parting of Friends"—winds up with one of the most pathetic passages in the whole field of English oratory. Touchingly enough, he had chosen for his text the same verse of the Psalms from which he had preached his first sermon nineteen years before to the University of Oxford. *Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening.*

This was his final farewell to all that had hitherto made up his life and influence. His face was now set whither he did not see, but faithfully to follow the kindly Light, step by step.

O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it.

This, as we have seen, had been the one burden of his spiritual life—"in all things to know God's will, and at all times to be ready to fulfil it."

The two following years he spent in his retirement at Littlemore, where he had already gathered together a little community. Father Lockhart, who was its inmate for a time, describes it:

This was a kind of monastic life, of prayer, fasting, and study. We rose at midnight to say the Divine Office. We fasted always till twelve o'clock, except on Sundays and great festivals; till five o'clock during Advent and Lent. The rest of the time we passed in study.

Naturally, this was a time of great mental struggle. That misunderstanding of Newman's position which was to endure among his countrymen for twenty years longer, was making itself heard in loud outcries. Mr. Hutton, who is not a Catholic, fully appreciates this.

It was a great wrench for him to separate himself from the University to which he had always been warmly attached, and where he had pleased himself by thinking that he should live and die; and it was all the greater wrench that his course was at this time so gravely misunderstood and so widely misrepresented

amongst his own friends and former colleagues. Indeed, it was twenty years after his conversion before he got the opportunity of persuading the world that he had acted only on conviction, and on conviction very slowly formed, very anxiously reviewed, and, indeed, for a considerable time, deliberately suspended, in order that he might adequately test its force. For many years after his conversion 'the Protestant tradition,' as he called it in his lectures on Catholicism in England, treated his conversion as a sort of conspiracy, deliberately devised for the subversion of the truth.

The great convert has himself said words of the conversion of a dear friend of his which may be fairly applied to himself. It was at the funeral of Henry Wilberforce, described in the letter of one who was present:

During the office a venerable figure came quietly up the aisle, and was going meekly to take a place on chairs at the side; but H—— saw and took him into the sacristy, whence he soon made his appearance in cassock and cotta in the choir, and was conducted to the Prior's stall which was vacated for him. This was dear Dr. Newman. He followed the office with them, but after a while he could contain his tears no longer, and buried his face in his handkerchief. At the end of Mass, Father Bertrand said something to Dr. Newman, and, after a little whispering, the venerable man was conducted to the pulpit. For some minutes, however, he was utterly incapable of speaking, and stood, his face covered with his hands, making vain efforts to master his emotion. I was quite afraid he would have to give it up. At last, however, after two or three attempts, he managed to steady his voice, and to tell us 'that he knew him so intimately and loved him so much, that it was almost impossible for him to command himself sufficiently to do what he had been so unexpectedly asked to do, viz., to bid his dear friend farewell. He had known him for fifty years, and though, no doubt, there were some there who knew his goodness better than he did, yet it seemed to him that no one could mourn him more.' Then he drew a little outline of his life—of the position of comfort and all 'that this world calls good,' in which he found himself, and of the prospect of advancement, 'if he had been an ambitious man.' 'Then the word of the Lord came to him, as it did to Abraham of old, to go forth from that pleasant home, and from his friends, and all he held dear, and to become,' here he fairly broke down again, but at last, lifting up his head, finished his sentence—'a fool for Christ's sake.'

THE CHASUBLE.

By the Secretary of a Tabernacle Society.

III. Shape and Color.

[We insert under this head, in addition to the article of our contributor and in connection with the illustrations given, a few notes of Father Lockhart from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for December, 1890. The three small designs here given, and named respectively Gothic, Bernardine, and Roman, are from the factory of the well-known European and American house of Benziger Brothers. The designs of a correct chasuble, and those of the priest fully vested in the incorrect sale-chasuble, are from Miss Dolby's work, now out of print.—Editor.]

GOTHIC CHASUBLE, RECENT.

THE vestments, vulgarly called *Gothic*, were first introduced into England about fifty years ago, after designs made by that man of eminent genius, the late Augustus Welby Pugin, the father of the revival of mediæval architecture and of Christian Art in England and Ireland. It had always seemed to me, though I have an unbounded admiration for everything else that Pugin did, that this form of vestment was not a true return to that of the ancient mediæval chasuble. These modern Gothic vestments were, for the most part, cut into a pointed form behind and in front. They had not the ample folds of the ancient examples, which we see figured in the old stained glass, and on the recumbent effigies of bishops and priests, on monumental tombs and sepulchral brasses.

These vestments, as they are represented, come to a point in front. There is no evidence that they came to a point behind, for we never see more than the front of a vestment on these ancient figures. But they fall in front into a point naturally, because, being lifted up over the arms, and being made of rich but pliable

silk or cloth of gold, they must necessarily assume this form, at least in front; for the ancient vestment, being circular, that part in front that fell between the arms would fall in ample folds into a somewhat pointed outline. . . . These so-called Gothic vestments, used in many churches in England, though rather tolerated than permitted by the ecclesiastical authorities, and forbidden by some Bishops, are of all sizes and shapes, according to the fancy of the priest, or of some pious benefactress, or they are made according to some traditionary *Pugin pattern* of this or that convent of nuns or secular vestment-maker. This false departure has, as I believe, been the cause of stopping the restoration of the really majestic and authoritative chasuble of the Roman Pontifical.

BERNARDINE CHASUBLE, RECENT.

ROMAN CHASUBLE, RECENT.

The Roman chasuble, and that used throughout the whole Latin rite, at the time of the Council of Trent, had gradually, by cutting at the sides, assumed the form of an oval, instead of the circular form of antiquity. Yet it never innovated on the broad square form behind which is still distinctive of the Roman vestment. . . .

The clipping and shaping has gone on, depending on no ecclesiastical tradition or authority, in spite of the measurements prescribed as the minimum to which vestments might be reduced, solely on the authority of vestment-makers, or because of the poverty, bad taste, or penuriousness of the clergy or benefactors. . . .

Who can describe the abortion of the chasuble which pervades France at the present day. Fiddle-shaped in front, not coming down to the knees, stiff with buckram or paper pasted on the poverty-stricken, half-cotton, half-silk material of Lyons manufacture. They are as stiff as tea-boards and crack if they are bent.

I was told a story lately in Belgium of a priest who objected to the stiff paper pasted between the flimsy silk and cheap cotton lining. The manufacturer—very likely a Jew, for the Jews are

RECENT CLIPPED CHASUBLE.

the great vendors of these shabby articles—misunderstanding the objection of the priest, replied: 'Yes, M. l'Abbé, we always use paper, in order that they may wear better and to add to the substantial appearance of our vestments. But I assure you on this point I have a delicate conscience, and I never put into vestments anything but *des bons journaux catholiques* (good Catholic newspapers)!'

It is probable that until the ninth century white, purple, and gold were the only colors used in the ritual of the Church. In the eleventh century the five colors of the present day were chosen, viz., white, purple, green, red, and black. The Greek Church adopted these colors about the same time, with this

difference, that they used *red* only on fast-days and in remembrance of the dead. According to the old Sarum rite, not only were sky-blue and yellow recognized colors for the sacred vestments, but red was used in Lent and on Good Friday.

In many places the spirit of ecclesiastical decoration has greatly degenerated. But there appears to be at the present time

FRONT OF FULL CHASUBLE.
Mediæval.

a decided revival of taste for the fitting and the beautiful, evidenced by the devotion with which many women work for it.

In America, still a missionary country, many things are tolerated, which are not of the true rubrical order, such as double-face vestments—white and red—purple and black—which are necessary for the missionary, but should be dispensed with as soon as possible.

The usual length of the chasuble, as we see it here, is 44 inches back, and 39 inches front, and its width about 27 inches. Buckram or canvas is used on account of the thin silk; but as the vestment should be pliant, a stout calico between the material

BACK OF FULL CHASUBLE.
Mediæval.

and the lining would be better. The lining should be of silk. Satin is permissible, but the glazed calico that we find in some of the vestments is hideous and certainly not seemly for the Eucharistic robe which is 'for beauty and for glory.' Velvet, satin, or

silk, the best that may be, are the materials which should be used for vestments.

In France, Ireland, and the United States, the Latin Cross has always been used on the back of the chasuble. In Italy, when used at all, it is in front. A cross of velvet is effective on a satin or silk vestment, and the needlework or ornamentation may follow its lines. We need not place any limit to the adornment; there is no immediate danger of our vestments resembling one of the chasubles we read of belonging to the Cathedral at Mentz in the twelfth century—"which was so weighted with splendor that the celebrant was obliged to change it at the Offertory for a lighter vestment!"

IV. Symbolism.

In reference to our Divine Lord, the chasuble represents the purple garment worn before Pilate. It is usually considered to be symbolical of charity, which Rabanus Maurus says "is eminent above all the other virtues." The Bishop, when giving the chasuble to the priest in ordination, tells him it is the "robe of the innocence" which should cover us entirely; of that charity which should be spread over all our works and make the glory of our other virtues, even as this vestment covers all others; of that charity which makes us compassionate the miseries of others and teaches us to cover them with a mantle of mercy that may conceal them from the eyes of men, and with a cloak of pardon which will efface them from the eyes of God.

We find it considered typical of good works; ancient sacramentaries and missals regard it as the figure of sacerdotal justice, or of humility, charity and peace, which are to cover and adorn the priest on every side; while the prayer of the Roman Missal connects the chasuble with the yoke of Christ which the priest and the faithful must carry every day—"O Lord, Who hast said —*My yoke is sweet and My burden light*—grant that I may so carry it as to merit Thy grace."

THE MORNING OFFERING.

A Third Dialogue.

Disciple. I should very much like to know what the practice of a simple devotion like the Morning Offering does to the will of an ordinary man. I can understand that his promising to practise it along with others, in order to have the benefit of their prayers, will help his memory. But what about his will?

Teacher. There is some little act of the will required to remember and say the prayer in question. That is worth something, surely. Men do not make so many religious acts of the will that we can afford to despise the little Morning Offering.

Disciple. Yes, that is true. But the Apostleship of Prayer professes to do something more by means of its Morning Offering. If I mistake not, it claims that some effect is produced by it on the life of the man during the whole day. It is this I should like to understand.

Teacher. I see, you want the plain theology of it all. Now I can tell you from the start that it is not too easy to make plain the working of a man's will, let alone the theology of a man's will working under the influence of God's grace. But with a little patience we may find out something. And I have often thought myself that people would use their wills better if they reflected a little on how the will works.

Disciple. Most people, I am afraid, would feel like the grand French lady who had been brought up in the country; when she came to Court, she found that she had first of all to learn to walk.

Teacher. It is about the same thing. People know, in a general way, that they are responsible for certain of their actions; but very many reflect little or not at all on what this responsibility is and in what actions it is found. And they seem never to reflect on how they can use their wills to the best advantage.

Yet it is all very simple, if one wishes to act reasonably. Even the commonest man knows that the good or evil of his actions depends on the will's intention in doing them.

Disciple. Yes, it is there the trouble lies—to know what the intention of the will is and how it influences our actions. For example, here is the Morning Offering which professes to deal with "all the prayers, works and sufferings of this day." What possible influence can a prayer, however fervently said in the morning, exercise over an action performed at noon?

Teacher. You will let me say, to begin with, that such a question presents vastly more difficulty to the man who speculates on theology than to the common Christian. The latter easily takes up with such a practice of devotion, without troubling himself how it is to be explained in so many words. All have heard that one of the most solid principles of Christian piety consists precisely in this—that an offering to God of works long before they are done may have a great influence in rendering them acceptable to Him.

Disciple. Of course, I am familiar with its application in the gaining of Indulgences. When I was at school, a prayer was read out every day at the beginning of Mass, in which we were told to form our intention in order to gain whatever spiritual advantages might be attached to our devotions; and I hear something of the same kind announced before the Way of the Cross in our Lenten services.

Teacher. Yes, that is one very common instance. But the consecration of a man's life to God in the priesthood or the religious state is another and, perhaps, better example. A man may live as a priest sixty years; now all this time he had already consecrated to God when he first offered himself for the priesthood. It would be discouraging if God could not take what we offer Him with such good will.

Disciple. It seems to me there is some fallacy there. The young priest could not foresee that he was to live sixty years. He simply meant to offer all of life that was given him.

Teacher. Well, does not that amount to the same thing?

You say he *meant* to offer: now the meaning of the will is about what we call its *intention*. The will intends to work out a certain end by certain acts. And it chooses these acts in virtue of this intention which governs it. The young man chooses to live any number of years as a priest, because he intends to offer and consecrate himself to God in that holy state. Just so in the Morning Offering. When he makes it in the morning, the man intends to perform at least some good act during the day in fulfilment of it.

Disciple. You mean, then, that the intention made in the Morning Offering helps a man's will to choose to perform good actions during the day?

Teacher. Exactly. It is, first of all, a *help;* and we must not ask more of it than to help a man's will, under grace. Then, it helps a man to *choose* at noon, as you said, some good action which he might not have chosen to do had he not formed this intention in the morning.

Disciple. Surely, you never imagine that all the many millions who make the Morning Offering go on all the day long thinking about it?

Teacher. Surely not. And I suspect it is here your fallacy comes in. Some think of it frequently, some seldom, a great many of course not at all. Probably more think of it than you might suspect. A man told me recently that in passing along the street he often meets with others whom he has seen at the League meetings. This invariably brings to his mind the thought—"That man has made the daily Offering for me this morning. I must say a little prayer for him."

Disciple. That is very nice. But is the influence of the Morning Offering only in proportion to the thinking of it which a man does during the day?

Teacher. No, and this is a point not enough understood. The intention of the will can have an influence over a man's action long after it is made, and when he is not reflecting on it at all. This is as much the case with evil intentions as with good.

Disciple. You surely do not mean that a man who formed his intention sometime back now goes on acting in virtue of that intention without thinking at all about it?

Teacher. Yes and no. Of course, the intention must have something to do with the action; and, if you wish, this influence of the intention has something to do with a thought more or less present to the mind. But he need not be actually adverting to the very thought which guides his steps; perhaps, if pulled up short, he would scarcely be conscious of the presence of this thought. When a man acts freely, and pays attention to the motive of his action, he is said to have an *actual* intention. But it often happens that actions for which we are perfectly responsible are performed with only a *virtual* intention.

Disciple. Could you give me some examples to hold on to in trying to understand this? You see, we are so little accustomed to reflecting on the action of our own will, that I am quite like my grand French lady who found it very hard to learn to walk in Paris, though she had scampered through her native fields for years.

Teacher. Here is an every-day example, and not religious either. A man has to go one morning to some other than his usual place of business. He arises with this thought in his mind, he remembers the streets he must take and whatever other unusual circumstances there may be before he can reach the place to which he wishes to go. His mind is made up, there is no particular difficulty in the way, and he starts out. Meanwhile, his attention is strongly taken up with the business of the day. He walks on, turning to right and to left precisely as he had planned, but without once thinking of the place for which he is bound until he reaches it.

Now, he has not followed the ordinary path to his day's business. That he might go over unthinkingly from mere habit; even this morning, quite against his will and from the force of this habit, he might have gone his usual way until something occurred to remind him that he wished to go elsewhere. Then we should have said that he was acting from an *habitual* intention. This is something quite mechanical, and not sufficient to make an act good or evil. It is not deliberate at all; and such an habitual intention might guide the footsteps of one who is asleep. In

such a case, our business man would have to turn on his steps with an *actual* intention. But in the case we have supposed, which is common enough, he went unthinkingly along an unusual way, *in virtue of* the plan he had formed in the morning. This is what is called a *virtual* intention. It has a real force or *virtue* on the act that is performed, and this virtue is freely willed. It is therefore regularly sufficient for making a man responsible for his action.

This is the kind of intention to which the Morning Offering chiefly helps; for it is evident that even fervent Christians will not go mooning about all the day perplexing their head with the actual thought of the Morning Offering. It is this intention, also, which the faithful are recommended to form in the morning in order that they may gain any Indulgences or spiritual advantages which may be attached to their good works.

Disciple. I see there is some reality in these distinctions you are making about the acts of the will. But I should like a little more light as to the deliberate character of those acts which are performed under the influence of a virtual intention. You know we are taught very carefully that we cannot commit a sin without knowing it and willing it deliberately. It must be the same for a good work.

Teacher. Yes, no work is good in the Christian sense, that is, supernatural and meritorious, unless a supernatural motive is present to the mind. In other words, we must act from some motive taught us by the Christian faith—because God wishes us to act so, or it is pleasing to Him, or it is according to what He teaches us concerning the love of our neighbor, and so on. And it is only such actions that the Morning Offering is supposed to influence.

Disciple. Really, you are doubling me on my tracks. First, the Morning Offering must be somehow present to the man's mind, though he does not think of it expressly; and now you tell me that the very action which he is supposed to offer must be prompted by a Christian motive also present to his mind. May I ask if this motive can work on him in the same way without his thinking expressly of it?

Teacher. Believe me, it is all very simple in practice, just as a man's breathing is simple. If he should study out the mechanical theory of the action of chest and lungs, and then try to breathe consciously according to this theory, he would soon find himself in a predicament. Just so a Christian who has any practice of his religion does a thousand things *in virtue of it* without all this roundabout reflection, just as he breathes the air.

Without going too much into the details, the commonest examples of life will show you this. If a child stumbles, it is very apt to stamp upon the ground, as if Mother Earth were to blame. A boy is likely to become angry, especially if his mates laugh at him. What we call a swearing man will probably curse. Now, why is it a common idea that an ordinary Christian should be simply patient under the circumstances? I think it is because everyone supposes that *in virtue of his religion* he keeps a certain control over his temper. Here is another example of *virtual intention.* He may not actually stop and think that he must be patient because of the patience of Christ's sufferings, though a pious man would do this easily. But simply he *intends,* all through the regular course of his life, to check the natural outbursts of temper which otherwise might lead him into sin. Would you not say that this was a Christian motive present to his mind, even though he does not advert to it expressly?

Disciple. I should be ashamed not to admit that this does occur in my own experience. And it is such acts as these, religious but half-spontaneous and not much reflected on, which the Morning Offering is to consecrate to God for a special purpose?

Teacher. Yes, and the connection of the action with the subtle *virtue* of that Morning Intention, which remains about a man like the perfume that scents his handkerchief, will be more easily grasped if you keep in mind this very certain principle: Every Christian knows in his heart that he desires to get out of every good action he performs as much grace as he can, for himself and others, for the living and the dead. Now, the good which the Morning Offering tries to get from actions is their power of pleading before God.

THE READER.

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A very little religious magazine like the MESSENGER cannot expect to bring home to a very great worldly magazine like the *Century* any proper sense of the grave indecorum with which it has recently treated its Catholic readers. It is sufficient for our purpose if we can bring home to our own readers a strong feeling of the gross ignorance which exists concerning things nearest and dearest to them among apparently well-intentioned people round about them. It is true, they have long been accustomed to a total disregard of their religious feelings. It may be well for them to reflect on the reason of it.

* *

The offence we refer to is contained in a serial story, written by an author who has lately come into favor and who has been praised for his "deep poetic vein of thought, just touched with mysticism." If by "mysticism" is meant his dealing with the supposed interior life of monks and nuns, we may as well say at once that it is in reality puling drivel, the result of an unsound heart and soft brain. Unconsciously perhaps, but very effectively, he blasphemes what he knows not.

This last work of his "deep poetic vein" treats of something which it seems almost sacrilege to mention in Catholic families. It is the story of a Sister, placed so definitely that no one can mistake the convent of which she is supposed to have been an inmate. This convent is of purely American foundation. From the beginning of the century it has numbered among its members daughters of the most respectable families of the State in which it is situated. They have gone forth unto their work and their labor until the evening: they have spent their lives in instructing the ignorant and serving humanity far more efficiently than if they had dreamed away their time with this writer of "deep poetic vein, just touched with mysticism." In point of fact, mysticism has had little to do with their career of devotedness.

For God, in the Catholic Church, has opened the most practical of all careers in a hundred different lines to the activity of women, and has sanctified them with special blessings.

Undoubtedly, there may be Sisters of many kinds: the holy and fervent who relent not in their first purpose; the ordinary good, but not altogether saintly, who go along in a prosaic way, yet finally work out their salvation in fear and trembling as do other ordinary Christians, adding thereto a good bit of work in their vocation; the half-worldly who suffer themselves to look back regretfully to what they have left, and of these many will in the end go back, for the convent doors stand easily open whatever the *Century* magazinist may think. And there might be, though it is not easily to be imagined, downright wicked Sisters.

But the Sister whom this writer has represented is none of these. She is simply silly, with the mawkish love-sickness of this sentimental man who writes unreally of a life which in reality has no existence, except as it floats about in his own watery brain. It has certainly floated far enough, for he brings his sentimental "Sister" back to religion by way of the lepers of Molokai. The heroism of Father Damien has had a certain reward in this world; but, from the *Century's* pages, this fame would seem to be not without its drawbacks.

* * *

But we are speaking to our own Catholic families. Who are these Sisters that go forth from their ranks, year after year, to fill our convents and, when their work is done, to lay away their mortal remains under the plain cross of the convent cemetery, there to stay until all shall be summoned forth to be judged for the deeds they have done in the flesh? To us Catholics, the quiet resting-place in the convent burying-ground brings with it a consolation which we know not for those who remain in the busy world. It seems to us a warrant that all is well, and more than well, with our loved ones.

In the first place, it was invariably the best girl of the little circle at home that went forth in the flower of youth to consecrate herself to the King of Virgins. There was something holy about her even then, and once we had known her high call she became

a thing of reverence. Any breath of unfaithfulness to God in her would come back upon us as a blow. Sometimes it was the one best fitted to shine in the world; and yet she cheerfully turned away from it to follow the beckoning hand of the Lover of souls. After the convent life was entered on, with how great interest did the family follow the career of one in whom their own love and pride were centred and consecrated by the deepest sentiments of their faith!

Who is it that shall now come, with unclean hand, to cast scorn upon these pure souls who sacrificed this world so cheerfully that they might live to something higher? There is no Catholic family in the land that is not deeply wounded in its most sacred feelings.

* * * *

Leaving aside the author of this grievous indecorum—for of one of his profession we may say, "Probably he knows no better!"—we find it profoundly discouraging that the editor of one of the chief periodicals of our country should have, apparently, no proper sense of the religious bearing of what he publishes in his magazine. We cannot reasonably suppose any evil intention: it is too evident that the offence arises from utter ignorance of the serious feelings and the intimate life of a large part of the population to which he appeals. It is not probable that he cares little, or not at all, for the good opinion of Catholics. This was once the case, and it often led to all manner of exhibition of under-breeding: though the audacity of the present instance was seldom surpassed. The present case, in fact, seems rather to be a fault of narrow breeding, that is, of a man holding a high and responsible position before the world without being educated to a proper knowledge of his public.

It might be different if the numerous convents of our country were peopled by vocations from families of a single race, sharply separated from the other inhabitants of the country. An attempt has often been made to force our Catholic Americans into this false position. But the advance of years has rendered this attempt impossible. We may safely say that there is not a single "old family" of New England or New York which has not Catholics among its members, and few which have not Sisters

that went forth to the convents from their midst. This is true, in its measure, of other parts of the country, and nowhere more true than in the Southwestern State where the *Century Magazine* has permitted its contributor to disport his foolish fancy.

But we have said enough. It remains for Catholics sadly to demand of themselves—Why is it that, among those who live with them in such apparent friendship, their more serious and sacred feelings are disregarded, ill-understood, or—to stretch our charity to the utmost—utterly unknown?

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We turn gratefully from so unpleasant a subject to a book which is sent us, by the way, from one bearing the name of one of the best-known families of Massachusetts. There, more perhaps than in any other part of the country, are found honored Catholic members of the old historic families, and not ashamed of the Faith more ancient than England, old or new.

It is the *Little Manual* of the Work of Expiation, which has found a centre in London, that great Babylon of modern times, so in need of expiation. This work, which at its beginning was recommended by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, is now fairly under way. It is composed of priests leading a contemplative and penitential life and directing associations of the pious faithful who desire to unite in works of expiation for all the evils that go on around them. There are evils enough, God knows, and God's grace will see that there are Christians enough to offer their works and sufferings in expiation for these evils; and it is to such Christians, uniting together, that God has promised that He will be with them and will hear them. It is curious to notice in this little book the devout office to be recited by the associates, taken almost entirely from the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremias, who is the chief Patron of the work. It is like a spiritual bridge of union across all the centuries, since evil exists in all the centuries, and in every time there are holy souls drawn to prayer and penance for the sake of their brother-men. Who shall say that they have not saved to the world the good that is in it? Who shall know, until the last Accounting Day, what graces they have drawn down on souls, silently in the hidden work of God's Spirit, which cannot be perceived by the animal man.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR MARCH, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

HOLINESS OF CHRISTIAN MORALS.

IT seems to be somewhat of a paradox to pray that Christian morals may be holy! They are so by their very essence, inasmuch as Christian morals signify deliberate human acts based upon and guided by Christian principles. But the mist of the paradox fades away when we learn that the aim of our prayer is to be, that those who are Christians may tread without blame the way of duty and, showing forth amid all their surroundings the works of faith, may thus lead a life more in keeping with the essential holiness of Christian Morals.

I.

When we prayed last month for firmness of faith, we did so because we were aware that faith is the foundation which must be laid before man can do anything pleasing to God or deserving of an eternal reward. At the same time, we were not unmindful that faith alone is not all that is required of us: for we have the very distinct and pressing duty of building upon the sure foundation. This is a truth borne home to us in very many of the teachings and warnings of our Blessed Saviour, and repeated over and over again in the writings of the Apostles. The followers of Christ are bound to pursue holiness themselves and to edify the world around them. Not alone the Apostles but all His followers were addressed by our Lord, when He told them that they were to be "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world"; and that they were to let their light shine before men, "so that they

may see your good works, and glorify your Father Who is in heaven." (St. Matthew, v. 16.) In this manner, the higher apostleship which the twelve were to exercise, in dispensing the mysteries of God for the salvation of souls, was to have its imitator and ally in the general and potent apostleship of holy lives among the Christian flock. And the force of such example is so great that St. Paul, in his letter to the Ephesians, seems to accord to it almost a sacramental efficacy. For, besides the many persuasive and beautiful things he says to them about the necessity and the advantages of holiness, he adds: "Let no evil speech proceed from your mouth: but that which is good to the edification of faith, *that it may administer grace to the hearers.*" (iv. 29.)

Regarding, therefore, Christian faith as the foundation upon which we are to build, and Christian truths and maxims as the theories and principles which are to guide us in our work, the result of our labor will be not only Christian holiness of morals for ourselves, but also the genial influence of Christian example upon others. Thus shall we carry out the command: "Be ye holy as your Father in heaven is holy," and thus, too, escape the doom overhanging those who disedify or scandalize others by their behavior.

II.

It is a threadbare truth that a barren faith is useless, or, as the Apostle expresses it, that "faith without works is dead." (St. James, ii. 20.) Nor is it less true that charity may have been cast out and hope abandoned, whilst faith, through the long-suffering patience of God, may still remain. Hence the grotesque anomaly, so befitting our fallen nature, of boasting of our faith and proclaiming our loyalty to it, although we leave it like the base of a tower which a man had begun to build and then left unfinished, either because he was ashamed to complete it or unable! Hence the ever-widening ranks of those who profess themselves so ready to "stand up" for their religion; though it is almost impossible to lead them to kneel down in sorrow for their sins, and receive the Sacraments at the seasons prescribed by the teachings of their

faith! The grand gift of faith which the mercy of God bestows is such an enlightenment of the mind that no man apostatizes from it for the purpose of attaining something purer or holier or more useful for eternal life. It is not the faith they are eager to eschew: but the flesh shrinks from the bitter strife and the conflict so needful to make conduct harmonize with creed. This is the real explanation of a low order of moral behavior among those who even glory in their Christian profession.

No wonder, then, that our Holy Father Leo XIII. writes, in his recent Encyclical to Italy: "*faith* is in less jeopardy than morals." It is not from a scarcity of those who are willing to say, "Lord, Lord," that our age is suffering, but rather from a great neglect of "doing the will of the Father Who is in heaven." Our century seems to have taken up a new form of paganism, just as absurd in its tenets and as disastrous in its results as the old paganism, which dishonored man and made the whole earth disgusting as the "reek of the rotten fens" to the All-holy God. Morality is a mere matter of convenience. Good and bad have no higher standard than the merely natural usefulness of the one and the harm of the other. Honesty is admitted to be a "good policy," and dishonesty's chief ugliness is in the risk of its being found out. God is unknowable and His right to make laws a debatable question! Progress, education, culture, "health, wealth, and prosperity"—"these be thy gods," O great century of the Christian (?) era!

Our schools, our clubs, our social gatherings, our amusements, our arts, sciences, literature, public opinion, politics, statesmanship—in a word, almost everything belonging to this boastful century is tinged or thoroughly imbued with that amount of paganism which either excludes entirely God's management of the affairs of men, or, by a sort of concession, allows Him a few minutes of supremacy on Sunday. Even then there is an immense amount of discordant wrangling as to what it is, precisely, that He demands of us, and how much, precisely, we can allow to Him consistently with the dignity and the rights of our intelligence. In this way the principles of Christian morality are

dislodged from their base, and the shreds of good moral behavior which survive the catastrophe are no more evidence of vigorous moral life than the gasping and writhing of an animal's head severed from the body are a proof of its individual existence.

III.

The Associates of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart have a very sublime work to perform. They are to aim, first of all, at a more thorough following of Christian principles. Offering up every day their prayers, works, and sufferings in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, they will obtain special graces for the better ordering of their own lives. Their example will wield its influence and their special prayer now will add to its force for the benefit of others. Pray that in public and in private, in our homes and in our places of work, in our eating, drinking, resting and recreating, in all things, at all times and everywhere, we may be really Christian in our behavior. Thus it will come to pass that, just as the grand triumph of the early Christians was in the fact that, in spite of all disgrace and torture, they purified the atmosphere of paganism by the sweet fragrance of Christian virtue; so the League of the Sacred Heart, by fidelity, piety, zeal, and perseverance, may help to establish the Kingdom of Christ in the hearts of men.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that the morals of Christians may be made holy through the benign influence of the strong love of Thy Divine Heart. *Amen.*

THE LEAGUE IN PARISHES.

AT the late Catholic Congress held in Lille, France, at the end of November, 1890, the following report was presented by a parish priest and Director of the Apostleship in the Diocese of Arras. It is noteworthy and suggestive of many things which our own pages have often endeavored to bring before the Reverend clergy.

I purpose considering the Apostleship of Prayer from the point of view of the *sanctification of parishes.*

Allow me to begin by citing the judgment of the highest authority—of Leo XIII.—in regard to this work. It was given only twenty-six days after his coronation. The Director General of the Apostleship having had the happiness of being introduced into the apartments of the Holy Father, offered him the respectful homage of the Associates. Scarcely had Leo XIII. heard the name of the Apostleship, of Prayer, when his face lighted up. "I am acquainted with this work," he said at once; "*it does great good,* and I bless it with my whole heart that it may do more."

What could have been the reason that drew from the Pope a eulogy so spontaneous and so glorious? It is because the high understanding of Leo XIII. comprehended all the importance and the entire bearing at the present time of such a work—a true League of all Christian hearts united under the banner of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. As far back as 1867, when he was still Archbishop of Perugia, two notable characters are assigned by him to the work in a letter to the Director of the Apostleship: "This work is so beautiful, uniting the *utmost fruitfulness* with such *simplicity,* that most assuredly it deserves all protection on the part of ecclesiastical authority."

Extreme simplicity joined to *extreme fruitfulness.* This, indeed, is the character of all the works which God wills; and in this is well summed up the merit of our work, its superiority and its results.

The few remarks I am going to put before you will be but a modest commentary on these two expressions, with the view of making an urgent appeal to my brethren in the priesthood and to all Christian souls, in favor of the Apostleship of Prayer.

I. *Extreme simplicity* in what it demands and in its organization.

1st. In the *conditions it demands*—what is necessary to have a share in the work of the Apostleship of Prayer? To have one's *name* enrolled in the Association, and to promise to *offer every morning the actions of the day for the intentions of the Heart of Jesus.* This practice of devotion, which *alone* is demanded of the Associates, forms the *First Degree* of the Association.

If any one wishes to have a larger share in the prayers, privileges, and Indulgences, besides the Morning Offering of the actions of the day, he promises to recite every day *one Decade of the Beads.* This promise places him in the *Second Degree* of the work.

Last of all, if over and above the Morning Offering and the Decade of the Beads he promises to make, at least once a month, the *Communion of Reparation* in honor of the Sacred Heart, he thereby practises the *Third Degree.*

None of these promises obliges under pain of sin, even venial.

What is simpler and easier than these practices of devotion? *To offer every morning the whole day to God,* is not this the very foundation of a reasonable and Christian life? *To recite daily a decade of the beads,* is it not the slightest of the observances of serious piety? *To receive Communion once a month,* is it not, in our day, the necessary condition of perseverance for a great number of the faithful?

Nothing, then, is easier than to take part in the work of the Apostleship, since absolutely it demands nothing more than a very simple act—*the Morning Offering of the day in union with the Sacred Heart.* The other practices, the Decade of the Beads and the Communion of Reparation, are simply counselled.

2d. As to the *organization,* it is also of great simplicity.

This is what is essential to establish the work in a parish: The parish priest asks from the Central Director a Diploma of Aggregation for his parish, and another of Local Director for himself. He has a Register kept where the names of the Associates are inscribed at the same time that he gives them the Certificate of Admission which he has received from the Central Director. He appoints one or two monthly meetings, either at Mass or at Benediction, which he may fix for the first Friday of the month or on a Sunday at his choice. He chooses among the best Associates Promoters of both sexes who are commissioned to recruit new members, and to give out the monthly Tickets (of Rosary and Intentions) to the fifteen or more Associates that are entrusted to each of them.

Consequently, there is no work easier to establish in a parish.

II. The Apostleship of Prayer, then, possesses the *simplicity* so recommended by our Lord. But what proves how far it has been blessed of God, is the *extreme fruitfulness* which it joins with this simplicity.

1st. Its activity reaches throughout the world, and its first fruit is to *sanctify the world.*

The Apostleship is an immense Association which has extended through the two hemispheres, bringing the whole Christian people to their knees before the Sacred Heart, to obtain the application of the Precious Blood of Christ to the Christian world by the preservation of faith, and to the unbelieving world by the propagation of the faith. It has deserved to receive from Leo XIII. the most glorious name in our religion, that it is *Catholic:* "Spread not alone in France," he writes, "but in Germany, in Spain, in Switzerland, in the two Americas, in the Indies, in China and even in Oceanica, the Apostleship may well be called, in the true sense of the word, *Catholic.*" This is the first result.

2d. The second fruit is to *sanctify each of its members.*

The Apostleship of Prayer makes the Christian life *more real, more pious, more easy:*

More *real*, by nourishing the true spirit of Christianity which is the spirit of union with our Lord Jesus Christ.

More *pious*, by inspiring an utter devotedness to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Whose great interests the Apostleship has taken in hand.

More *easy*, by giving the noblest incitement to the accomplishment of duty, namely, the thought of God's Kingdom to be established on earth, and the sight of souls in danger which our generosity may help to save.

3d. By sanctifying souls it sanctifies (and this is the third of its fruits) the *parishes, communities and houses of education*, where it is established.

To work out the general sanctification of a parish or a house of education, it is a great art to know how to group together all the different souls according to the degree of their fervor. Now, from this point of view, the Apostleship of Prayer furnishes us with wonderful resources. By its three gradually ascending Degrees, by its Communion of Reparation, which may be weekly or monthly, by its Bands of Fifteen and its Council of Promoters, the Apostleship furnishes an organization as easy as it is powerful for good. It allows the enrolment under the banner of the Sacred Heart of the entire parish; and, when guided by a skilful and zealous Director, the faithful make progress in the ways of the Lord, and form a true army which goes forward to the combat full of ardor and in good order.

And, in truth, wherever the work of the Apostleship has been solidly established, what fruits of sanctification, what consoling results for good have there not been!

4th. To this threefold fruit let us add: the special claim to the *Promises* made by our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, in favor of those who work to glorify His Divine Heart; the 198 *Plenary Indulgences belonging to this Association*, and a great number of partial Indulgences; finally, and most of all, the special share which the Associates have in the *prayers, penances, Masses, Communions*, of all the great Religious Orders, of more than 120 Religious Congregations, of 45,000 parishes, of seven-

teen millions of Associates. What a help is this during life, and more still, at the moment of death and in Purgatory!

This is the twofold character of the Apostleship: by its *simplicity* it is open to all; by its *fruitfulness its activity reaches out to all.*

It is unnecessary for me to remark that numerous facts day by day show us the fruitfulness of the Apostleship, *when well organized and well directed* for the sanctification of parishes. . . . I cannot conclude better than I began—with the words of Leo XIII. This is what he said in a Pastoral Letter to the priests and faithful of his Archdiocese of Perugia: "We greatly desire to see the clergy and people of our diocese acquainted with, appreciating and embracing the Apostleship of Prayer and its practices. Our wish is that all our parish priests and all directors of pious associations should devote themselves to introducing and fostering this work in the parishes and confraternities under their charge.

"At all times, prayer has been the weapon and divine instrument which the true children of Jesus Christ have used in order to triumph over the enemy of souls. But in the midst of the present calamities, when the adversary of all good is making his last effort to extinguish the faith, to disseminate error and ruin society, it is more indispensable than ever to awaken in the heart of Christians the love and the desire of prayer. In this way, united closely in the very Heart of Jesus, we may be able to repair the harm which is daily being done to religion and the Church by the hateful sects of impiety."

[The Director General, named by Leo XIII., 20 January, 1884, wrote to the American Head Director on the 29th of April, 1887:

We approve all your publications, whether periodical or not (*Handbook*, pamphlets, leaflets, &c.), as expressing the true spirit of our Holy League, and we earnestly desire that they should be placed in the hands of all our dear Associates of the United States.

The Head Director willingly corresponds with the Reverend clergy and Superiors of communities on subjects connected with the League (address, office of MESSENGER). EDITOR.]

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (January 12 to February 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Mary's Church, Greenville.

Chicago, Illinois: St. Ann's Church, Chicago.

Columbus, Ohio: Sacred Heart Church, Pomeroy.

Davenport, Iowa: St. Joseph's School (Sisters of Charity B. V. M.), Davenport.

Denver, Colorado: Annunciation Chapel, Denver.

Grand Rapids, Michigan: St. Alphonsus' Church, Grand Rapids; St. Patrick's Church, Grand Haven.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: St. Stephen's Church, Stevens Point.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: Holy Trinity Church, McSherrystown.

Indian Territory, Indian Territory: Sacred Heart Mission (Benedictine Fathers), Sacred Heart.

Lincoln, Nebraska: St. Joseph's Church, York.

Mobile, Alabama: Sacred Heart Church, Anniston.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Bernard's Church, Mount Hope; St. Joseph's Academy (Sisters of Charity), Newton.

New Orleans, Louisiana: Ursuline Convent, New Orleans.

New York, New York: St. James' Church, New York; Sacred Heart Church, Dobbs Ferry.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Holy Cross Church, Mt. Airy.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Immaculate Conception Church, Dudley.

Portland, Maine: Institute of the Little Brothers of Mary, Lewiston.

Providence, Rhode Island: Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Providence.

Richmond, Virginia: St. Mary's Church, Norfolk; Stella Maris Church, Fortress Monroe.

San Antonio, Texas: St. Mary's Church, San Antonio.

Scranton, Pennsylvania: St. Peter's Cathedral, Scranton.

Springfield, Massachusetts: St. Joseph's Convent (Sisters of St. Joseph), Springfield.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Genevieve's Church, St. Genevieve.

St. Paul, Minnesota: Ascension Church, Minneapolis; St. Joseph's Church, Red Wing; St. Michael's Church, West St. Paul.

Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan: St. Ann's Church, Sault Ste. Marie.

Vincennes, Indiana: St. Pius' Church, Troy.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from January 12 to February 12, 1891.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	614,887	11. Masses Heard	303,594
2. Beads	571,120	12. Mortifications	636,882
3. Stations of the Cross	135,418	13. Works of Charity	332,797
4. Holy Communions	144,729	14. Works of Zeal	668,250
5. Spiritual Communions	407,401	15. Prayers	7,072,536
6. Examens of Conscience	240,550	16. Charitable Conversation	587,664
7. Hours of Labor	1,335,674	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	168,621
8. Hours of Silence	909,616	18. Self-Conquest	201,643
9. Pious Reading	216,423	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	393,530
10. Masses Celebrated	836	20. Various Good Works	1,409,147
Total			16,351,318

The above returns represent five hundred and ninety-three Centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 109,796.

——*This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith* (I. St. John, v. 4).——

SCRANTON, PA., JANUARY 15.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart for a special favor received.

——, NEVADA, JANUARY 16.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, my petition for a little home and other favors has been granted.

SHUQUALAK, MISS., JANUARY 18.—Thanks to the most loving and Sacred Heart of Jesus for the grace granted to my husband, to overcome his dissipated, reckless life and to return to the practice of his holy religious duties.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL., JANUARY 18.—Some months ago, I begged the prayers of the League for means to pay debts which had accumulated enormously. These debts have been paid.

OLIVER'S MILLS, PA., JANUARY 19.—Thanks for a father of a family who went to Mass about Christmas. He had not assisted at the Holy Sacrifice for twenty-two years.

NORFOLK, VA., JANUARY 19.—I return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the happy death of an uncle who had not been to his duties for years, and whom I recommended to the prayers of the Associates about a month before his death; also for the favor of having the League established in our parish.

LEWISTON, ME., JANUARY 21.—Kindly mention in your "Thanksgiving" column two favors received through the Sacred Heart.

SHERMAN, WASHINGTON, JANUARY 21.—Please thank the loving Heart of Jesus through the MESSENGER for a change in my business and for the recovery of my boy.

MOBILE, ALA., JANUARY 23.—We wish to return special thanks to the Sacred Heart for sending us means to renovate the interior of our convent—a favor we believe to have been granted through the prayers of the Holy League. And thanks are also returned for the many special graces and blessings bestowed on our little community.

——, N. Y., JANUARY 23.—Please thank the Sacred Heart for news received from a brother long lost to us. Also for extraordinary conversions during a mission given here. Five received the Sacraments who had not done so in from twenty-five to twenty-seven years.

ST. IGNATIUS MISSION, MONT., JANUARY 23.—I was prevented for several months from working by erysipelas. I began a novena to obtain my cure, putting on the Badge and promising to give thanks in the MESSENGER. I also promised if I was cured to go to Holy Communion every Friday. Since I began my novena, I have had no further trouble and have improved steadily.

CANTON, N. Y., JANUARY 24.—During the month of November I asked the prayers of the League for my two brothers that they might be enabled to abstain from drink. In that month my oldest brother took the pledge.

GALLITZIN, PA., JANUARY 24.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for three special favors.

SEYMOUR, IND., JANUARY 25.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the restoration of my sister's mind.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 26.—Heartfelt thanks for a position as governess obtained for one who greatly needed it, and the return of a friend to her duties after eight years.

DENVER, COL., JANUARY 26.—Special thanks to the Divine Heart for a person who, after three Masses said in honor of the Sacred Heart, has made a general confession of her whole life and recovered an admirable peace of conscience, unknown to her for many years.

DEL NORTE, COLO., JANUARY 27.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the choice of a state in life and for the grace of overcoming a temptation.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JANUARY 27.—Please thank the League of the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a person recommended to it some time ago; his life was one of dissipation and recklessness, with the total neglect of his religion. His way of living had brought him to the brink of despair—his friends had grown so tired and discouraged, they were about to cast him off altogether. A last appeal to the Sacred Heart was made in his behalf, when all at once he went to a priest and made his peace with God.

HUNTER, N. Y., JANUARY 27.—I owed a person some money for a long time, and it seemed impossible for me to get money to pay it, but, thanks to the Sacred Heart, I received abundantly more than I needed to pay up the debt.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 27.—We return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a Protestant gentleman who was received into the Church before he died, and for the reconciliation of two families.

WILMINGTON, N. C., JANUARY 26.—We have to thank the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a careless Catholic. For three months he was prayed for. During the octave of Christmas he made his peace with God, received Holy Communion, and is well-disposed.

SEATTLE, WASH., JANUARY 27.—In fulfilment of my promise I wish through the MESSENGER to return thanks to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus for the improvement in health of one who was recommended to the prayers of the League a short time ago.

WICHITA, KAS., JANUARY 30.—Fervent thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the MESSENGER, for a favor obtained.

LOUISVILLE, O., JANUARY 30.—We wish to return sincere and grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart for enabling us to meet some heavy financial calls.

TIFFIN, O., JANUARY 30.—Sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the MESSENGER, for four special favors,

and six others, which we received almost immediately after having asked for them.

High Bridge, N. Y., January 30.—Most grateful thanks are returned to the Divine Heart for favors received during the past two months.

Omaha, Neb., January 30.—I wish to return thanks for a position received by my husband through the Sacred Heart; also for a lawsuit gained.

Cape Girardeau, Mo., February 1.—Thank the dear Sacred Heart for many, many favors received.

Boston, February 3.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the Immaculate Heart of His divine Mother, for three temporal favors, all granted within two weeks after being presented.

Chicago, February 7.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for one great temporal favor and many spiritual graces obtained during the past month.

New York, February 10.—Last month we recommended a soldier at the Pine Ridge agency, South Dakota, who was engaged in the recent trouble with the Indians. One of the bullets struck his breast-plate and glanced off leaving an indentation. All believe his Badge of the Sacred Heart saved him, as he is an Associate, saying also the Decade of the Rosary.

Various Centres.—For a very great spiritual favor granted a community through the prayers of the League.—A confirmed inebriate for upward of fifteen years has been doing well continuously for an appreciable length of time. Encouraged by success he is still determined to conquer the enemy, relying solely on prayer. He was recommended to the League several months ago.—For many cures wrought on the afflicted by use of the Promoter's Cross of the League.—For a girl who was out of work three months and had the intention in about three days when she got work.—For twenty favors obtained, and several persons return thanks to the most loving Heart for blessings bestowed on themselves and their families during the past year.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART

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THE RESURRECTION.

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

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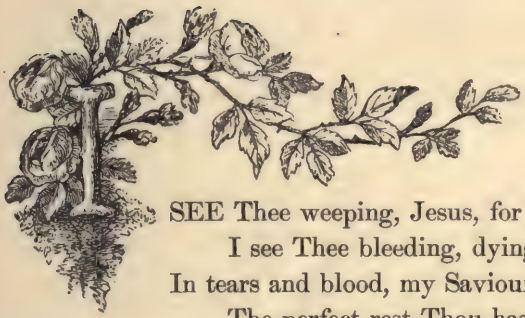
THE EASTER CRUCIFIX.

By Helen Grace Smith.

I.



I SEE Thee weeping, Jesus, for my sin,
I see Thee bleeding, dying, just for me:
In tears and blood, my Saviour, must I win
The perfect rest Thou hast prepared for me.

See how I kiss Thy wounded hands and feet—
Those crimson wounds that for my fault have bled!
Forgiven? Ah! that word divine falls sweet
Like dew upon my aching heart and head.

What have I done that Thou shouldst love me so?
I have no merit but from Thy sweet grace.
Stricken with shame, dear Lord, to Thee I go,
And at Thy feet I hide my tear-stained face.

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II.

THEY mourned Him sorrowing; and all the earth
Was still, ah! still like death.
Yet silently the tender spring gave birth
To all her sweetness, and the first faint breath
Of flowers filled the places far and near
Where late the Lord had walked, the Saviour dear.

The saddened earth—still, still like death it lay;
For death had passed, and now
No joyous thing had being; and the day
Was lost in night, upon whose stricken brow
The stars wept sadly, softly, through the gloom
Where sate the watch about the Saviour's tomb.

Poor earth! The fainting flowers only knew
His face, the Saviour's face:
They, only, kissed His feet, while all the blue
Bent down in ecstasy, and all the place
Was glorious with heaven,—only these
Their incense offered on the raptured breeze.

Dear Lord! They tell the story to us still
How "Love is strong as death,"
And evermore with gladness do they fill
The gladsome earth, where each that sorroweth
May breathe their sweetness, sweet as on the morn
When rose the Lord, and joy again was born.

A STUDY OF FRIARS.

THE bright sun of Rome when it shines—and there are few days in the year when it does not look forth in splendor—inspires nothing but fulness of life and rejoicing, as it were, a perpetual Easter. Its rays are nowhere more dazzling than when, mounting up the long steps of the Quirinal, you wander along into the Piazza Barberini.

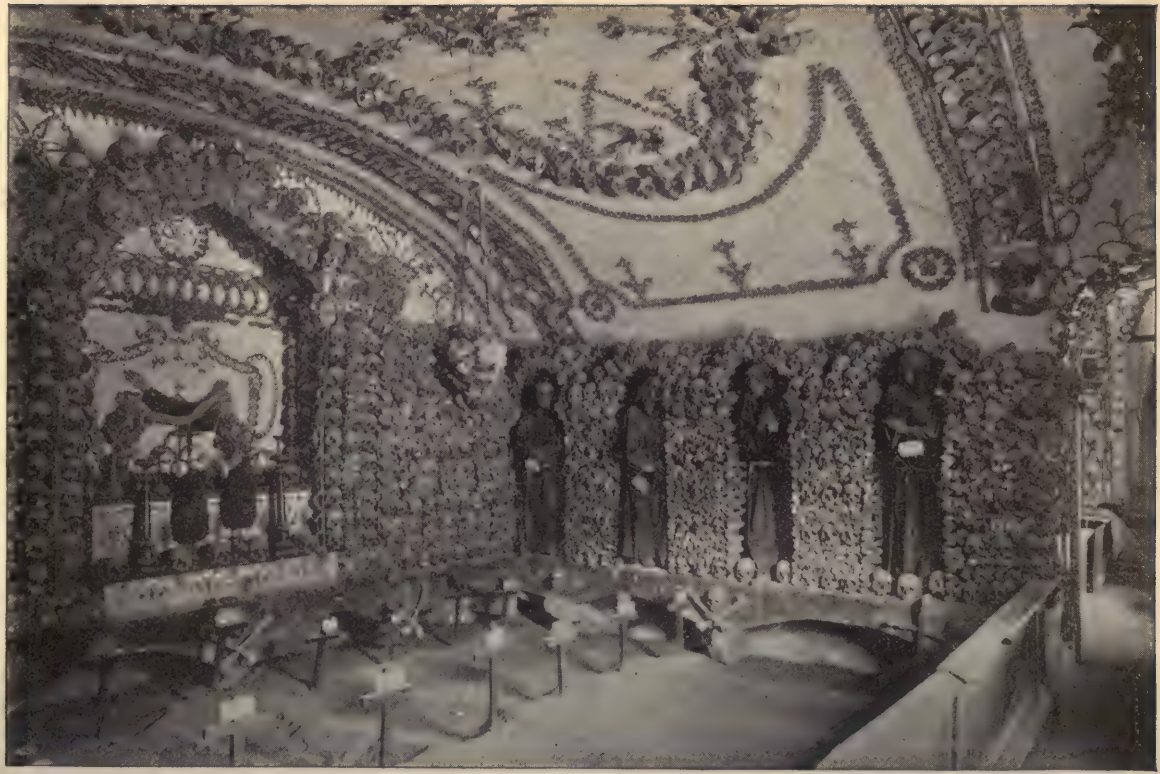
To the right arises the noble palace which is a memorial of this family's magnificence when Urban VIII., their greatest member, was Pope. With all their magnificence and greatness, he used to say—at least so it is said, and not disedifyingly—that he "had four relations who were fit for nothing: first, Cardinal Francis, who was a saint and worked no miracles; secondly, Cardinal Anthony, who was a monk and had no patience; thirdly, Cardinal Anthony the Younger, who was an orator and did not know how to speak; while the fourth was a General who did not know how to draw the sword!"

Perhaps the stranger who admires the immense building, screened from the street by the beautiful railing between its lofty columns, does not know that near at hand there is a far more notable memorial of Cardinal Francis, the "Saint-Brother" of Pope Urban. His guide-book, indeed, will tell him that the little Piazza opening to the left leads to the Capuchin church founded by Cardinal Barberini the monk. But the Capuchins are properly not monks, but friars; and it was not Cardinal Anthony, "the monk who had no patience," but Francis, who did better than work miracles, that founded this church in the year 1624.

Entering into the church, where the cool shadows are refreshing after the hot sun of the Piazza, you may see his epitaph on the pavement in front of the high altar.

Here lies dust, ashes, nothingness.

This great Cardinal of princely family was known in many



SECOND CHAPEL OF CRYPT.

lines. He received the English poet Milton, when he came to Rome and accredited himself with his carefully written Latin verses. Even the enemies of the Popes acknowledge that the only advantage he took of his brother's elevation was to endow this church and convent for the friars. He was himself one of the despised friars, whom the guide-books persist in calling "snuffy." Perhaps their authors would stimulate their senses with snuff if they had the short sleep and scant fare of these bare-footed, coarse-gowned, shaven-headed Capuchins, whose prayers and unremitting good works are doing so much to keep the Faith among the Roman populace.

Looking around the church, you may see a few really fine pictures. Here is Guido's "St. Michael," where the Archangel, at once majestic and beautiful, tramples upon the fiend whom he is thrusting down to his own place. The design of many pictures of the great Archangel has been taken from this admired painting. At the left of the high altar is the tomb of the princely son of the great Sobieski, who delivered Europe from the advance of the Turks.

But it is not the tombs, or the paintings of Saints and Angels in the church, which stir most to Easter thoughts. It is something that is most curious in all Rome, and which the traveller should not leave unseen.

You will find one of the friars in the sacristy, who with his key will let you pass through a narrow door to the right, from which a staircase descends into a corridor that runs the whole length of the crypt below. This crypt is not subterranean, but has the real light of day coming into it from what was once the convent courtyard. The latter is now cut in two by the new street, opened by the new Government, apparently because the opening of it would sweep away the greater part of the historic convent. It is a great consideration in the planning of this new Rome, to broaden the ways and narrow the lives of friars and their kind. Still, it is the narrow way that in the end leads to the better place, as we are assured on good authority.

On descending the stairs, visitors who come in groups are

CHAPEL OF THE SKULLS.

apt to be disturbed for a moment by the involuntary cries or even the sudden retreat and escape of some one of the party, more nervous than the rest: and yet there is nothing fearful here, for it is simply the cemetery where the friars are resting their weary bones until the last trump shall summon them again to life and motion. All that is strange is that the bones are here before you. Some are separated and neatly classified, skulls with skulls, shoulder-blades with shoulder-blades. Others are in full skeletons, with the friar's gown still wrapping them round. Those who were last buried, you are told, are at your feet beneath the little cross-topped mounds made with earth brought from Jerusalem. On the whole, making the widest allowance for man's vagaries in dealing with his dead, this is the unique cemetery of the world.

The crypt is partitioned off into four chapels opening a full side on the little corridor, across which the light streams. Evidently there must be considerable similarity in these chapels, for the bones of the human frame are limited in kind and number. Yet an astonishing variety has been invented in the decorations made.

The second chapel from the stairs is perhaps the best example. Over the altar, just across from where you stand in the corridor, is the usual symbol of all the Orders of St. Francis. It is the crossed arms with the wounded palms—in memory of the Stigmata given to the great Saint who so faithfully imitated his crucified Lord. In the bones which make up the side walls of this chapel, four skeletons in their friars' gowns stand in niches on each side. Overhead, bones are arranged in various imitations of stucco ornament; and from the centre hangs a chandelier of long thigh-bones, with a lamp shining from the midst of a pendent skull.

In another chapel the centre piece of the ceiling is grim Death with a long scythe, himself reduced to a skeleton. In the altar tomb below is buried a friend of St. Philip Neri, the gentle Apostle of Rome. On either side, in the gown of the friars whose benefactors they were and still faithful to them in death, stands a Prince Barberini; for they are not all friars that have

been buried here. Under the retreating arch, in the skulls which are here massed together to form a side wall, lies a recumbent

TOMB OF ST. PHILIP'S FRIEND.

figure, also in the friars' gown, pressing the cross in his bony hands to his breast.

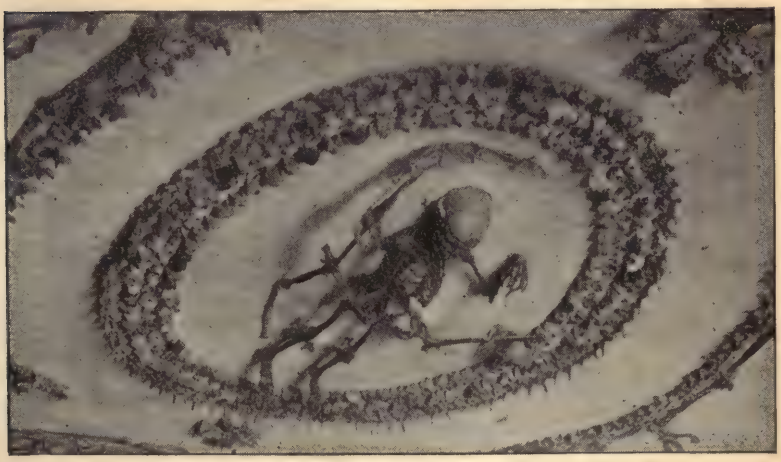
One of the other chapels is more curious still in its ghastly, yet holy mockery of death. The background of the wall is built up with shoulder-blades and similar plate-like bones. In three retreating niches stand three gowned skeletons. One of them still has the fragments of his friar's beard on his chin. The empty eye-sockets of another stare startlingly at the dazed observer, as if to say to him—"*To-day to me, to-morrow to thee.*" There is, indeed, no better place than this for meditating on the uncertainties of human life and, more still, on the certainty of death which shall bring all indiscriminately to dust and ashes. Not all, however, can expect to have their bones so carefully put in order, classified, and turned to pious, if somewhat lugubrious decoration. In yet another chapel three similar gowned figures are embedded in skulls, and the symbol of the hour glass—of Time that is ever fleeting—is wrought on the ceiling above in bones.

Whatever we may think of the good taste shown in all this playing with death, we must agree that there was no idle fear of his horrors in those who builded so strangely. This work, essentially as it is now, dates from two centuries ago. Since that time, when the ghastly grinning skeleton at last yielded to the gnawing tooth of time, and skull fell from trunk while listless hands dropped to the ground, a new skeleton would be taken up from some of these graves in the holy soil of Jerusalem and be carefully stationed in place of the other. But there has been little improving on the first fancy; and now, with the new system in Italy, the friars themselves can no longer be buried here, but must be taken out to sleep in the cold ground of the common cemetery. This strange crypt, however, where their brethren and benefactors lie, will remain for the sake of its very curiousness.

But it also tells the lesson of Easter. *O Grave, where is thy victory?* if these servants of the Risen Lord can thus sport with thee? It would be a quaint fancy to imagine all these bones starting forth from their classified groups to unite each with its fellow at the general Resurrection. But beyond all is the truth, not at all fantastic, that buried deep or exposed above the ground the body can work neither good nor ill to the soul which is freed from it in glory.

"TO-DAY TO ME—TO-MORROW TO THEE."

Mounting up into the church again, we may now look at the fourth chapel from the entrance on the right. Here is the Blessed Crispin of Viterbo, whose body has lain here in veneration since all the many years he lived as a "snuffy friar" in the exercise of heroic patience and charity toward God and man. The incorruption of a Saint's body, though a rare phenomenon, is not regularly accepted by the Church—at least, not without further reason—as an evident miracle. Yet the most scientific traveller would find the Blessed Crispin rather startling to any theory which should not recognize a special action of Providence. There is here nothing of the dried, leathery appearance of certain bodies which are thus found. The flesh seems to stand out firmly still on the cheeks: and there is the red hue of life after one hundred and more years. A German professor who was with me, like many of his kind without faith, could not believe that it was a human body at all, so real and lifelike was it in death. The Christian, without any great speculation, will see in it a sign of the mysterious resurrection which consecrates our earthly body with the seed and hope of another and glorious state where death shall be unknown.



CENTRE-PIECE IN CHAPEL CEILING OF CRYPT.

HARRY'S FAMILY'S EASTER.

By B. A.

"HARRY!"

"All right."

"Mother's awful busy. She wants you to go to the store and get some things for tea."

"All right."

"Don't think there's any bread in the house, either. Better get a loaf while you're at it. Oh, yes, and ask Mother if we can't have some cake for supper."

Silence.

"You provoking boy, I don't believe you've heard a word. Please stop reading and listen. *Harry!*"

"WHAT!"

"Of course. You *haven't* been listening."

"Well, they've all got shipwrecked and I had to see how it turned out. It's a dandy book. What do you want? I heard something about cake, anyway. Got any?"

Kitty produced a paper and a basket which she delivered to Harry with all the superiority of an elder sister.

"No, but Mother wants you to go to the store for her. This is the list, and here's the basket for the things."

"*That* big thing! People'll think I'm bringing home the wash!"

"It wouldn't be any disgrace if you were. Now do hurry, for Mother's waiting."

Harry grumbled, but he went, closing the house-door after him with a bang. Kitty went down to the kitchen where Mrs. Randall was getting supper, assisted (?) by her two remaining sons, aged respectively seven and five. Jamie had essayed to beat the omelet and had succeeded in adorning the front of his white apron with the entire contents of the dish. Kitty having scrubbed the young delinquent, he now was sitting in remorseful silence

upon the settle where his mother in despair had commanded him to remain for fear of further accidents.

Joe was a bright boy of an inquiring turn of mind. He had conceived an ungovernable curiosity in regard to the contents of the pantry, but having discovered a piece of pie, he lost interest in the pursuit and devoted himself to the spoils, the pantry door proving a suitable concealment to his labors.

"That must be the 'Angelus' ringing," said Mrs. Randall, glancing at the clock. "Kitty, I hope your father won't be late."

Just as she spoke, Harry and his father came in together.

The presence of Mr. Randall seemed to have a peculiar effect upon the family. Kitty stopped singing in the middle of a bar, Joe appeared suddenly at the kitchen door, unconscious of the fact that his face gave ample testimony of his previous occupation, while Mrs. Randall made an evident effort at conversation.

Randall was short and thickset with a somewhat florid complexion. Occasionally his expression reminded one of Harry's frank, open face; but his habitual air was rather sullen and forbidding. During supper he appeared even more quiet than usual, and his wife confined her attentions to the children's wants and Joe's frequent excursions to the jam-pot.

After the tea-things were cleared away Kitty whispered wistfully in her mother's ear, "if she were going to church?"

"Not to-night, dear," replied Mrs. Randall, "for I think perhaps Papa will stay home. Harry will take you if you want to go."

Kitty thereupon went upstairs, and shortly after her mother heard a door bang and Harry's voice sounding very loud and determined. Mrs. Randall went upstairs herself to the scene of action.

"Harry, what *is* the matter? Aren't you going to take Kitty to church?"

"Oh, bother! Kitty always asks me to take her out when I don't want to go."

Mrs. Randall sat down quietly beside her unruly young son. "Kitty," she said, in her calm way, "go and put your things on."

Harry ran his fingers through his hair till it stood on end—a habit he had when he was excited.

"Bother Kitty! She's always wanting to go somewhere when a fellow wants to read. I thought you meant to go to-night, Mother,—oh, yes, I forgot. You're going to stay home with Father. Mother, why doesn't *he* ever go to church?"

"Oh, men are generally tired after their long day's work, Harry."

"Well, all of 'em ain't. Kitty and I have seen Mr. Beresford every night at the Lent devotions, and he's the head of a firm and has a good deal more to occupy him than Father. Why, Mother, he never goes to the Sacraments."

"You mustn't speak so about your Father," said Mrs. Randall, turning her head away.

Harry put his arms awkwardly about her neck and kissed her gray hair.

"I bet I know what makes you look so unhappy, Mother," he said.

"Harry, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Randall, in a half-frightened way.

"Well, I guess I can see. Don't I know why you worry so if Father's late evenings? I don't know why you won't talk to me about it. I'm getting real big. Fifteen in June, and I'm an awful lot taller'n *you* are, Mother."

"There, that will do, Harry. You're choking me," interpolated Mrs. Randall, mildly.

"Gracious, here comes Kitty," Harry added, sitting down very suddenly.

Kitty eyed the pair suspiciously.

"Mother, your eyes are all red. You've been crying, and, Harry, so have you."

"I have *not*," said Harry, indignantly.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Nothing at all," said Mrs. Randall, laughing with the tears in her eyes. "Go now, or you'll be late."

In the street, Harry linked his sister's arm protectingly in his.

"Say, Kit, I was awful cross to you to-night, wasn't I?"

"Well—yes, Harry,—you were," Kitty admitted.

"Well, never mind, old girl. You can have the book I got on Christmas to read, after I'm done with it."

"Oh, Harry!"

"And you can use my paint-box when you want it too—not too often, you know."

"Oh, Harry, *really!*"

"Yep. And here"—fumbling in his pocket—"here's some nut-candy I bought day before yesterday. It's been in my pocket with a good many other things, but that doesn't make any difference. It's good. Have some?"

Mrs. Randall was putting the children to bed when Harry came home from church. He stole in very quietly so as not to disturb them. His mother's face lighted up when he entered: she smiled and put her finger on her lips.

"Don't you worry. I won't wake 'em," said Harry. "I just wanted to tell you of a scheme I've got in my head. Thought about it in church. It's—it's about Father."

Harry was accustomed to going to her with his "schemes," as he called them, but this time he couldn't understand why his mother kissed him afterward and called him "her comfort."

"I wish you were five years older, Harry," she said.

"Wish I was, Mother, for your sake, but is anything the matter?"

"Don't tell Kitty, dear, but Father is going to lose his situation. Mr. Fleming says he—doesn't want him any more. Maybe I oughtn't to have told you, but—well, after all, you're my eldest son and I had to tell *somebody*."

Harry was silent. He didn't ask the reason of his father's discharge, but for the first time a feeling of repulsion in regard to him rose in his mind. Perhaps the mother followed his thoughts, for she regretted the words as soon as they had passed her lips. Harry was very young to be made a confidant in such matters.

"Oh, well, every one meets with misfortune now and then, my son," she said, taking up her mending.

"I don't see why you have to be made unhappy though. You're so good, Mother. You're a good sight better'n Father."

"Hush, Harry, I won't listen to such talk," said the mother. "You ought to go now and study your lessons anyway."

Harry went obediently, but that night Latin and Algebra were a hopeless tangle in his mind.

II.

At a quarter before eight the next morning (it was a week-day), Harry went to St. Philip's for Mass, and afterward the regular daily attendants counted him amongst their number. It was hard to keep to his resolution when he was tired or the weather was bad; but he did, and stormy days and clear days he was there, for that had been his agreement with Mother. Nobody in church could help knowing when Harry came in. He always banged the door to, made much noise with his feet coming up the uncarpeted aisle, and was sure to upset the kneeling-bench.

Those who attended the Mass regularly were always sure of what would follow. After Mass, Harry would go to the Communion-rail and kneel before the Blessed Mother's altar, where he appeared to be putting up a very fervent petition for something—one could tell that by his face. In less than a minute, he would finish his prayer, leave the church in a great hurry, banging the door again, and go down the street whistling.

Harry himself in time became quite familiar with the faces about him. There were three or four bright-faced servant girls, who were always on hand to start the day with the great act of praise and prayer, there was the old man who *would* say his beads out loud, and the woman who always came in late with her responses to the prayers the priest says after Mass. Sometimes Harry noticed a gentleman, who came in very often late and sat in one of the back pews. He was not a Catholic, for he never knelt, and spent a good deal of the time, Harry thought, in looking about the church. His dress was faultless, he always wore gloves, and he had a watch-chain which was the special envy of Harry's heart.

The day after he had the talk with his mother, Harry started down town on an expedition of his own.

His heart beat a little when he saw the sign he was in search of on one of the larger buildings—"W. H. Gardiner & Bro." He stopped on the threshold, half inclined to turn back, then his mother's face somehow got between him and the door and he walked in. There were several clerks standing about at big desks, and Harry made a bold front and asked one "where Mr. Gardiner was?" "In the private office. What do you want him for?"

The clerk didn't look much older than Harry, and the latter felt very much inclined to say "It's none of your business." But he managed to control himself and marched toward the inner door.

The clerk was too quick for him however. "Look here now, young man," he said, "you can't go in there bothering Mr. Gardiner. Tell me who sent you, and I'll let him know you're here."

"Oh, you needn't put yourself to all that trouble," said Harry airily. "Besides my business is private. I'm not in any hurry. I'll just sit here till Mr. Gardiner goes out to dinner;" and, suiting the action to the word, Harry drew up a chair and down he sat.

Some of the clerks began to laugh and Harry, boy-like, was rather enjoying his adversary's discomfiture, when the door opened and a gentleman came out of the inner room. Harry took advantage of the opportunity and went in.

Mr. Gardiner was sitting at a large desk engaged in conversation with another gentleman. When he saw Harry a smile crossed his lips, and the latter involuntarily breathed a sigh of relief. It was the same gentleman whom he had noticed at Mass in St. Philip's Church.

"Did you want to see me?" asked Mr. Gardiner kindly.

"Yes, sir," said Harry, "but"—glancing at the other gentleman—"I guess I'll wait."

The two men laughed.

"Private business, eh?" said the stranger, and Harry felt his cheeks grow red; but he stuck to his purpose and said nothing.

"Sit down, boy, I'll attend to you in a minute," said Mr. Gardiner; and Harry was glad enough to do as he was told, for he was beginning to feel rather nervous.

The gentleman finally went out and Harry began to wonder if Mr. Gardiner remembered he was there. It was some minutes before he said, without looking up from his writing:

"What did you want to see me about?"

Harry cleared his throat.

"Please, sir, I wanted to see you about Father."

"What did you say?"

"I want to see you about Father."

Mr. Gardiner slowly turned in his revolving chair and looked at Harry over his spectacles. "About your *father?*"

"Yes, sir. You see, sir, he's got to drinking harder lately, and the boss told him he'd have to leave. Mother's most crazy, for there's four of us, you see, sir, and I'm the biggest."

All this was delivered very rapidly, as though it were a set speech prepared beforehand. Mr. Gardiner's bewildered mind took in one word.

"*What* boss?"

"The foreman down at the factory—*your* factory, you know, sir. It was he that discharged Father, and I wanted just to ask you if you wouldn't please try Father a little while longer. I wouldn't mind so much if it wasn't for Mother, but I hate to see her worried."

Mr. Gardiner looked at Harry curiously, trying to imagine his son having to go through for his sake the humiliation which this boy was going through for *his* father.

"Well, you see, my lad," he said kindly, "I don't have much to do with that part of the factory. The foreman engages the men and makes the necessary discharges as he sees fit. Now we can't afford to keep incompetent workmen, and I'm sure your father wasn't discharged without sufficient reason."

Harry's heart went down into his boots. He blinked very hard a few times and took up his hat to go.

"You don't do anything yet, I suppose," observed Mr. Gardiner.

"Mother said she'd rather I'd get my schooling in first if I could. But I'm going to be an office-boy if father loses his place," replied Harry, looking at the floor.

"You're the boy I see in the Catholic church in B—— Street so often, aren't you?" Mr. Gardiner asked, rather irrelevantly.

"Yes, sir."

"Why do you always go and kneel before the Virgin's altar to pray?" was the next question.

"Because I want something awful bad and I thought maybe she'd get it for me," said Harry simply.

A faint smile hovered over the gentleman's lips.

"Do you always do that when you want anything?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Harry again, wondering if Mr. Gardiner were laughing at him.

It wasn't very hard to guess what the "something" was which was being so earnestly begged for.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, my boy," said Mr. Gardiner cheerfully. "We'll make an agreement. As far as the position is concerned, I'll arrange with the foreman myself. I'll have a talk with your father too, though I don't care for him to know you've been here. Then, if your petitions are answered *by the end of the month*, the position will be insured to your father, and I will give credit to the Mother of God for what I never yet have believed of her—the power of hearing and granting prayers. Good-day, my boy."

Harry felt two feet higher as he left the private office. He was the observed of all the clerks, who wondered what on earth kept the head of the firm shut up so long with such a very insignificant portion of humanity as Harry.

On his way out, Harry marched up to the boyish-looking clerk who had first accosted him.

"Say," he said cheerfully. "You got left, didn't you?"—and of course his exit was accompanied by a roar of laughter from the others.

It was hard for Harry to appear ignorant the next evening, when Mrs. Randall told him that his father had been re-engaged at the factory. But it was a comfort to see the anxious look gone from "Mother's" face.

III.

One evening shortly before Easter, the family were assembled in the sitting-room. Randall happened to come home earlier than usual too. His wife was trying to solve the problem of how to darn a certain small heel when there wasn't much heel to darn. The children were preparing the next day's lessons. Jamie was supposed to be studying the first chapter of his Catechism, and was perpetrating remarkable heresies therefrom, startling enough to have shamed the Pelagians. Joe had discovered that, by holding a slate-pencil in a horizontal position and drawing it slowly down the slate, a series of delightful squeaks could be elicited of a distressingly interesting nature. Mrs. Randall's nerves had almost given way, when Harry came in with an excited air, his hair in wild confusion, as was generally the case when he was excited.

"What do you think I've been doing, Mother?" he asked, without noticing that his father was present.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Randall mildly; "from the appearance of your hair, my son, I should imagine however, that you had been standing on your head."

Harry was too excited to laugh.

"I met Mr. Gardiner just now, and he wants me to come down to the office to-morrow morning to see him. He says he needs a boy about the place and, if I want to try it, I have the chance. Five dollars a week, too. Say, Mother, let the schooling slide—I can study up at night—and I'll call it a go. Will you let me?"

Randall winced. He was conscious that he had not his

son's confidence. It had been to his wife, not to him, that Harry had come for advice and guidance.

Mrs. Randall dropped her work and was looking at Harry wonderingly. "How did you know Mr. Gardiner, Harry?" she said.

"I—I meet him at Mass sometimes—almost every morning," replied Harry, evasively.

"At Mass! Perhaps he will be a Catholic," said Mrs. Randall, musingly. "Come upstairs to bed, boys, you're getting sleepy," she added, as Jamie yawned prodigiously and Joe was found asleep over his literary labors.

"What do you go to Mass for every morning?" asked Randall curiously, when he and his son were alone.

"I—had a reason, sir."

Mr. Randall looked surprised. He had asked the question out of idle curiosity, but the boy's evasive answer awakened his interest.

"What is the reason?"

"It is simply my habit to go every morning."

"That's no *reason*. Tell me *why* you go."

"I'd rather tell any one but you, Father," said poor Harry, desperately, thinking his father would be angry if he told the truth.

Randall's curiosity was fully roused.

"And why not me? Answer me!"

Harry dropped his eyes, and turned his hat round and round in his hands.

"Because it was for you I went."

"For *me?* What do you mean?"

"Please don't ask me, Father."

"Yes. I intend to know."

"I wanted you to stop drinking so Mother wouldn't be crying any more."

"Crying! Who said she was crying?"

"I saw her."

"When?"

No answer.

"When did you see her crying?"

"When you're late at night and she sits up waiting. Joe and Jamie are in bed and Kitty upstairs studying, so she doesn't know. But I see Mother crying over her rosary on the sly many a time. You see, Father, I'm the eldest son and Mother kind-o' looks to me now."

Randall was startled. Harry was small for his age, but he showed more manliness in his appearance, more purity and straightforwardness in his eyes, than his father. "Mother looks to me now"—the words had a strange sound to him. Randall dropped his eyes before his fourteen-year-old son.

Harry felt uncomfortable, and saying something about going upstairs to study, was glad enough to leave the room.

Randall sat looking at the floor and thinking. He was not by nature evilly inclined, till he had fallen in with three or four men down at the factory, whose influence had not been of the best. For the most part of his married life he had been a good husband and father, and to-night he was conscious of a feeling of regret for those past happy days. Certainly his own little sitting-room, with its faded carpet and shabby furniture, looked more cheerful than the corner beer-saloon where he generally spent his evenings.

When his wife came back, Randall was apparently perusing the *Evening Telegraph* upside down; but as his thoughts were anywhere but in the paper, it didn't make much difference.

"What a tall, fine-looking boy our Harry is getting to be," he observed, after a pause.

Mrs. Randall didn't know whether to believe her ears.

"Yes," she agreed, rather faintly, "he is a great comfort."

"Maggie," said Randall abruptly, dropping his newspaper, "I haven't treated you right lately."

"Never mind, John. It's all right."

"No, it ain't all right, either. I'm going to begin all over again and show you I mean what I say. There, there now, Maggie, don't take on so. I think it was the boy that did it. He told me—well, never mind *what* he told me—but things'll be better now, and Harry shan't stop his schooling."

Mr. Randall was getting a little incoherent, but then it is never an easy job to make a confession.

On Easter morning, Harry was the proudest boy in R——, as he went to Mass beside his father. There was nothing unusual in seeing Mrs. Randall with Harry and Kitty at the Communion-rail, but it must have been a treat to the congregation to see Randall senior among them.

As Harry and his father came out of church together, the former whispered suddenly, "Look, Papa! Isn't that Mr. Gardiner kneeling at the Blessed Virgin's altar?"

"It isn't likely," said Randall, looking round.

"Well, I think it is," said Harry, adding with a sigh, "I'm sure I recognized that watch-chain."

THE MIRACLE OF CHARITY.[1]

The Venerable Joseph Cottolengo,

Born 1786, died 1842.

AT least our age can boast openly of a saint—a man filled with its own spirit of versatility, enterprise, hardihood, and never-resting go-aheaditiveness. He seems an American, but he is an Italian after the pattern of Columbus, with the glory of the priesthood crowning and sanctifying its fame.

The ancient city of Brá, in Piedmont, famed for its devotion to Mary under the sweet title of *Our Lady of Flowers*, gave to the Church this illustrious son on the third of May, 1786. The story of his childhood and youth is more wonderful than a fairy tale. There is nothing "dry" about its varied details, at once homely and marvellous. Ordained priest on the eighth of June, 1811, though young he was elevated to the dignity of Canon in the Cathedral of Turin, on May nineteenth, 1818. Of his fidelity to

[1] Le Miracle de la Charité. Par le P. Gasteldi, Oblat de la B. Vierge Marie.

every duty, his wonderful eloquence, holy life, and success in bringing souls to God, many fascinating pages tell. But all this was only in preparation as it were for the great work which God had marked out for him as the model, the teacher, and the glory of his own and succeeding ages.

On the 2d of September, 1827, a poor family, consisting of father, mother, and three little children, arrived at Turin from Milan, on their way to France. So much was to come of this most unpromising arrival that it is fitting the Reverend biographer of Cottolengo should tell what ensued in his own graphic style:

"The mother fell dangerously ill at the moment of resuming the journey. Charitable persons, drawn by the cries of the children and lamentations of their father, judged it best to take the sick woman to the great hospital of St. John. There she could not be received, as she was six months *enceinte*, and they applied to the royal hospital of the Maternity. There also the rules opposed her admission, because the establishment, being expressly intended for those near their confinement, were closed to all who added to this a special illness, and this was unfortunately the case. They were obliged to carry the poor woman back to the inn, where she soon expired.

Cottolengo had been called to give the consolations of religion, with the last Sacraments. The circumstances of that death, and the despair of the father and children, threw his heart and his entire being into confusion. How could such things occur in a Christian land? Was there not still a vacant place to be filled with works of holy charity? Was God waiting for him to fill it? Yes: he understood all. The victim who had only come to die, had traced for him the route and the aim: it was God Who spoke.

That night (it was Sunday) after adoring the Holy Sacrament he entered the sacristy, and, full of his idea, walked to and fro for some moments, then addressed the sacristan: "Sound the bell." "But all the offices are over." Cottolengo insisting, the bell rang out, and when the sacristan returned he was told: "Go to the altar of the Blessed Virgin; remove the veil that covers the statue,

and light the candles that surround it: we must pray immediately to the Holy Mother." Then desiring a clerk to put on a surplice, they approached the altar of Our Lady of Graces.

It was the very title fitted to the present occasion—the name of Mary's altar in the Church of Corpus Domini: Mary, the help, the protectress, there opened her mantle to all the miserable and despairing, there heard and blessed their prayers!

Many persons gathered at the signal; the chaplet and some other prayers were recited. The sweet Mother heard their supplications. She saw how pure and ardent was the charity that filled the heart of her child, and he found himself suddenly inundated with so lively a joy that in entering the sacristy he could not restrain an exclamation: "The grace is come! grace is obtained! Blessed be the Mother of God for ever!"

His brother priests listened with emotion to his explanation.

"I know well," he continued, "that Turin is celebrated for its civilization and wealth, that religion is deeply engraved on the hearts of its people, that Christian charity has created a number of admirable works: however, can we not increase that work of help for the unfortunate, and prepare an asylum from which none will ever be repulsed? Cannot we ourselves prepare some chambers for the friendless arriving from Milan, Switzerland, and France? There at least we shall have no motive for exclusion! Oh! how God will bless from heaven our parish and ourselves!"

"He spoke with such fire, God inspiring him with so much eloquence, that the project was adopted on the spot, on the condition that he would be the special director and manager."

The next day the Canon of Corpus Domini began his enterprise by renting two apartments in the third story of a building nearly opposite the church. As other rooms became vacant he took them until he had nine, and a friend paid for the beds which were made ready for the expected guests. In his merry way the good priest said: "The beds are ready; what is wanting is the patients to put in them. Truly He Who has given the first will also give the others." In fact, the hospital, beginning with two poor sufferers on St. Anthony's day, January 17, 1828, soon had

twenty-seven, all it could accommodate. Friends and benefactors were not lacking; a distinguished physician, Dr. Granetti, offered his services, medicines were supplied by a good penitent of the Canon, a pious society undertook to contribute regular donations. The "Little Asylum of Divine Providence," as named by its holy founder and director, was firmly established. At an early date he established a sisterhood, called by him Daughters of St. Vincent or Vincentines, but whom the people preferred to call Sisters of Cottolengo or Cottolengines: also a society of pious men, called Brothers of St. Vincent, and a little band of Supplicants, to attend to their own sex not only in the Asylum but in the world.

Every day, after his Mass, the good Father visited the Asylum, consoled the sick, helped to make the beds and attend to the thousand-and-one duties needing brave hearts and kindly hands; replying to the remonstrances of the Sisters: "What! would you hinder me from doing some good?"

To one of his brothers who wished him to take an honorable position, which offered every advantage and where he could do good at his ease, he replied: "Me! Should you cover me with gold, with silver and with honors, never will I abandon the poor whom God has confided to my care! No, never!"

He was, on the contrary, continually extending his cares. Young girls exposed to danger whether by poverty, their own wilfulness, or the neglect of their parents, he placed under the charge of the pious lady who was training his Vincentines; he visited them every day, examined their progress in education and solid piety, and distributed among them chaplets, images, books, and even candies. They were divided into two classes, under the patronage of St. Ursula and Genevieve.

But clouds were gathering. Even his brother canons, at first so sympathetic and helpful, turned against Cottolengo. In 1832 the appearance of the cholera in Piedmont afforded a pretext for closing the Little Asylum. In obedience to the city authorities, the order was given to him by the Rector of Corpus Domini, in a full assembly of the canons. How did he receive it?

"I have always said what in my country of Brá is a daily saying—that the good cultivation of cabbage requires it to be transplanted. We shall transplant ourselves then, and all will go well."

The gently spoken answer surprised his brethren. "How!" cried one. "You do not even now renounce your enterprise! Whom will you have in your establishment?"

"The sick and the poor; that goes without saying."

"And after a storm like this you are not corrected?"

"Bah!" was the smiling reply. "Of the sick and the poor I will have more than a thousand."

To sympathizing friends he said: "Ah well! all is for the best. Patience, patience, and always patience!"

To the Vincentine Sisters he spoke more gravely: "I fear lest this be a punishment for our faults. The opportunity for holy charity will be wanting to us. Let us do penance, my daughters. Let us ask of God to make known His holy will. Something tells my heart that we shall come out stronger after all. Perseverance, then, and confidence!"

The sick in the Little Asylum were received at the hospitals or among their friends, and all seemed over.

"By the Cross our Lord has saved us: by the way of the Cross he who would work for souls must pass in his turn," says our author.

Cottolengo did not close the establishment. He re-united there his double family of St. Ursula and St. Genevieve, and came every day to continue his instructions. The Vincentines went as usual to visit the sick poor, not only of the parish, but wherever they were needed. Having plenty of space, he opened, in his indefatigable zeal, two schools for little children. "There they were fed and taken care of all day, and at eve were sent home with a good piece of bread. Our Venerable thus began an institution which is generalized now throughout Europe."

Meantime hostilities calmed down. "Cottolengo presented himself to his brethren of Corpus Domini, and with equal humility and confidence asked them to leave in his charge the debts of the *Red Arcade*, and also to allow him to be responsible

for all the objects which pertained to that charity. He would search for a small place in a distant location, and the congregation thus would have no more fear of responsibilities. The proposition was agreed to on the spot. This put an end to the embarrassments of the congregation."

On the 27th of April, 1838, the Little Asylum of Providence was transplanted to Valdocco, a little to the north-west of Turin. It was now in its proper location, surrounded by gardens and vacant lands. On Sundays and feasts these places were not solitary. Riotous guests from the city thronged the low taverns supported by their custom. Cottolengo had chosen the place on account of a sanctuary of our Lady in the neighborhood, which was a celebrated pilgrimage. Doubtless she had called him there to reform Valdocco, which he marvellously accomplished under her patronage.

From small beginnings, the house grew. Cottolengo called the whole "the place of Providence," and over the doors in large characters were words from the 61st Psalm: "*Hope in the Lord, people of all lands: expand your hearts in His presence.*" For a name: *Little Asylum of the Divine Providence, under the auspices of St. Vincent de Paul:* with the motto from St. Paul: "*The charity of Christ urges us.*" All this he explained very clearly, saying:

"First of all, it is a *small* house; for what is it in comparison with the universe where dwells the Lord? *Little Asylum of the Divine Providence,* in order that all may understand at once its destination. It is not the house of man, but of Providence, by Whom it was founded and Who commands, directs, and governs it. It is open to all the sick, to all who suffer, without distinction of age, sex, or country. St. Vincent, the admirable benefactor of the poor, is its patron. The text from St. Paul shows that here we have no dry philanthropy, but Christian charity; it is the *charity of the Lord Jesus* that presses us."

The name of the asylum, by the way, was a touchy point with the saint. He had toward Providence what is called a "particular devotion"—if the allusion is permissible. Strong in

all doctrines, practices, and habits sanctioned by the Church, his trust in Divine Providence was quite indescribable. It was always on his lips, the motive of his heroic acts, the heart and soul of his whole existence. Some of its developments were amusing. Thus, when the King, Charles Albert, once said to him: "If you believe me, you should put your works under the protection of the Government," his answer was: "Sire, permit me to say to your Majesty it is impossible. The Little Asylum is already under the protection of the Blessed Virgin and of Divine Providence, and it is not proper that I snatch it from them to give it to the State."

It was difficult to obtain his consent to have the place legally established. His jealousy for Divine Providence took the alarm. When at length his consent was won, he was horrified on reading in the document the "Little Asylum of Providence." "Oh!" he cried, "that does not suit me; I do not intend human providence. It is Divine Providence that I wish—I must have that word." When it was altered, the holy priest was satisfied.

One day Charles Albert sent two officers of his court to hint to Cottolengo the propriety of limiting his good works, erecting no more buildings till those already in use were well provided for, etc. When they had acquitted themselves in an awkward way, he laughed gaily, and turned toward a newly built infirmary, which was not yet occupied; he said: "Gentlemen, you see that great building? The only trouble I have about it, is that it is not yet filled with patients. Had I more confidence in Divine Providence, I should not find myself embarrassed. I am punished. But the hall will be filled very soon. You think the Little Asylum is growing too large? We shall go even to the river below there, yes, even to the river!" The envoys, admiring that firm faith, returned to report their non-success to the King, who pronounced him an "extraordinary man." A few days later he read an announcement of the death of Canon Valletti, rector of the Church of Corpus Domini, who had left a legacy of thirty thousand francs to the Little Asylum. The King then related the above incident, adding: "You see it is truly the work of heaven;

doubtless, that holy man filled his hall with the sick, and Providence at once appears!"

Yes, the work went on from success to success, and is one of the glories of Turin to-day. The glorious founder had the Vincentines instructed in medicine and surgery, and officially qualified for their work. The deaf and the dumb, the lunatic and the epileptic, all were at home in the Little Asylum: all received not only care and kindness, but were encouraged to enjoy themselves as their fancy prompted them.

In addition to the Vincentines and the brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, the indefatigable priest founded eight religious congregations, built a large hospital for women, erected a church—and was through all a gay companion for his suffering household, the teacher and companion in all kinds of pious practices, a zealous confessor and a daily preacher. He governed all things, temporal as well as spiritual, in that immense establishment, and yet was a man of prayer, favored with visions and ecstasies!

"Cottolengo said to one of his friends: 'Providence has worked so many miracles for the Asylum that It is disposed to do more.' Resting on God, his heart never doubted of help. Thus it was said of him that *he held the keys of Providence*, and by others that he had *the gift of multiplying loaves.*" To cite some traits:

Sister Dominic, in charge of the refectory, found herself one morning without any food for the religious. Going in search of the Father, she announced that his daughters would have to fast. "That goes very well," was his reply. "Have you noticed that they are in bad humor for that, and diffident of Providence?" "No, indeed; they complain not, but it is easy to see that their appetite is keen." "Ah well," replied the Father; "a little patience: let us report this to Providence. For me, I have nothing, and there is nothing in the box, which I just now visited." Half an hour later, he went to his room, opened the alms-box and withdrew many rolls amounting to two thousand francs, which he carried at once to the Sister.

Bread being wanting in the refectory one day, the Father had the *Miserere* recited; it was not finished when an abundance of

bread arrived. The same with candles for the altar on a feast of St. Vincent de Paul.

It was the same with danger of accidents to the house, attempts upon his life in his lonely ministrations in evil neighborhoods,—in all emergencies help or deliverance was sure.

The holy man could well say with the Psalmist: "The Lord has strengthened the locks of thy gates, and blessed thy children in thee."

Cottolengo had predicted the time and place of his death, twelve years before it occurred.

In November, 1841, the Little Asylum was ravaged by the typhus fever. Of the eight priests and deacons belonging to its church six were departed, and the remaining two had scarcely a breath of life. The dear man, who had never spared himself, was worn out. He knew he was to die at Chieri, where his brother Louis was priest and a canon of the college. Wasting slowly away, yet still energetic and loving, it was only on the 24th of April, 1842, that he allowed himself to be removed to Chieri, where he died on the 30th, Saturday, "the vigil of the Month of Mary, which he had so much loved to celebrate, and to which he had inspired devotion in all whom he directed."

"My Mother Mary! Mary, my Mother!" he said tranquilly, elevating his voice and reciting clearly the first verse of Psalm 121st: "I rejoiced in that word which was said to me: we shall go into the house of the Lord." And, smiling a last time, he expired.

"I have lost a great friend!" said the king of Sardinia, Charles Albert. "The saint is dead!" cried all, with one impulse, as the sad news spread. Of the grief his "dear poor" experienced, though much is beautifully told, what use? Like his virtues and merits, the most life-like description is but vain. "You are the successor of a saint!" said glorious Pio Nono, to the Canon Anglesio; on which our Reverend author concludes: "Let us leave a saint to speak of a saint."

A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

By J. F. Fitzgerald.

MY heart was weary, sore, oppressed,
I sighed for rest;
It seemed so very hard to bear
Such weight of care;
The ceaseless din of worldly strife,
The endless struggle making life
A troubled dream, I could not brook;
An upward look—
And sweetly to my sight there came
The lamp's bright flame!

I turned me from the world's great glare.
Oh, shall I dare
My wayward, falt'ring steps to turn
Where I can learn
To ease this crushing weight of woe?
To soothe my troubled spirit, so
That life will seem no longer drear?
Ah, yes, I hear
A pleading voice—"Come unto Me!"
Yea, Lord, to Thee!

The lone lamp quivered, wavered, then
Flashed out again;
I bowed me low, one sobbing sigh,
My Lord drew nigh;
The flick'ring shadows held aloof,
Then played from nave to vaulted roof;
My eyes looked upward once again:
I prayed, and then
Unto my restless heart was given
The peace of heaven.

THE NAMING OF THE AMAZON.

II.

Francisco de Orellana.

INDIAN OF THE NAPO.

THE name of Orellana has come down to us as the discoverer of the great River Amazon. The glory of this exploit, however, is dimmed in his case by the act of treachery which led to the discovery.

We have seen how, on the report of the Indians that a land of plenty was not far off, Gonzalo Pizarro, impatient to relieve the sufferings of his starving followers, despatched Orellana down the Coca in the brigantine with orders to reach this province as speedily as possible and return with supplies. Of what happened on this expedition of Orellana, we have two chief sources of information. The first dealing more particularly with the results of Gonzalo Pizarro's ill-fated wanderings is loud in its denunciation of the cold blooded treachery of Orellana who, instead of obeying the orders he received, basely deserted his

perishing comrades and sailed on till he reached the ocean and finally arrived safe in Europe. This is the chronicle of Garcilasso Inca de la Vega.

We have another relation by Antonio de Herrera, who held the post of historiographer of the Indies for many years and died in 1625. In his account Orellana's character appears in rather brighter colors. The man of faith is prominent here rather than the adventurer, bent only on the pursuit of gold and dreaming only of power.

Herrera begins his account by the remark: "Some say that Orellana and his companions deserted Pizarro without his knowledge, and others that they continued the voyage with their commander's permission in a barque which they had built and some canoes. Voyaging, as they say, with the design of returning to Gonzalo Pizarro with provisions, they found themselves, after going over two hundred leagues, unable to return, and therefore continued to sail on until they came out into the ocean."

Whatever we may think of this explanation of the abandonment of Pizarro, we cannot but admire the bravery of these men who, first "commending themselves to God by means of a Mass which was said by a Dominican monk named Caravajal," committed their bark to the guidance of the current which swept them on, they knew not whither—into what mysterious regions or among what strange peoples—knowing only that at length it must bring them to the ocean.

On the second day after parting from Pizarro they had like to perish. The brigantine struck upon a floating tree and stove in a plank, but luckily they were able to run her on shore and repair the damage at once. Else they might be remembered now, as Pizarro's party is, for terrible sufferings and privations endured in these trackless forests, the lair of wild beasts and venomous serpents, into which the sun but seldom penetrates, and where the rain that falls abundantly, lodging in the already sodden earth, breeds fever and death. God was merciful to them; and they escaped this trial only to share with Pizarro in the other and no less terrible one of famine.

When Orellana reached the Napo he found that the Indians had deceived Pizarro. For three days they had been swept on by

IN THE FORESTS ON THE NAPO.

the rapid current of the Coca; and now the expanse of this great tributary of the Amazon, the Napo, lay before them, but no sign

of any habitation on either bank. As the sun rose, morning after morning, the Spaniards eagerly scanned the river banks, hoping to see the gilded domes of palaces and temples which might rival those they had found in Peru; but day after day passed and their hopes still remained unrealized.

Their provisions were finally exhausted, and to such straits were they reduced "that they had nothing to eat but the skins which formed their girdles and the leather of their shoes boiled with a few herbs." If, with all the resources of the present civilization, expeditions equipped like those of Stanley into Africa are still exposed to horrors such as stirred the pity and sympathy of the world not so long since, what must have been the horrors expeditions like those of Pizarro and of Orellana experienced.

The sufferings of Orellana's men were relieved for a time, however. On the 8th of January 1541, they heard the welcome sound of drums. The drum has been and still is a favorite instrument with the Indians of these regions. It plays an important part not only in their amusements, but it furnishes them as well a sort of telegraphic mode of communicating with each other and of assembling their bands to repel aggressors or to welcome friends. The former seems to have been the purpose of the drum beating on this occasion, for as the brigantine swept around a bend in the river a considerable village lay spread before them; but thousands of Indians were drawn up to defend it.

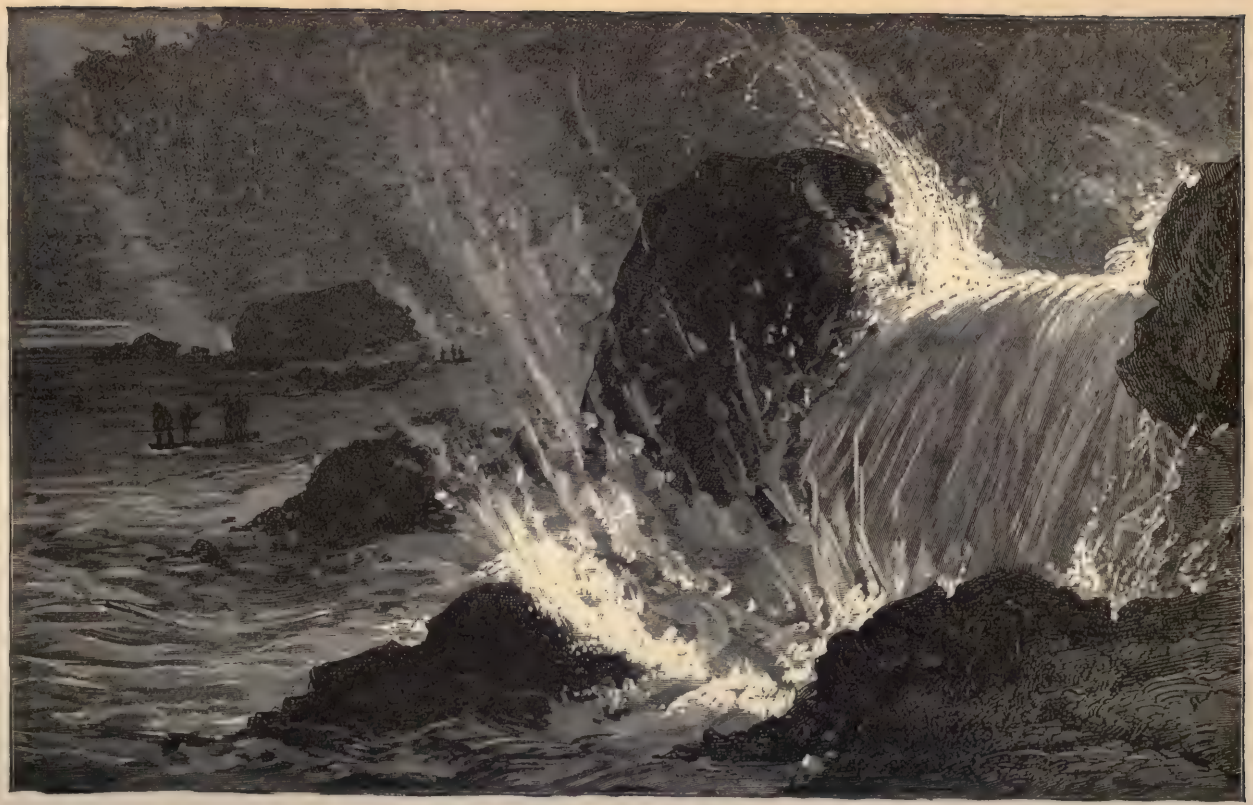
Hungry and desperate men are not apt to spend much time balancing chances whether to die by starvation or in fair fight, and so impetuous was the onset of the mere handful of men that landed from the brigantine that the Indians actually melted away before them and left the Spaniards to enjoy the store of provisions which was laid up in their village. This, however, was not the only object Orellana had in view. These Indians were the first they had met in many days, and he was anxious to open communication with them. As the Indians ventured back, a few hours after the battle, to see what had become of the strange beings whose aspect was so terrible and whose weapons were so irresistible, Orellana found the opportunity he was seeking. By his gentleness

and affability he succeeded in inspiring the natives with confidence, and they and the Spaniards were soon the best of friends.

Finding that he could depend on his new friends and that with rest and food his soldiers had recovered their good spirits, Orellana set about building another brigantine. The only difficulty in the way was the lack of nails; "but it pleased God," says Herrera, "that two men should make that which they had never been taught to make, while another took charge of burning charcoal. They made bellows of their leathern buskins and worked hard at everything else, the Captain himself being the first to put his hand to the work." They delayed here too long, however. The provisions stored in the village were nearly exhausted; and there was nothing to be done but push on, in the old brigantine, until some favorable opportunity should offer for beginning the building of the new one. The start was made on Candlemas day. So far they had travelled two hundred leagues, and seven of their number had died of hunger.

After sailing about twenty leagues they came upon a stream on the right, the Curaray River probably, which poured its swollen waters into the Napo with such violence that for a few moments the brigantine became unmanageable and the Spaniards gave themselves up for lost. But they escaped this danger and sailed on another two hundred leagues. They now found themselves in a populous province. The Indians received them cordially and gave them provisions in plenty, fish, turtles, and partridges being specially mentioned.

The chief of one of these villages was called Aparia. He received Orellana very cordially and the Spaniard, as Herrera says, "treated him to a discourse on the law of God and the grandeur of the King of Castile; all of which the Indians listened to with great attention." Already, before this, vague reports had reached the Spaniards of a nation of female warriors who lorded it over a great expanse of territory on the great river into which the Napo flowed. Aparia asked the Spaniards if they had yet seen these women whom in his language, he said, they called *Coniapayru*, meaning Great Lord. It was these reports that led



THE RAPIDS OF LATAS ON THE NAPO.

Orellana to give the greatest river in the world the name it still bears, the Amazon or "River of the *Amazons*."

The new brigantine was built here. "In thirty-five days she was launched, caulked with cotton and the seams payed with pitch." The Lenten season was passed in this work; and "all the Christians confessed to the two priests who were in the company, and the priests preached to them and urged them to endure the hardships they would have to encounter with constancy until there should be an end of them."

On the 4th of April, the Spaniards left this place and were soon sailing on the Amazon. As they neared the junction of the Putumayo with that river they found themselves surrounded by canoes full of determined warriors, for whom their weapons (their powder being damp was useless) had no terrors. Though some of the Spaniards landed and by force obtained a supply of provisions, in the end they were forced to retreat; and for two days and nights they were pursued down the river by the Indians. Only one Spaniard was killed in these encounters, though many were wounded.

From this place to the mouth of the Negro, they were able to obtain provisions only by force. The Negro River excited their wonder. Its inky waters flowing for twenty leagues through the Amazon without mingling with its waters especially struck them. They found gold in the villages they entered, but the precious metal had no charm for them. Their only object now was to emerge from these regions alive. Battling as they went, they finally reached the country they had heard so much of—the country of the Amazons. In one great skirmish they actually fought with them, or believed they did. Father Caravajal, according to Herrera's account, saw a dozen of these female warriors in the very front rank of the assailants, fighting and animating the men. They fought with bow and arrows, and their prowess cost seven or eight Spaniards their lives. The end of this engagement was that the Spaniards were forced to retire to their brigantines. The Spaniards estimated that they had up to this point traversed fourteen hundred leagues.

Father Caravajal was wounded by an arrow in the eye in one of these attacks on the Indian villages. He lost the use of the eye in consequence of the wound, "an accident which caused much sorrow to everyone, because this Father, besides being very religious, assisted in their difficulties by his cheerfulness and sagacity."

On another occasion the smaller of the brigantines struck on a snag and, starting a plank, quickly filled, just as they came to in front of a village of hostile Indians. To add to their danger, the tide ebbing left the remaining brigantine high and dry. The position was a trying one. One half of the little band of Spaniards had to fight the Indians while the other half tried to get one brigantine afloat and to repair the damage to the other.

On the 26th of August 1541, they finally sailed out of the Amazon. At the end of nine days they reached the Gulf of Parà, where they were kept back for seven days by contrary winds. On the 11th of September they reached the island of Cubagua and their trials and their wanderings were over.

Orellana lost no time in reaching Spain. His account of the Amazon was listened to favorably by the King, and he received the commission he asked to conquer and govern it in the name of his Sovereign. He gathered more than five hundred soldiers and set sail from San Lucar on his return; but he died at sea. Those composing the expeditions dispersed, and no further attempt was made to reach the Amazon for nearly twenty years.

BANK OF TURTLE EGGS.

ST. RODERICK OF SPAIN.

[The fine half-tint engraving of the Saint is from a design furnished by Mr. Caryl Coleman, as a sample of the *Spanish Chasuble*. It thus completes the illustrations of our former articles.]

IN the ninth century, by a just judgment of God, Spain lay groaning under the yoke of the Moors. The chronicles of the time give dreary pictures of the state of religion among the Christians. The Arian heresy had shaken the basis of the faith among these people, and the advent of the Mussulman—sword in one hand, Koran in the other—found many weak-kneed Christians ready to sacrifice their eternal interests for the sake of temporal life and passing goods. Families were divided, and never were the words of our Lord more truly verified that *a man's enemies are those of his own household.* The Moors themselves were scandalized at the weak resistance the Christians made before apostatizing, and did not spare their expressions of contempt for those who saved their necks at the expense of their faith.

St. Roderick, of whom nothing is known but the name and the incidents connected with his martyrdom, was an exception to the rule. He had two brothers: one of these became a Mussulman, the other remained Christian but retained little more than the name. These two found in their different conditions endless matter for sneers and mutual recrimination, which sometimes led to blows. On one of these occasions, as Roderick was trying to make peace between them, the two fell on him and, without wishing it, inflicted on him a mortal wound. As he fell insensible, the Mussulman brother had him placed on a litter and carried through the streets, while he walking by his brother's side called the attention of the passers-by, saying: "This is my brother whom God has enlightened; although a priest he has embraced our religion, and being at the last gasp, as you see, he did not wish to die without making his change of faith known to the city."

A few days later, Roderick was restored to health. As he had been unconscious from the time he had received the brutal stroke from his brothers, he had neither knowledge nor recollection of what had passed or of the scene in which his Mussulman brother had made him the chief actor. He was not long left in ignorance, however; and when he heard what had been done, after the example of his Divine Master Who fled before the anger of Herod, he too withdrew into retirement. But later, being obliged to enter the city of Cordova on some pressing business, he was met by his Mussulman brother, who at once laid hands on him and hurried him before a Cadi on the charge of having abandoned the law of the Prophet. Roderick's denial that he had ever been a Mussulman and his explanations were of no avail. Even the fact that he was a priest had no effect on the Cadi, and he was thrown into prison.

In prison Roderick found another Christian, St. Solomon, who was there on the same charge. Together with St. Solomon, he inaugurated many good works. Soon the report of what the two Christians were doing and of the friendship that existed between them reached the Cadi, and he ordered them to be separated and cut off from all intercourse with the outside world. Finally he had them brought before himself three several times; but as his words and arguments had as little weight with these heroic men as his threats, he ordered them both to be beheaded. St. Roderick was the first to suffer. St. Eulogius, another priest of Cordova, hearing of their execution, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in their honor, and then proceeded to the river banks on which their sacred bodies had been exposed. So fearful were the Mussulmans lest the Christians should get any relics of the Martyrs, that they carefully gathered even the pebbles which were stained with blood and flung them into the river. Their martyrdom took place on the 13th of March, A. D. 857, on which day their feast is celebrated.

ST. RODERICK OF SPAIN.

(From a design of Murillo.)

THE FATHER OF MANY SOULS.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,

Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church: born in London, England, 21 February, 1801, elected Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford University, in 1823, sometime University preacher (Anglican), received into the Catholic Church, October 9, 1845, died 11 August, 1890.

III.

THE third period of Cardinal Newman's life, nearly forty-five full years, was passed as a Catholic. Of this he has himself said modestly, in answer to the attack which compelled him in his *Apologia* to justify himself—and which has resulted in justifying all his brethren with him—before the English-speaking public:

From the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this, I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects; but that I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I never have had one doubt.

Mr. Hutton has aptly characterized this period:

From the moment when Newman became a Roman Catholic, the freest and happiest, though not, perhaps, the most fascinating, epoch of his life may be said to have commenced. . . . In irony, in humor, in eloquence, in imaginative force, the writings of the later, and, as we may call it, the emancipated portion of his career far surpassed the writings of his theological apprenticeship.

Emancipated, indeed, he was: the snare was broken, and he had been freed. He had still his mission to pursue, there was to be the slow adjustment of his whole life to its new field, and he was to do valiant service for the Church whom he called so lovingly "the Mighty Mother."

Any attempt at piecing out our mosaic so as to comprise this

period would evidently result rather in a study of his mental career and influence than of his own spiritual life. The latter will be fully made known only when his literary executors have finally given to the world the wealth of correspondence which has been turned over to them since his death. It was his own idea that the life of a man can properly be known only from those spontaneous manifestations of himself which are made in conversation and in letters. But Newman, even when speaking to the entire world, bore always with him the same sincerity; and many most edifying details have been told us in the reminiscences of his friends. Some of them may be noted here, to make our little sketch more complete and life-like.

It is evident that a man of formed thought will take to himself the working principles of the Catholic Faith in a way somewhat different from that in which they exist in one brought up under their influence from childhood. The latter will act upon them with a careless, unthinking freedom where the former will be obliged to go on reflectingly. It is this plain analysis to himself of the applications of faith to conduct which is of priceless value in the writings of Newman as priest and Cardinal. A born Catholic, as the saying is, might not have so attended to all that was going on in his own mind; and yet it is important, most of all for those outside the Church who would desire to know what her children really are, that they should have this work of analysis done for them. Even an unbelieving poet like Goethe has recognized this:

> Look in at the Church on the market square;
> Nothing but gloom and darkness there:
> Shrewd Sir Philistine sees things so,
> Who all his life on the outside passes.

It was Newman's work henceforward to open up views, wide and true, of that inner Catholic life which had been so utterly unknown to his countrymen. There is no Catholic familiar with the English literature of fifty years ago and that of to-day who will not say that his work has been well done. Of more immediate interest to Catholics themselves, are the little revelations made

here and there of his own private devotion. Mr. Hutton himself is struck by the convert's devotion to the Blessed Virgin:

In the sermons, for example, exquisite, even if too elaborate as compositions, on *The Glories of Mary for the Sake of her Son*, he almost rivalled the passion of Italian and French devotion to the Mother of our Lord, and anticipated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin some years before it had been defined (!) I know no passage in Newman which so thoroughly bewilders the Protestant imagination.

A more accurate indication of his practical and heartfelt devotion may be found in a familiar address to the boys at Oscott College about the Rosary, after he had been made Cardinal.

You know that to-day we keep the Feast of the Holy Rosary, and I propose to say to you what occurs on this great subject. You know how that devotion came about; how, at a time when heresy was very wide-spread and had called in the aid of sophistry that can so powerfully aid infidelity against religion, God inspired St. Dominic to institute and spread this devotion. It seems so simple and easy, but you know God chooses the small things of the world to humble the great. Of course, it was first of all for the poor and simple, but not for them only, for everyone who has practised the devotion knows there is in it a soothing sweetness that there is in nothing else. . . .

The great power of the Rosary lies in this, that it makes the Creed into a prayer; of course, the Creed is in some sense a prayer and a great act of homage to God; but the Rosary gives us the great truths of His life and death to meditate upon, and brings them nearer to our hearts. And so we contemplate all the great mysteries of His life and His birth in the manger; and so too the mysteries of His suffering and His glorified life. But even Christians, with all their knowledge of God, have usually more awe than love of Him, and the special virtue of the Rosary lies in the special way in which it looks at these mysteries; for with all our thoughts of Him are mingled thoughts of His Mother, and in the relations between Mother and Son we have set before us the Holy Family, the home in which God lived. Now the family is, even humanly considered, a sacred thing; how much more the family bound together by supernatural ties, and, above all, that in which God dwelt with His Blessed Mother.

This is what I should most wish you to remember in future years. For you will all of you have to go out into the world, and

going out into the world means leaving home; and, my dear boys, you don't know what the world is now. You look forward to the time when you will go out into the world, and it seems to you very bright and full of promise. It is not wrong for you to look forward to that time; but most men who know the world find it a world of great trouble, and disappointments, and even misery. If it turns out so to you, seek a home in the Holy Family that you think about in the mysteries of the Rosary.

We should expect in the great Cardinal a tender devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. In the London *Month* for November following his death, a writer, evidently knowing whereof he speaks, says, under the head of "The Loyalty of Cardinal Newman":

In the hidden life that he has led during the greater part of his life as a Catholic, he was acting, not on any mere human impulse, but under the continual guidance of God. In every crisis of life, in all times of difficulty or trouble or doubt, he would spend long hours before the Blessed Sacrament, asking for guidance and consolation. This was especially the case during the Achilli trial, and in the intensity of sorrow that he experienced on the death of his dearly loved friend Father St. John. In the first sermon that he preached after Father St. John's death, he did not make any direct allusion to it, as was expected, but preached on the Blessed Sacrament and the privilege of devotion to It. "In time of great trouble," he said, "when you think everything is gone from you, if you have with you our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, you have still everything—whatever you have lost, if you have not lost Him, you have lost nothing." "Believe me, it is so, my dear children." Then, after a pause, in a low impressive voice "*I know* it."

With these words of devotedness to the Lord he served so well, we may close our study of his spiritual life. The Spirit of our Lord shone in him. He had many contrarieties to endure, from the misrepresentations of foes and the mistakes of friends and the unthinking, ill-informed mistrust of those who knew him not; but he bore them humbly and in silence. Christ's poor loved him, and he always gave much of his time to them. In a great cholera season he devoted himself personally day and night to their service.

When Newman was at length made Cardinal, he was happy enough to receive for his titular church in Rome that dedicated to St. George, the Patron of his country. He chose for his motto—*Cor ad cor loquitur*, "Heart speaketh unto heart"—that which had been the secret of his own great influence over his countrymen.

Shortly before his death he asked one of the Fathers to come and play or sing to him Father Faber's hymn of "The Eternal Years." He made them repeat it several times, explaining his reason in his own simple way.

"Many people speak well of my "Lead kindly Light," but this is far more beautiful. Mine is of a soul in darkness,—this of the Eternal Light."

The hymn of his dear friend and disciple, which had cheered his dying hours, fittingly marks off in simple strain the three periods of his life:

How shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the Eternal Years.

. . . . . .

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears,
Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the Eternal years.

. . . . . .

One cross can sanctify a soul;
Late Saints and ancient Seers
Were what they were because they mused
Upon the Eternal Years.

It is one of the glories of the great Judgment Day that the leading of the Kindly Light shall then be made fully manifest, and justify the ways of God to men. In a simple hymn to his Guardian Angel, Cardinal Newman has summed up the guidance which fell to his own lot.

Oh, who of all thy toils and cares
Can tell the tale complete,
To place me under Mary's smile
And Peter's royal feet.

THE EXERCISES OF ST. IGNATIUS,

AND THE

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

(*From the Spanish Messenger.*)

THERE are few who do not know, or at least have not heard, of the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola.* When the book first appeared, even before it was printed and was known only in manuscript, it greatly excited the curiosity of the public and attracted universal attention on the part of both devout and indifferent, learned and ignorant, theologians and laymen in theological science. Nor is this astonishing. A soldier, who spent a great part of his life on the battle-field and occupied his leisure in reading romances, finds himself suddenly changed into another man with thoughts and desires totally at variance with those which formerly filled his heart and mind. He retires from the world, changes his rich dress for the coarse serge of a peasant, goes on foot to the monastery of Montserrat, keeps his vigil of knighthood before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, praying the entire night with indescribable fervor, then goes to Manresa where he buries himself in a cave to give himself up to meditation and the rigors of the most austere penance. In this solitary retreat he remains nearly a year, never leaving it but for a short time to fulfil some pious duties, to beg alms or to practise works of charity, thus finding an outlet for the zeal which consumed him.

Such was the school in which Ignatius acquired the science of sanctity. Here it was that he conceived that admirable book. Here he wrote it out, consulting no master, having recourse to no other books, studying nothing but Jesus crucified and his own conscience; ever ready to listen to the inspirations of Heaven and to receive the splendor of that unfailing Light which enlightens all who do not obstinately close the eyes of their soul. This man

had no antecedents to guarantee his acquaintance with the difficult science of the spirit. He had no more theology than may be learned from the catechism, no more knowledge of moral science than the general ideas that any of the simple faithful may acquire by means of sermons and explanations of the Gospel, and no more practice in the spiritual life than that which he himself had acquired in the short space of time spent in the cave of Manresa. Yet he wrote a book treating of morals and theology, giving rules and counsels on meditation and examination of conscience, proposing new ways of praying, explaining rules for the discernment of spirits, of divers methods of election and reformation of life, establishing truths and principles which, if not new in substance, were entirely new in their arrangement and dependence one upon the other. The book, finally, was presented under this strange and seemingly boastful title: *Spiritual Exercises to overcome one's self and regulate one's life, and to avoid coming to a determination through any inordinate affection.*

Let us confess that this title of itself was sufficient to alarm the calmest and least timorous minds. Either the author was the victim of illusion or else he was an extraordinary man. A book thus characterized could not but wonderfully excite attention and awaken unusual curiosity in the public; and such was its effect.

It would take us too far to give in detail the history of the vicissitudes and contradictions to which the book was subjected. Suffice it to say that it caused its author to be put in chains and cast into prison; that it was tried in the furnace of the severest and most prejudiced criticism; that it was the object of acrid censure on the part of those who did not know or fully penetrate its depth, but attended solely to its form. But it was highly praised, after mature examination, by impartial minds; and the Holy See more than once earnestly recommended it to the faithful, praising it as a whole and in its various parts, commending its admirable method, and exhorting finally all classes of persons to take it as a guide in Spiritual Retreats, as an efficacious means for the reformation of morals, for making progress in virtue, and as a prudent counselor for making a choice or reforming one's life.

If any other argument were needed to prove the excellence and sovereign usefulness of the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius*, the incontestable testimony of facts alone would suffice. We have the experience of more than three centuries during which the practice of these holy exercises has effected the most famous conversions and reformed religious communities and, where the life of clerics was not all it should be, has restored it to its primitive splendor, has extinguished implacable hatred in families, and formed great saints not only in, but also outside, the Society of Jesus. Beyond all doubt this speaks very highly in favor of this precious book, small in volume, but very great in its contents. It has little or no literary merit in its form, but it is essentially beyond all price, being an inexhaustible mine which offers to the careful and industrious worker ever new and rich veins of precious ore that he may use for the spiritual profit of the faithful.

II.

Among the various aspects under which this book may be studied, there is one much in harmony with the end and aim of the MESSENGER—to preserve, extend, and daily impart new life and splendor to the sweetest and most attractive of devotions, that to the most loving Heart of Jesus. In fact, if we consider well and attentively the book of the Exercises, we shall see that it serves greatly to enkindle in us a tender and solid devotion to this adorable Heart.

Far from us be the idea of forcing in the least the text of St. Ignatius, to make the author say what he did not, or to bring in support of our assertions proofs which instead of convincing only serve to manifest more clearly the futility of any effort to make St. Ignatius speak in his book of a devotion revealed much later by our Lord to His servant Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. We hasten to declare that St. Ignatius does not treat of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus nor could he treat of it, at least as it is understood and practised at the present day. Nevertheless, we do not hesitate to say that we may use the *Spiritual Exercises* to awaken and confirm in ourselves the devo-

tion of which we are speaking. This is what we intend to show in the present article.

III.

What does it mean to be devout to the Sacred Heart of Jesus? It means to be wholly *His*. To be *His*, it is necessary to imitate Him; and to imitate Him, it is indispensable *to love Him*; and to love Him, it is absolutely necessary *to know Him*. Knowledge, love, imitation—these are the three elements which essentially make up this devotion, and which are intimately united one with another in the order of ideas, as well as in the order of facts. How can we love another unless we have some knowledge of him? How can we imitate him, if love does not move and impel the will?

In the book of the *Spiritual Exercises* we find efficacious means of acquiring, as far as human nature is capable, perfect knowledge of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, a tender and yearning love for this Heaven in which the Divine Beauty is reflected, and a faithful and true imitation of this Exemplar and Model of all elect souls.

The basis and foundation of this love is knowledge, and in proportion as this becomes perfect love goes on increasing. St. Augustine teaches the same thing: "For whoso knoweth Thee, he forgetteth himself; he loveth Thee more than self; he goeth forth from self and cometh to Thee, that he may rejoice with Thy joy. And hence it followeth, O My Lord, that I love Thee not as I ought, for that I know Thee not fully."[1]

St. Ignatius, having laid down these principles, desires and takes much pains in order that the *exercitant* shall acquire not a superficial but a deep and profound knowledge of Jesus Christ. He is not satisfied to have us study Jesus Christ in a general, vague way; he is not content to have us give a certain attention to the examples offered us in the Divine Model; but he will have us endeavor

[1] Quis enim cognoscit te diligit te; obliviscitur se, amat te plus quam se; relinquit se, et venit ad te ut gaudeat de te: hinc est ergo, Domine, quod non tantum diligo quantum debeo, quia non plene cognosco te. (Sol. c. 1.)

to penetrate into the innermost depths of His soul to scrutinize, so to speak, the most hidden intentions, affections, and feelings which give life and soul and elevation to His thoughts and words and actions. The intention of St. Ignatius is evident from the first contemplation of the second week. Here is what he says: "The third prelude is to ask for what I want: it will here be to ask for an interior knowledge of our Lord, Who for me has become Man that I may love Him and follow Him the more." There is question then of knowing, and of knowing *interiorly*, Jesus Christ. We have to set before ourselves the same object in the meditations which follow, contemplating Jesus in His private life, in His public life, in His sufferings and death, and in His glorious Resurrection. This the Saint tells us in a subsequent note: "It is fitting to mention here that the same preparatory prayer is, as has been said before, to be made unchanged, and the same three preludes are to be made during this and the following weeks, changing the form according to the subject matter."

But in what sense are we to take the words *interior knowledge?* Do they mean that the person meditating must endeavor to understand thoroughly the subject of the meditation, or that the practical fruit he derives must be to know the interior of Jesus? In other words must this knowledge be *objectively* or *subjectively interior?* It must be both by turns. And we judge this to be the intention of St. Ignatius, first, from the very nature of things; since to have a *subjectively interior* knowledge of any truth or object it is indispensably requisite to know the truth or the object in itself, in its essence, or—what is the same thing—it is necessary that the knowledge be also *objectively interior*. We judge it, in the second place, from other passages in the book where the author manifestly and without any doubt whatever reveals to us his opinion on this point. To what do the two fundamental meditations, the *Kingdom of Christ* and the *Two Standards*, lead? Does not the first treat of knowing the Person of Jesus Christ, His mission, and to this end His intentions, His desires, His interior? Is not the principal object of the second, to make plain to the eyes of our soul the design and the intention of the true and eternal

Captain, Christ our Lord, in regard to what He desires and asks of us, as diametrically opposed to the evil intentions of the perverse chief of the evil host? Finally, why insist so much upon contemplating the persons, their words and actions, if not because one's words and above all one's works reveal his interior so that we may truly say we know another when we are familiar with the motive and intention which always actuate him? We conclude then from all this that St. Ignatius asks us to acquire profound knowledge of the *interior* of Jesus Christ.

From this truth follows another no less important to the object we have in view, which is to show that our experienced spiritual guide claims, though he does not say it in so many words, that we may acquire by means of the *Exercises* interior knowledge of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is in every respect impossible to attain the interior knowledge of Jesus, of which St. Ignatius speaks in so many parts of his work, unless we contemplate this sanctuary of the Divinity of Jesus Christ. We must learn from this precious book of gold, from His Sacred Heart, the sublime lessons written therein in characters equally divine and human. We must study with humble reverence and holy fervor this Divine Heart in Which are contained all the treasures of the wisdom and the grace of God. Therein we shall find rich sources of virtue, of sanctity, and of perfection; and there, finally, we may learn the fundamental, the characteristic virtue of Jesus, the humility which He—the Lord—exhorts us to learn from His Heart: *Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart.*

We have proved, we think, that the *Exercises* lead to an intimate knowledge of the interior of Jesus Christ, and consequently of His divine Heart. Let us see now what means St. Ignatius has recourse to, supposing always the assistance of grace without which we can do absolutely nothing in the supernatural order, to help us to obtain this first requisite of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The principal means and the one to which all the others may be reduced is, without doubt, attentive meditation on the life of Christ and on the examples of virtue which He gives us from the

sighs and wails of the Manger to the glorious triumph of His Ascension into heaven, following step by step the smallest details and circumstances in the life of our Divine Master. Thus does St. Ignatius conduct the disciple through the gallery of varied pictures offered us in the different mysteries of the life of Christ, upon Whose holy humanity the Saint would have the eyes of the soul chiefly fixed, keeping at the same time well in view the primary end of all the meditations, which is, as we have indicated, *interior knowledge of our Lord.*

The wonder and novelty of this art do not consist so much in the matter treated of, as in the method and form. The mysteries of the life of Christ are as ancient as Christianity, and the practice of meditating upon these mysteries dates from the early ages of the Church. But to bring them out in relief before the eyes of the soul, contemplating the persons, the words, and the actions; to make all the powers of the soul and the senses of the body concur in the practical study of the Divine Exemplar; to insist upon the same passage of the life of Christ by means of repetitions; to accommodate all and every one of these divers exercises to a determined end, preserving among them a perfect gradation, logical order, and admirable harmony; to establish fundamental principles and axioms which serve as a point of departure and most solid basis to preserve us from error in this difficult science, and to prevent our efforts from being fruitless; all this, we say, is new, very new, and due to St. Ignatius Loyola, the author of this wonderful book. So wonderful indeed is it that we are constrained to receive not only as plausible, but as probable enough, the opinion generally accepted among the sons of St. Ignatius, that it was inspired of Heaven and dictated by the Sovereign Queen of Angels, by her who is called and who is the *Sedes Sapientiae* "Seat of Wisdom."

Therefore, if we place the Sacred Heart of Jesus before the eyes of the soul, in order to contemplate It fixedly; if we revolve in our memory, examine with our intelligence, and love with our will the admirable example of virtue, of which this same Heart is a perennial source; if we endeavor to behold Its ardent flames,

to hear Its loving sighs, to inhale the exquisite fragrance of Its virtues, to taste Its infinite sweetness, and to touch with filial reverence like St. Thomas the open Side revealing to us this Heart of the Man-God Which has loved men so much; in a word, if we faithfully apply the admirable method of St. Ignatius with all his annotations, all his additions, and with the unity and dependence preserved between the mysteries and the truths which he puts in this golden book, we may confidently hope to acquire a profound knowledge of the true and intimate life of Jesus Christ and of His adorable Heart. For this is the centre and focus whence issue and whither converge the rays of light and the flames of love of the Man-God. He has willed to reveal to us in an open and sensible manner, in these latter times, the infinite riches contained and treasured in His Divine Breast. To know Jesus Christ is to know His Heart; and to love Him is to unite our hearts intimately and irrevocably to His, so that our desires and our aspirations shall be identified with the aspirations and desires of the Divine Heart of Jesus.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

A Fourth Dialogue.

Disciple. What is the special benefit to be expected from the united prayers of the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart? I hear it always spoken of as the power of pleading before God.

Teacher. Yes, that is our usual way of expressing it in English. It is not quite as accurate as the word—*impetration.* We use it because its meaning is easily grasped, while the latter is too latinized and unfamiliar for common use.

Disciple. If I have not lost my Latin, *impetration* ought to mean the act of obtaining something by one's own personal entreaty: and I suppose this would imply an effective power of pleading. Is that the case here?

Teacher. Very nearly. The Apostleship of Prayer has been built up on the Christian principle that such a power of obtaining graces from God by the personal entreaties of human beings, singly or together, actually exists, and is effective under the proper conditions. For its unfailing efficiency it requires the union with our Lord Jesus Christ which has caused our Apostleship to be organized into a "League of Christian hearts with the Heart of Jesus pleading." He is our great Mediator—*always living to make intercession for us.*[1]

Disciple. Impetration, then, is something more than prayer; otherwise all prayer, from that of the sinner who has some superstition connected with it up to the sincere prayer of the Saint, would be effective.

Teacher. That is only partly true. All prayer properly so-called is effective, and we have God's promise for it. Only it is so in different degrees. Then, perhaps you may call that prayer which is not so properly.

Disciple. I should like to go over all the different ways in which man as a creature really appeals to God as his Creator. In this way I should imagine it might be made clear just how far and when our prayers are likely to have some effect.

Teacher. Once more, you are speaking not quite accurately. Every appeal to God has some effect; for He is *Lord over all, rich unto all that call upon Him.*[2] We must always be careful to avoid thinking of God as a haughty king, beyond the skies and far away, and likely to hear us only when we call very loud and long. The air we breathe is not so near to us, does not enter into us so vitally, as does God with His attention to our least wants all the day long. This is what St. Paul said to the Athenians—*Seeing it is He Who giveth to all life and breath and all things, and hath made of one all mankind to dwell upon the whole earth, determining appointed times and the limits of their habitation, that they should seek God, if happily they may feel after Him or find Him, although He be not far from every one of us. For in Him we live and move and are.*[3] Our very existence, in the midst of so many necessities

[1] Hebrews, vii. 25. [2] Romans, x. 12. [3] Acts, xvii. 25–8.

of body and soul, is an appeal to Him, which He answers always and with all men. St. John says, for one thing, that the Eternal Word is *the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world.* We are too apt to forget this. After the prophesying of Jonas the Ninivites not only fasted themselves, but made their oxen and sheep to fast, and called this *crying to the Lord with all their strength!* Afterward, God gave this as a reason why He should spare *that great city, in which there are more than a hundred and twenty thousand persons that know not how to distinguish between their right hand and their left, and many beasts.*[4]

Disciple. I have read of something like this in Catholic times. In Brittany, I believe, in seasons of great drought, the little children who had not yet come to the age of reason were led in troops across the fields that God might have pity on so much innocence mutely appealing to Him. This, I suppose, about represents your distinction between that in us which appeals to God of itself and prayer which is our free calling upon Him.

Teacher. Yes, and too many Christians forget that this dumb cry of human nature is always mounting up to God, *Who loveth all things that are, Who hateth none of the things which He hath made;*[5] and when we come to think of His mysterious dealings with the souls who even reject Him, we see that this more than motherly care of His creatures goes beyond our utmost thought. This is why the Prophet brings Him before us in the person of our Lord holding out His wounded hands all the day long *to an unbelieving people.*[6] How much more, then, will He listen when even the most sinful of men uses his free will to call upon Him?

Disciple. Prayer, then, properly so-called, is equivalent to petitioning Almighty God for something?

Teacher. Yes, for our present purpose. It is to induce God to do something for us of His own will, because we have shown Him our inmost need and heart's desire.

Disciple. But I have heard of very ignorant and depraved criminals asking God's help to commit some sin. Was that prayer?

[4] Jonas, iii.; id., iv. 11. [5] Wisdom, xi. 25. [6] Isaias, lxv. 2.

Teacher. It was rather an execration, on the part of men who from some superstition looked on God as a real demon. This may be petition, but it is not prayer at all. Prayer asks God for something which He can do in accordance with His own Divine Nature that is all holy, and with His Will, which is all good and merciful.

Disciple. I begin to see that all petition is not prayer; but is there ever a real prayer without some effectiveness—some power of impetration?

Teacher. No prayer is without some effect. Let us take the most elementary example, where prayer is made by a man who is quite without faith, that is, who has never learned from revelation that there is a personal God Who has promised to hear him. Now this man has not that certain hope of being heard which can come only from faith. It is very difficult for him to realize, to bring home to himself, what prayer is to do for him. Still, he is not quite so badly off as the atheist whose form of prayer ran: "O my God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul." Yes, he is better than that; for he is a rational creature. Now, a rational creature cannot help feeling at times intensely that there is a great Will working in and through the world, and in some hours of special difficulty he will feel impelled to call for aid on this Supreme Will. The light of nature will have taught him, confusedly at least, that there is a Divine Providence. Of course, he is not likely to reach so far as this without God's grace stirring him to pray. Now, even this prayer, which I call the most elementary possible, is not without its effect. It appeals to God's love for His creature far more than the mere need in which the man stood before. It is true that this prayer has not the benefit of the special promises made by Christ, because it was not based on Christian faith or hope. But it is in the nature of God to help such a man and finally to bring him to the light of faith. This is not impetration, for it is not the man's petition that obtains the answer, but simply God's superabundant goodness in His way of dealing with all the creatures of His hand. It is, however, one great step beyond what King David says of the lion's whelps, that by their *roaring* they *seek their meat from God.*[1]

[1] Psalm ciii. 21.

Disciple. What is the next degree of prayer? And kindly tell me when the absolute effectiveness of impetration, as you call it, really begins.

Teacher. This is the general principle. Every petition of the soul to God which is made with faith and hope is sure to have some answer. This is the least which we can gather from the great promises of Christ. The prayer would not be truly from faith if anything wrong were asked for, as I have explained about your superstitious man. And it would not be with hope, unless the other conditions of asking with piety and perseverance and with some reference to our own salvation, were found in it. It is something like what St. Paul says to Timothy concerning God's nature. *If we believe not, He continueth faithful, He cannot deny Himself.*[8]

Disciple. You say that prayer must be made *piously.* At that rate the sinner's prayer stands a poor chance.

Teacher. Not at all. We do not say that only a pious, that is a just, man can pray with hope of receiving what he asks. That would be a very discouraging thing. Why, the sinner could never ask for the grace of repenting of his sins, at that rate. It is very necessary to remember that grace stirs up the sinner to pious acts quite as much, and often much more than it does the just man. It is quite like the teaching of our Lord Himself, *Who came, not to call the just, but sinners to penance.*[9] This is true of the interior grace by which Christ's Spirit teaches all men. It is the sum of His wonderful revelation made to St. John: *Behold, I stand at the gate and knock: if any man shall hear My voice and open to Me the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me.*[10] The important thing is that the man should open the door to Him Who stands at the gate of his heart and knocks. God will do the rest.

[8] II. Timothy, ii. 13.

[9] St. Luke, v. 32; St. Matthew, ix. 13; St. Mark, ii. 17.

[10] Apocalypse, iii. 20.

THE READER.

*

"DEAR MESSENGER:

"The talks about 'The Morning Offering' are full of interest. When I began mine I expected it to be an earnest act of consecration, to be recalled at nightly examen. I find that it pervades the day, coming oftener and oftener to mind. Sometimes I find myself saying it imperfectly as I wake, from the habit of making it the first conscious act.

"The word 'sufferings' brings a little shudder often, I have had so many of them; but when the sufferings themselves come, I instantly recall the 'Offering,' and say—that's what I bargained for. But oh, so often I feel as if our Lord Jesus answered me:

"'Yes, but it is accepted—not a pang is lost'—and this grows and grows, and gives a kind of fortitude, where all courage for mental pain was lacking—God's generosity conveyed through the steady practice of the Morning Offering.

"May this encourage some heavy heart in isolation—

H. B."

* *

We also desire to say a good word for a far smaller class of the community, though not an unimportant one. Mr. George O'Connell, S. J., who labored so faithfully on our "MESSENGER" during the early years of this later series, has reprinted his little Manual for the use of the Sanctuary boys. The "boys on the Altar" play a not unimportant part in our Parishes. It is the great ambition of their age to be dressed up in gown and white surplice, as so many angels, to serve in Holy Things about the Sanctuary; and it is the great pride of their parents to see them taking part in the Church ceremonies. Here many a vocation is nursed to the Priesthood, and many a holy thought firmly rooted in the mind, which, in the great world, in the midst of temptation, will come back to anchor the soul to its early faith.

* * *

Father Matthew Russell, who so kindly wrote for our "MESSENGER" the *Eucharistic Thoughts* published in January and February, sends us a letter of meek complaint. It is true that the demands of the printer led to a slight change in the order of his beautiful thoughts. We are so glad to have anything from one who writes so well and so seldom that, to our own confusion, we give the reader his words:

I am sure you will feel for me when you learn that the two last paragraphs of Eucharistic Thoughts, as given by you [namely, in January] are only a commentary on a phrase of Cardinal Newman's, given in one of the suppressed or postponed paragraphs [printed in February]. Those last phrases about "making the young heart chaste" and "Mary as our nursing Mother" are Newman's; and I have repeated them to myself and my penitents thousands of times, since the time I turned them into a sonnet many years ago. I am very sorry the text of my little homily has thus been left out, and I should much have preferred waiting half a year.

We can do no better after this, than give the text and sonnet.

A THOUGHT FROM DR. NEWMAN.

In the last of his Discourses to Mixed Congregations he calls the Blessed Virgin the Mother of Emmanuel, and says: "It is the boast of the Catholic Religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this but that it gives us Jesus for our Food and Mary for our nursing Mother?"

The world shines bright for inexperienced eyes,
And death seems distant to the gay and strong,
And in the youthful heart proud fancies throng,
And only present good can nature prize.
How, then, shall youth o'er these low vapors rise
And climb the upward path, so steep and long?
And how, amid earth's sights and sounds of wrong,
Walk with pure heart and face raised to the skies?

By gazing on the infinitely Good,
Whose love must quell or hallow ev'ry other—
By living in the shadow of the Rood,
For He that hangs there is our Elder Brother,
Who dying gave to us Himself as Food,
And His own Mother as our nursing Mother.

* * * *

The Disappearance of John Longworthy, by Maurice Francis Egan, has been laid on the Reader's desk. We have several times noted the work of this author, and lamented that not more of it was given us. This new volume continues the studies in New York life—especially in the better class of tenement-houses—which the author has presented us in his previous books. His heart is evidently in his work, and on the whole his work is well done. There can be no doubt, to any competent reader, that the literary form of his books is far above that which we are now accustomed to find in our American Catholic publications. Certainly the present book is far above the Commencement Season volumes, with their cheap, gaudy covers, blotched with gold-leaf outside and containing literature of the most desperately commonplace order, both in form and matter, on the inside. We suppose that this Commencement literature must have its way: some time, perhaps, we shall have occasion to speak of the very great harm it is doing to the interests of our true Catholic literature. It is enough to say now that Mr. Egan's book is not of this class.

These studies of the East Side of New York are along the same literary lines as those of the East End of London which have made the novelist Besant so popular. And they are written from a truer standpoint than the works of the English writer, because of the peculiar insight any instructed and thoughtful Catholic must have into the good and evil of a population largely Catholic. There is, perhaps, something to be desired in the grasp of the various problems considered by the author. But it is not necessary that the story-teller should settle questions. It is sufficient that he should present facts. This has been too often forgotten by men of purely worldly minds, like Besant; and even the late Protestant Archbishop Trench of Dublin recorded his earnest protest against the mere novelist's solution being held worthy of any serious consideration in healing the hurt of God's people. Mr. Egan is right therefore in not dogmatizing. In general, he seems either to give up the problem as hopeless or else refers to the Church's action for alleviating its evil conditions.

A light defect also is the number of allusions made in connection with the descriptions given. Now allusions interest the confirmed literary man, who recognizes them and finds a whole

train of pleasant associations set going in his mind, as they come to him. But for the reading public in general, and for the earnest men who desire to do good work in the world and have not time to waste on the mere accomplishments of literature, these allusions rather hinder than help the effect of writing.

* * * * *

With these light criticisms, which should only make our readers more anxious to see the book for themselves, we proceed to its real merit. So far as we know, it is the first plain though pleasant-spoken description of life as it really exists among a large portion of the Catholic population of a great city, more than half Catholic, like New York. It is evident that only a Catholic could describe this life without offence. It is also evident that only a Catholic would understand half of what was going on or, indeed, anything of the serious side of this life.

Now Mr. Egan has carefully and sympathetically—even humorously—described the light and dark side of this life among our own people. In doing so he could not help starting up all manner of burning questions. For example, why is it that the two sisters of his book are well-bred as well as pious, while their brother who has been a student of a Catholic college is underbred and not pious? Every hard-working priest knows how often this state of things results in those mixed marriages by which Catholic mothers and children are lost to the Church while Catholic men step down to a lower plane of life. Mr. Egan does not attribute the defects in his hero's character to the college at which he was educated. Quite the contrary, for his special hero was a fellow-student. He does not quite explain the cause of what is, after all, a heart-breaking phenomenon enough. He seems to attribute it partly to a lack of home training, partly to the lowering influence of politics in our American cities, and partly to the beer drinking which appears on perhaps too many pages of his book—though not more often than in real life.

Not all the Catholic girls of his story, however, are well-bred: and another problem is started in the mind by the contemplation of "Lacy's" shop-girl who manages to deck herself out so gaily for the "*Lady Rosebuds*' Ball." It is the hollowness of this pretence and strain after a low, grotesque imitation of the fashionable life of the rich that comes out most sadly in these pages.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR APRIL, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

CHRISTIAN MEN OF SCIENCE.

THE man of science, the great scholar, the genius, seems, by the very nature of his exalted endowments, destined to lead a lonely sort of life. He weaves his thoughts or pores over his problems, far away from the busy throng. Such solitude is even supposed to be a better nursery for genius than scenes of enterprise and activity. Yes; but all the while it is the deep thinker—whether surrounded by the comforts of life or sitting alone and pale in cell or garret—who spins out a great thought which passes from him to the masses and is woven by them into the web of history. He sows the seed: the crop grows and the harvest is garnered in due season. On him, therefore, more than on the laborers who reap and gather, does the quality of the crop in very large measure depend.

I.

It is for such men we are called upon to pray: that they may use the gifts of God for the purposes unto which they were given, and may make men better by the influence of their word or pen. Furthermore, we are to beg that, through God's especial bounty, such men may arise amongst us, to set themselves on the side of truth and, in the various departments of human knowledge, aim at showing to mankind that science the most sublime can reach no higher glory than that of being the handmaid of religion. They both spring from the same source, though they often differ in the course they pursue. Religion is the service we render

to truths from which God has lifted the veil of concealment and, in a manner of His own choosing, identified them and warranted them as His teaching. The results of science, on the other hand—and especially of what is called scientific investigation—are discoveries of facts or truths which had been hidden in the mysterious workings of nature. In this case it is man who lifts the veil. And, as "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," man ought to stamp his discovery as a truth of God's teaching proclaimed through his agency. But ever since Eve listened and Adam fell, there is a tendency in the human mind to regard the tangible, material world as man's own possession, and to dig in it some sort of foundation upon which to build a claim against God's right to own it. This it is which makes the real conflict between what is called science and revealed religion. The truths imparted by each are to the masses of mankind a revelation; and, in point of fact, there is an abnormal readiness to set a revealing man above a revealing God.

Now, this in itself is an absurdity, since it is nothing else than striving to present a fragment hewn from a great building, and disfigured in the transfer, as evidence in proof that no architect had ever planned that building. Yet it is such things as this that men of great natural ability are doing every day, to the damage of their fellow-men and of themselves. No one gains by their misguided or misdirected ability; and the greater their science the more hurtful and lasting is the harm that is done. Witness the disastrous influence of the Encyclopedists, toward the close of the last century! Perverted science and corrupt principles, like baneful seed, produced through a process of natural growth the horrors and calamities of the French Revolution.

II.

Imagine what a blessing it would be to the world if a great poet should sing deathless songs by which men would be led nearer to the truth of God. Not, indeed, a poet simply having goodness for his theme or his aim; but a poet of real genius rending the web of sophistry, shattering falsehood, routing

calumny, and waving proudly the banner of truth in rightful triumph of victory clearly won! How men's hearts would melt in sympathy with the utterances of a really great orator devoting the energies of his genius to the teaching of right principles! And of writers gifted with extraordinary skill what shall be said?

The Associates of the Holy League and the readers of the MESSENGER know in what esteem we hold the reading of books which lead toward the true and the good. The efforts we ourselves make to furnish good reading are rather an evidence of our earnest purpose to work in the right direction than a realization of our idea as to what ought to be done. But if a writer of genius, with pure principles and lofty aims, were to use his energies as a true Christian man of science, he could magnetize by the charm of his style or the subtle skill of his thought; and thus he could lead his readers, almost irresistibly, to a love of what is worthy of being loved and to a hatred of what is base. Useless to say that genius might miss its aim whilst harnessed to such commonplace work. Real genius never miscarries: it wins the right of way because it is what it is, and always secures a following.

Men like Ozanam and Cardinal Newman have done incalculable benefit to the cause of truth by their writings; and there is no telling how many thousands might be led to religion, if men of repute for genius or great scientific skill, in any branch of knowledge, were at the same time humble worshippers at the altar of the true God. Good example sheds always a genial ray upon some one: but the Christian example of men of great science is a light shining for many.

When we take into account the immense quantity of reading matter published every year; and when, moreover, we bear in mind the fact that so much of it is either not on the side of truth, or directly against it, we learn to understand the momentous importance of having men of science really Christian in their knowledge, their conduct, their aims, their influence. One such man would wield a mighty power. But if to the one were added

others, the sphere of their apostleship would widen immeasurably, because no one can reckon exactly where the spell of genius may end or what may be the possibilities its subtle charm may develop. Deep may call upon deep, and the voice of many waters re-echo the call. Genius enlisted and combating in the cause of truth may arouse an army of less gifted men like common soldiers to fight under the same banner.

III.

Ecclesiastics, or churchmen as they are called, are expected as a matter of course to speak and write in such manner as may be helpful to faith and morals. It is according to their profession to do so. Rather, therefore, should we pray that we may have Christian laymen of great knowledge and great piety, with great power of utilizing both for the welfare of their fellow-men. We need literary men, scientific men, scholars—in a word, we need for active service in the Christian cause such men as the French describe by that term which is untranslatable by reason of the associations which cluster around it, *Savants*.

Such Christian men of science would show, by their very lives, that the highest learning in natural things can be happily joined with the supernatural Christian life; and, by their writings, they might dispel from weak and doubting souls the shadows of evil cast by an infidel and unreal science. Surely, this union of science and religion, which is due to truth and to the souls of men, must also be in the merciful designs of the Divine Heart. It is therefore a fit object of our prayers.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that men of science may be imbued with proper principles and propagate these throughout the world. *Amen.*

APPEAL

For the Tercentenary of the Death of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Patron of Youth.

1. Occasion of this Appeal.

THE three hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Patron of Youth, falls on the 21st of June of the present year. The Holy See, by a Brief dated January 1, 1891, has granted special privileges to its celebration, for the churches of the whole world. The Holy Father had already chosen devotion to this Saint as the General Intention to be especially recommended to the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, during the first month of this year; and the Messengers of the Sacred Heart throughout the world have taken up, as their own work, the due celebration of the Anniversary.

It is for this reason that we venture to make the following appeal to all the centres of the League, to all the many Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin which have this Saint as their secondary Patron, and in general to all the Reverend clergy and religious communities that have care of the young of whom St. Aloysius has been declared the special Patron by several Sovereign Pontiffs.

2. General Plan of Celebration.

The part of the celebration which naturally appeals to all the faithful is that concerning the *Feast* itself. To this may properly be added the very popular and richly indulgenced practice of consecutive Communions on each of the *Six Sundays preceding the Feast.*

To insure the success of this devotion, it should be announced suitably for several weeks beforehand. The Messenger will have ready for distribution, by the 1st of May, a small *Life of the Saint*, with devotions suitable for the Six Sundays and a form of

consecration for the Feast itself. Such a *Life*, properly distributed among the members of the congregation or read publicly during the novena or for some time daily in the classes of the schools, will awaken the fervor of the faithful to the importance of this celebration.

3. Special Celebration of the Feast.

In schools and communities, and in general wherever the devotion of the people may warrant it, a public *Novena* immediately preceding or following the Feast should be held. This has been specially approved by the Holy Father.

In the case of Sodalities having St. Aloysius as their Patron, a *Triduum*, which has also been approved by the Sovereign Pontiff, might properly be celebrated with a certain degree of solemnity, *v.g.*, with a special sermon each day and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

In the case of Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart, wherever the *semi-annual Reception of Promoters* and renewal of their Consecration through any cause has been deferred beyond the Feast of the Sacred Heart on the 5th of June, the present Feast of St. Aloysius—which this year falls on a Sunday—might very properly be taken for that purpose and the consecration to the Saint added. This also would properly be preceded by a Novena or Triduum.

4. The Celebration and Children's Communion.

The Central Director of the League is anxious to make this celebration the starting point of an important work for Catholic children, already begun in other countries and more than once specially approved and urged on the League by the Sovereign Pontiff. This has a twofold object:

First, the *public and solemn Monthly Communion of Children*, beginning from the time of their First Communion. The month of June is very commonly taken for the First Communion of children in our American dioceses; and this work, so urgently needed, can easily be started in connection with the present Feast.

For example, the Feast may be taken as the day of the First Communion of the children and of the solemn renewal of their First Communion by the older children, to be followed up month after month by Communion in a body.

Second, the introduction into schools of that special adaptation of the Apostleship of Prayer which is variously known as the *Pope's Militia*, or *The Apostleship of Study*. This organizes the children into a special branch of the League of the Sacred Heart during their school-time, without in any way interfering with the general work of the League in the Parish.

With this may aptly be joined the application of the devotions of the League to the cause of Temperance, as propagated by Father Cullen in the *Irish Messenger*.

For the convenience of the Directors of the League and of the Reverend clergy and religious communities, there will be issued from the MESSENGER Office, before the 1st of June, a small *Manual* with full explanations and devotions for this twofold work of the League among children.

5. The Pilgrimage and Album of Consecrations.

A great Pilgrimage has been organized on occasion of this Centenary to the Saint's tomb in Rome. For those who are unable actually to join this Pilgrimage for the 21st of June, special spiritual favors have been granted by the Holy Father, on condition that they unite in spirit with the Pilgrims and place themselves under the patronage of St. Aloysius; and parents may do this in the name of their young children.

Moreover a special Album in memory of the Centenary is to be deposited in the tomb of the Saint, containing the names of the young children whose parents may consecrate them under his protection. Where the child is old enough, it may itself make its mark and even sign its name, though the parent is authorized to do this. The Leaflets of the Consecration and Lists for the Album may be had on application at the MESSENGER Office, after the 1st of May.

The Fathers charged with the Celebration of the Feast at the

tomb of the Saint desire to take this occasion for renovating the Altar and further beautifying the church which derives its greatest glory from his relics. This is the Church of the former Roman College, in which St. Aloysius completed his sanctification and died.

At the MESSENGER Office, any alms for this purpose will be received and duly acknowledged.

6. *Indulgences and Privileges.*

The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences has promulgated the following privileges in favor of the churches or chapels celebrating the Anniversary, with Indulgences for the faithful:

1°. A Plenary Indulgence for the Triduum or for assisting five times at the Novena, to be gained on the Feast itself or any day of the Triduum or Novena. A visit to the church or chapel where the Feast is celebrated is required, under the usual conditions of Confession and Communion with prayers for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

2°. To those making the Pilgrimage and to children who as far as they are capable place themselves under the protection of St. Aloysius, and to their parents who see that this is done, an Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines.

All these Indulgences are applicable to the souls of the Faithful Departed.

3°. In all the churches of the world which celebrate this Anniversary, the Mass of the Saint may be said for three days beginning on the Feast itself.

All the above privileges and Indulgences require the usual consent of the Ordinary.

The Reverend clergy, and Superiors of religious communities and schools, or others who desire to make use of the services of the MESSENGER Office for the due celebration of the Anniversary, are requested to give timely notice to the Head Director.

R. S. DEWEY, S. J.

114 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (February 12. to March 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Baltimore, Maryland: Convent of the Sacred Heart of Mary (Sisters of St. Dominic), Washington.

Boston, Massachusetts: St. Patrick's Church and St. Patrick's Boys' School (Xaverian Brothers), Lowell.

Brooklyn, New York: St. Joseph's Institute for Deaf Mutes, Brooklyn; St. Mary's Church, Long Island City.

Buffalo, New York: St. Gabriel's Church, Hammondsport; St. Mary's Church, Elmira.

Chicago, Illinois: Convent of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica (Benedictine Sisters), Chicago.

Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Edward's Church and St. Francis Xavier's Church, Cincinnati.

Cleveland, Ohio: St. Ann's Church, Fremont.

Columbus, Ohio: Holy Name Church, Steubenville; Immaculate Conception Church, Dennison.

Concordia, Kansas: Our Lady of Help Cathedral, Concordia.

Davenport, Iowa: St. Ambrose's Church, Des Moines; Mercy Hospital (Sisters of Mercy), Davenport; St. Joseph's School (Sisters of the Humility of Mary), Fort Madison.

Detroit, Michigan: Holy Trinity Church, Detroit.

Erie, Pennsylvania: Convent of Mercy, Crates.

Fort Wayne, Indiana: St. Rose's Academy, Laporte.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: St. Joseph's Church, Danville.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. Joseph's Convent (Sisters of St. Joseph), Windsor Locks.

La Crosse, Wisconsin: St. Louis' Church, Washburn.

Leavenworth, Kansas: St. Benedict's Church, Dentonville; St. Brigid's Church, Kansas City.

Louisville, Kentucky: Sacred Heart Retreat, Louisville; St. Agnes' Academy (Sisters of Mercy), Preston Park.

Marquette, Michigan: St. Ann's Church, Menominee.

Nashville, Tennessee: St. Cecilia's Academy, Nashville.

Nesqually, Washington: St. Mary's Church, Simcoe.

New Orleans, Louisiana: St. Joseph's Church, Pontchatoula; St. Helena's Church, Amite City.

New York, New York: St. Joseph's Church, Rhinecliff; St. Paul's Church, Staatsburg; Regina Cœli Church, Hyde Park.

Ogdensburgh, New York: St. Patrick's Church, Port Henry.

Providence, Rhode Island: Our Lady of the Isle Church, Newport.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota: St. Aloysius' Church, Sturgis Falls.

St. Augustine, Florida: St. Anthony's Church and Holy Name Academy (Benedictine Sisters), San Antonio.

St. Louis, Missouri: Immaculate Conception Church, Macon City.

St. Paul, Minnesota: St. Patrick's Church, St. Paul; St. Peter's Church, Mendota.

Springfield, Massachusetts: St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield.

Wheeling, West Virginia: St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph's.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

Diplomas of Affiliation, received from the *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Vincent's Church, Baltimore.

Boston, Massachusetts: St. Cecilia's Church, Boston.

Brooklyn, New York: St. Francis de Sales' Church, Patchogue.

Chicago, Illinois: St. Denis' Church, Lockport; St. Joseph's Church, Manteno; St. Patrick's Church (4), Amboy.

Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Patrick's Church (2), Bellefontaine.

Denver, Colorado: St. Elizabeth's Church, Denver.

Kansas City, Missouri: St. Vincent's Church, Sedalia.

New York, New York: Nativity Church, Poughkeepsie; St. Nicholas' Church (3), New York.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Holy Cross Church, Mt. Airy; St. Francis de Sales' Industrial School, Eddington.

Providence, Rhode Island: Convent of Jesus and Mary, Fall River.

Sacramento, California: St. Mary's Church, Virginia City.

The Bona Mors Association.

Diplomas have been sent to the following:

Chicago, Illinois: Sacred Heart Church, Chicago.

Cleveland, Ohio: Assumption Church, Elyria.

Galveston, Texas: Sacred Heart Church, Galveston.

Idaho, Idaho: St. John Evangelist's Church, Boise City.

Savannah, Georgia: Immaculate Conception Church, Atlanta.

St. Augustine, Florida: St. Louis' Church, Tampa.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Joseph's Church, Edina.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from February 12 to March 12, 1891.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	385,489	11. Masses Heard	267,235
2. Beads	417,567	12. Mortifications	331,757
3. Stations of the Cross	106,223	13. Works of Charity	227,742
4. Holy Communions	91,024	14. Works of Zeal	441,258
5. Spiritual Communions	270,418	15. Prayers	5,798,559
6. Examens of Conscience	63,490	16. Charitable Conversation	307,942
7. Hours of Labor	894,715	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	103,357
8. Hours of Silence	572,565	18. Self-Conquest	139,369
9. Pious Reading	147,548	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	302,213
10. Masses Celebrated	3,615	20. Various Good Works	602,111
Total			14,174,196

The above returns represent four hundred and twenty Centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 96,401.

——*If you abide in Me, and My Words abide in you, you shall ask whatever you will and it shall be done unto you* (St. John, xv. 7).——

JOLIET, ILL., FEBRUARY 12.—We have recently received an extraordinary favor from the Sacred Heart in the cure of a sick pupil. The pupil referred to had been with us only a few days when typhoid fever declared itself. When the disease reached its crisis and we had lost all hopes of her recovery, we thought of having recourse to the Sacred Heart in a special manner. From that day she grew better and is now improving rapidly, so that she can attend school within a short time.

——, IOWA, FEBRUARY 12.—Thanks to the loving Heart of Jesus for the selling of a farm that could not be sold before.

OMAHA, NEB., FEBRUARY 12.—Thanks for the conversion of one who had neglected the Sacraments and become a total wreck from drink. He is now seven months at work and is a consolation to all his relatives.

ST. LOUIS, FEBRUARY 13.—Some time since being out of employment and means, with a wife and nine children depending on me, and I might say, absolute want staring me in the face, I turned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Scarcely had I finished a novena (I think the day after), when my prayers were granted in a very unexpected manner.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., FEBRUARY 14.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor granted me.

FORT DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY 14.—My two eldest sons had for some time been desirous of entering some religious order, but had no means, and their father was opposed to any such idea. They were becoming discouraged, when we had a lamp lit before the Sacred Heart (in the Sacred Heart Convent here) in honor of Blessed Margaret Mary, to burn for thirty days, beginning on the 25th of September and ending October 25th —her feast day. We also joined in the novena to St. Francis of Assisi beginning the 25th of September and ending October 4th. At the same time we recommended all these intentions to the prayers of the Holy League.

On the 25th of October, the last of the thirty days, we received a letter which removed all doubt as to what order my eldest son should join. On the 29th of December another letter decided the same doubt for my second son. On the 22d of January they received all the necessary means to accomplish their desires, and on the 5th of February they were each in the religious house where they believed the voice of God called them, with the full consent and good will of their father, who accompanied each to his destination.

FLUSHING, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15.—A Sister of St. —— returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the restoration to health and the conversion of a person, who for the past three months has been recommended to the prayers of the League. Three families, including thirteen persons, influenced by the example of the above-mentioned convert, are at present under instruction.

——, COL., FEBRUARY 16.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus because my two boys have made their First Communion and have been confirmed. Also for an event passing off quietly in my family that I dreaded would bring disturbance, but instead, after recommending it once to the Sacred Heart, it has turned out a source of happiness. Also for a lawsuit gained and for means to meet pressing engagements.

CLEVELAND, O., FEBRUARY 16.—Thanks from a poor young

man and a poor young woman, both of whom attribute their situations to the prayers of the League. Also, a very poor widow who was threatened with loss of sight wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for preserving her from that affliction.

PITTSBURGH, PA., FEBRUARY 16.—Special thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for unexpected means received for the fulfilment of a religious vocation after having been recommended for two years.

FALL RIVER, MASS., FEBRUARY 16.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a temporal favor obtained five days after it was recommended to the League, and the day after I promised to have it published in the MESSENGER.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., FEBRUARY 18.—Sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of my mother from an attack of pneumonia. The case was considered hopeless by the doctors.

BALTIMORE, MD., FEBRUARY 18.—Thanksgiving for a gentleman's conversion whom I recommended to your prayers, and who has since died a beautiful death.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 18.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart, two persons who were at variance are now quite reconciled.

BARNES, LA., FEBRUARY 19.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a situation obtained for my son, recommended last month.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 21.—Thanks for the conversion of a very great sinner, who had not been to his duty for years.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21.—I had been out of employment for some time. I recommended myself to the prayers of the League, and before three days I got employment.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., FEBRUARY 22.—A short time ago, I promised for the owners of an unrented store that, if a tenant could be found very soon, I would acknowledge the favor in the MESSENGER. Before the month was ended the store was let.

FREDERICK, MD., FEBRUARY 23.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return of two persons to the Church, both recommended last month to the prayers of the League. One was in a dying condition.

PLYMOUTH, PA., FEBRUARY 23.—A young man who had not been heard from for over two years wrote to his family about two weeks ago. The other, a man who had not been at Mass for several years, has been going regularly for the last month.

LOUISVILLE, O., FEBRUARY 28.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor granted through the prayers of the Holy League.

MT. ROCK, PA., FEBRUARY 28.—Thanks to the dear Sacred Heart for two great temporal favors received during the month of February, and for many spiritual favors.

TRENTON, N. J., FEBRUARY 25.—I wrote a letter last March, asking the prayers of the League for the recovery of my health, so that I might be able to do a little work. The special grace asked for was not received right away, and I was about to abandon hope when all of a sudden my condition took a change for the better. On the eve of the anniversary of my first letter, you might say, I am enjoying better health and I have been able to work a few days a week. Thanks to the Sacred Heart for hearing my appeal.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., FEBRUARY 25.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a person who was miraculously saved from death by his own act. He had been the object of special prayer to the Sacred Heart for the nine preceding months. Also for God's prolonged mercy toward an obstinate sinner, and for many graces spiritual and temporal repeatedly bestowed upon a wasteful Christian.

LOUISVILLE, KY., FEBRUARY 25.—Please return thanks for the recovery of a priest who was seriously ill with pneumonia. The lady I have been asking the League prayers for is almost well.

MOBILE, ALA., FEBRUARY 26.—Many thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for three favors granted. One was the obtaining of a situation for a young man; another the cure of an affliction suffered for years by a young man, and the almost entire cure from headaches suffered by an uncle for years.

CHICAGO, ILL., FEBRUARY 28.—Our little girl was very sick with diphtheria which left her in a most pitiful condition. All her strength was gone, the muscles of her throat were

paralyzed, and her eyes badly crossed. She was recommended to the prayers of the Holy League. She was cured! Her eyes are as straight and as bright as ever.

NEW ALBANY, IND., MARCH 2.—Thanks to the dear Heart of Jesus for a great favor. A young man addicted to drinking asked of his own accord for the pledge.

SAGINAW, MICH., MARCH 3.—Special thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return of the father of a family supposed to be dead; he had not been heard from during six months, and his whereabouts could not be discovered. He was recommended to the prayers of the Associates about a month ago.

NEW YORK, MARCH 6.—A priest returns thanks for the fulfilment of the 10th Promise an instant after he had promised to give thanks in the MESSENGER, if the favor—a real miracle of grace—were granted.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 6.—Some months ago I begged the prayers of the League for two persons, members of my band, who had not been to their duties; one for sixteen years and the other for forty-five years. Some months ago one went to Holy Communion on the First Friday, and this morning the other went on the First Friday also. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

NEW YORK, MARCH 12.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to His Immaculate Mother for the conversion of a man who had neglected his duties for years. I had him prayed for by the Holy League for several months. He has returned to his Church and made his confession and received Holy Communion.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—Thanks for the return to his religious duties of a young man. Also for the preservation of an army officer during the Indian trouble, and his recovery from severe illness afterward.—For the return of a man to his religious duties after absenting himself for fifty years. Also for a great spiritual favor.—For the recovery of my little nephew.—For the speedy recovery of a six-year old daughter.—For a young man who had strayed away from his wife and two children and was found in an almost miraculous manner.

MADONNA.

(Design from the Roman Studio of Gagliardi.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VI (XXVI). MAY, 1891. No. 5

THE NEW MAY.

By Maurice Francis Egan.

THE thrush sings to the sun, and so my heart
In this dear Maytime sings to Thee, O God,—
In this dear Maytime when the hawthorn rod
Springs into bloom and violets upward dart,
And raindrops on green boughs sigh forth, "Depart,"
As Winter lingers where the sun falls not
In hedgèd hollows;—soon will every spot
Rejoice as May awakes with joyous start:
The thrush sings to the sun, as never bird
Sang in the old days ere Our Dear Lord came;
The flowers bloom as no flowers ever bloomed
Before the Mother of th' Incarnate Word
Smiled on the lilies' snow, the tulips' flame,
And gave Joy to our race no longer doomed.

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THE PARIS COMMUNE OF 1871.

IT is now twenty full years since the last great revolutionary attempt in Paris. From the middle of March to the end of May a Communist Government was in full control of the city's life and activity. From its workings we can learn the true nature of those outbursts which profess to work a radical change in the constitution of society. In this case the interest is heightened by the ruins left behind, while to the Catholic no recent heroes of the Faith are more interesting than the Martyrs of the Commune of 1871.

The disastrous war with Prussia was at an end. After a long siege Paris had been taken possession of by the German troops. From the captivity of the Emperor Napoleon III., in September of the previous year, the Republic had been proclaimed in France and acknowledged as the lawful government. With the Republic Prussia had signed the treaty of peace, evacuating Paris in the first days of March. The national government had now before it the task of bringing back the wonted movement and security of civil life among the French people. This would have been easy, had it not been for a new enemy which had grown up in some of the great cities, notably in Paris and Lyons. The necessities of the siege had caused the arming of that nondescript, unstable and excitable population of the lower quarters of Paris, which for a century has been under the teaching of irreligion and of all that is opposed to the present condition of society. These were the so-called National Guards.

They had not distinguished themselves in real warfare. They were the first to demand guns, and loudly boasted that the Prussians would flee at the very sight of the armed men of Paris. When they were sent to the outposts, they began by plundering the nearest church. The company of Belleville was ordered to the front; but, with all their copious libations on the way, courage

did not come to them and during the night a single rifle shot, coming by mistake from a drunken man of their own party, sent them all home again in a panic. When the siege was over, naturally enough their courage was renewed and their patriotism knew no bounds. Especially they were filled with contempt "for the cowardly government which had dared to treat with the enemy rather than to find its tomb under the ruins of Paris."

Such men were sure to find a grievance. More than this, it was known that behind them there was a directing committee of the *Internationale*—a great secret society which, in those troublous years, gathered into one the revolutionary designs of Continental Freemasonry. The evacuation of the city gave the signal for a disturbance sure to come sooner or later.

"We do not wish," said these representatives of the people of Paris, "that the cannon which we—the National Guard—have so dearly paid for should go into the hands of the Prussians."

Thereupon men and women and children harnessed themselves to the pieces of artillery gathered together in different parts of the city, and dragged them with hymns of triumph up to the heights of Montmartre. There they hastily dug trenches and pointed the deadly *mitrailleuse* toward every street leading to their improvised fortress. Sentinels were posted; and song and wine consoled the grief of those who had been unable to deliver their country from the foreigner at the price of their blood. Blood, however, they were sure to have, provided only it were not their own.

Paris soon awoke to the gravity of the new danger which had arisen. Against three hundred thousand armed men the lawful Government had but ten thousand soldiers on whom it could rely. In a few days the Government was obliged to retire from the city to Versailles. Two of the principal Generals of the army, who were unfortunate enough to meet with a body of the insurgents, were shot down after a mockery of trial. With these two assassinations, on the 18th of March, was properly inaugurated that government of Paris, which professed to reform society and by its example revolutionize the world.

So far the Commune was ruled by a few agitators who had calmly formed themselves into a "Central Committee of the National Guards."

The spirit of their reforming Communism may be gathered from the deposition of Admiral Saisset before a later Commission of Inquiry concerning this same 18th of March.

The door suddenly opened and a man appeared and threw on the table a bundle of bank notes, saying, "I will have nothing more to do with it. Let them leave me alone. They are nothing but assassins!"—"Who are you," I asked.—"I am Lebreton, the Intendant General of the Commune." He went on: "It is horrible. I went to dine yesterday with Assi [one of the chief agitators and a member of the Central Committee of the National Guards]; they were shooting people down, and killed twelve before my eyes. . . . At the end of the dinner Assi said to me:—'You know an Intendant has always money?'—'No, I have none.'—'You are an Intendant General; you must have even more money than an ordinary Intendant. You must give me 300,000 francs, for the time is come and I have to get off into Belgium. If you don't give them to me, I will kill you.' . . . A moment later six Garibaldians [soldiers of Garibaldi's corps in the late war] armed with rifles drew up in a line behind me. One of them, whose wife was sick and to whom I had sent some money, said to me—'We have orders to execute you, if you don't give money to Assi!'"

The frightened Intendant made haste to assure them that he would get the money, and on this pretence succeeded in escaping to the Admiral's office where he told his story, which is still full of meaning.

General elections were now ordered and took place on the 26th of March. Needless to say, the Citizen Delegates of the Commune were all of the same color. The inhabitants of Paris who were willing to take part in this mockery of an election had been lured on and deceived by the most extravagant appeals. One of the leaders addressed them in these words:

What a day! This warm bright sun which gilds the cannon's mouth, this fragrance of the flowers, this trembling of our banners in the breeze, the murmur of this Revolution which

MASSACRE OF THE ARCHBISHOP,
TWO SECULAR PRIESTS, TWO JESUITS, AND A LAYMAN.
24 May, 1871.

flows on tranquil and beautiful as the azure-tinted river; all this leaping for joy, these bonfires, the trumpet's blare, these glistening cannon, the blaze of hope, this perfume of honor—is it not enough to make drunk with pride and joy the victorious army of the Republicans? O great Paris! . . .

Whatever happens, even should we be vanquished once again and die to-morrow, our generation has been consoled! We are paid for twenty years of defeat and anguish. . . .

And thou, little one, playing with the cannon-balls behind this barricade, come to my embrace!

The 18th of March has indeed saved thee, young boy! Like us you might have grown up in the fog, and wallowed in the mud and rolled in blood, heart-broken with hunger and shame, with the unutterable grief of those who are dishonored!

It is finished!

We have bled and wept for thee. Thou shalt reap our inheritance. Son of those who despaired, thou shalt be a free man!

It is significant of the cruel imposition practised on the people whom the Commune professed to deliver in the name of patriotism, that Assi, who had now become President of the Subcentral Committee and Governor of the Hôtel-de-Ville, rode through the streets with an almost royal cavalcade, loudly speaking his native Italian! With the aid of such men the French people were to be saved. One of the first public pronouncements of the Commune was to declare that society had but one duty toward princes—death! An English correspondent wrote: "All the rascals of Paris are under arms. I never saw such a collection of sinister faces. These men appear to be always more or less drunk; perhaps they have been nothing else since the 18th of March."

On the 2d of April the battalions of the National Guard marched bravely out of Paris, to attack the troops of the lawful Government in Versailles. A surgeon-major, sent forward by the regular troops for a parley, was received by the men of the Commune with a fusillade. He fell mortally wounded. The regular troops were aroused by this, and opened so heavy a fire on the insurgents that their bravery quite evaporated. The men and officers of the new Commune speedily regained their beloved Paris in confusion.

Proclamations, placarded on the dead walls of Paris the next day, show whither the spirit of the Commune was tending from the first. The attempt to fasten on the Catholic clergy the responsibility of every resistance made to the new order of things is plainly apparent. The first proclamation declared that an attack had been made on the National Guard of Paris by the Royalist conspirators "along with the Pontifical Zouaves." A second proclamation showed still less equivocally the object of these accusations.

The Commune of Paris,

Considering that the first principle of the French Republic is Liberty;

Considering that liberty of conscience is the first of liberties;

Considering that the Budget of Worship is contrary to this principle, since it is an imposition on citizens against their own faith;

Considering that, in point of fact, the clergy has been the accomplice of the crimes of the Monarchy against Liberty,

Be It Decreed:

Article I.—The Church is separated from the State.

Article II.—The Budget of Worship is suppressed.

Article III.—Goods said to be held in mortmain, belonging to religious congregations, movable and immovable, are declared to be National property.

Article IV.—Inquisition shall be made immediately as to these goods, to determine their nature and to place them at the disposition of the nation.

The Commune of Paris.

One of the more violent of the Communist organs justified this measure in the following terms:

Papists and other nurslings of the priests have been the first in the attack on Paris.

Paris answers them by taking from them the goods sequestrated by priests and by suppressing the Budget of Worship.

A documentary curiosity of these few days is a permit delivered to the chaplain of the jail where one of the wounded had demanded his ministry.

FATHER ALEXIS CLERC,
JESUIT MARTYR OF THE COMMUNE,
24 May, 1871.

Pass Citizen X—— who calls himself the servant of a party named God!

On the 3d of April there was more fighting in the outskirts of the city. Twenty thousand of these brave National Guards were again stricken with panic and saved themselves in hot haste within the city. Great services were rendered them during these days by the ambulance-hospital which had been set up by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. We shall see later on how the modest devotedness of the Brothers was recompensed.

The ninety members of the Commune soon saw that new measures were necessary. Henceforward the Commune was turned into a veritable Reign of Terror. On the 4th of April the organ of the Commune demanded the application of the *lex talionis*.

An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.
The Gates of Paris are closed.
No one can leave the city.
We have hostages in our hands!

These significant threats were put in execution that very day. The Archbishop of Paris with his Secretary and a Vicar-General were arrested, and with the Parish Priest of the Madeleine and several of the Jesuit Fathers, swept off to prison. The houses of the Jesuits, of the Missionaries of the Holy Ghost, and of the Dominican Fathers were sacked and pillaged. The next day the house of the Lazarists received a visit, and a second house of the Jesuit Fathers was searched from garret to cellar and the Superior and another Father taken to prison. The Superior was Father Olivaint, who stands out as one of the most notable figures of this dreary time. From the notes of his spiritual life which were found after he had been martyred and peace restored, we have learned to know his saintliness. He at once began in the prison the exercises of "retreat," and continued them for the forty days and more until the end came.

Meanwhile things went on from bad to worse. The National Guards of the Commune, as they called themselves, were driven

back toward Paris by the constantly advancing forces of the lawful Government at Versailles. In the little suburb of Neuilly the Fathers of the Holy Cross had an establishment of education. It was between two fires, and one day a shell passed the whole length of the students' wardrobe, carrying even into the yard shreds of linen with the fragments of the exploded bomb. Day by day the wretchedness grew greater, and the Commune, goaded to fury, increased the rigors of the Terror. All provisions and resources on which they could lay their hands were seized, and it was a crime that each able-bodied man should not give his services to the Commune.

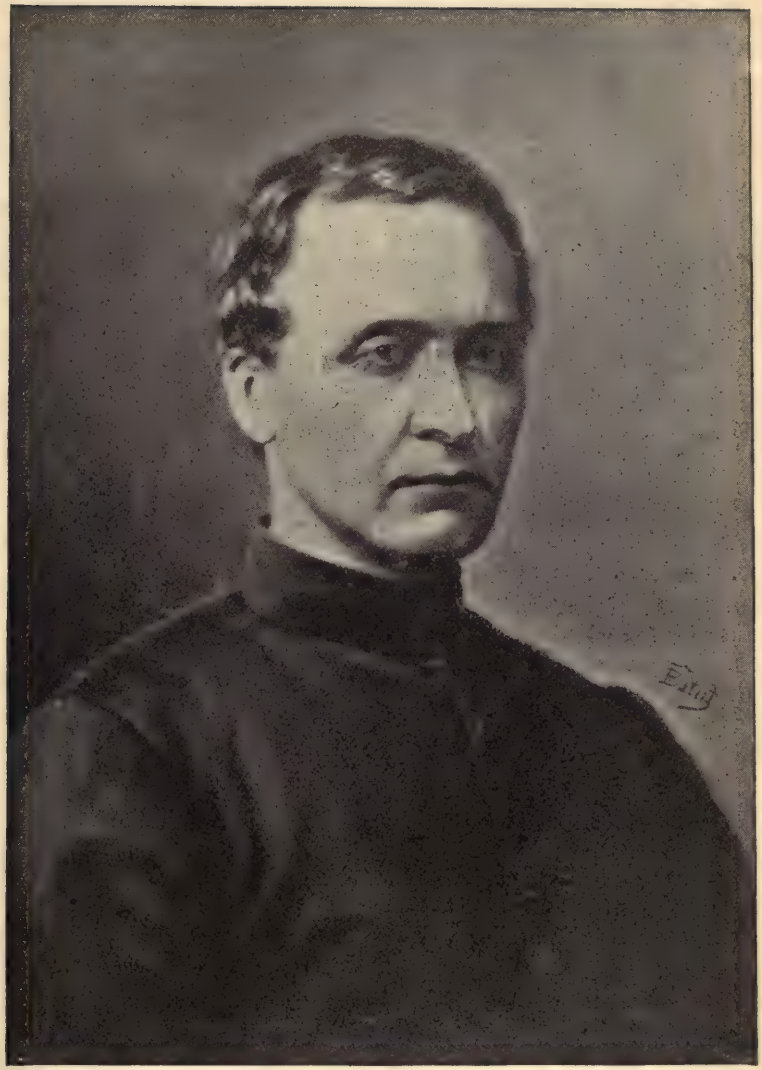
Hitherto the churches had remained open, but it was now time to finish with superstition and recall other principles "of a higher order," which might serve to strengthen the failing cause among the populace. The notorious Henri Rochefort, in his lurid journal, drew the attention of the Central Committee to the churches. There is a mocking air about his words which makes them worth quoting. He began by speaking of the bells and the treasures of sacred vessels existing in the different sacristies.

Bells constitute an *exterior* manifestation of Catholic worship, and by the terms of the *Concordat* this kind of manifestation is absolutely forbidden. . . . Our eternal belief shall be that, since Jesus Christ was born in a stable, the only treasure the Church of Notre Dame ought to possess is a bundle of straw.

It is also worth noting that, at a time when this violence of language was drawing a considerable revenue to its author, his father was dying in extreme poverty, aided only by the priests whom the son was reviling.

At Montmartre the church was closed, the priest taken to prison, and the following curious placard posted on the church door:

Seeing that priests are bandits, and the churches are their haunts where they have morally assassinated the masses . . . the Civil Delegate at the former Prefecture of Police ordains that the Church of St. Peter be closed, and decrees the arrests of the priests and of the Brothers *ignorantins*.



FATHER DUCOUDRAY,
JESUIT MARTYR OF THE COMMUNE,
24 May, 1871.

At another church, where a great concourse of the faithful were assisting at the High Mass, two delegates entered, hat on head, and escorted the astonished people from the church, women first and men afterwards. Then with their attendant soldiers they proceeded to a thorough search and confiscation. During this time a funeral approached, but it was met at the door by an officer, who gave these plain directions :

Take your dead man straight to the cemetery. It's the best thing you can do. What's the use of passing in through this house, which is only a haunt of the *calotins* [a name of contempt given to priests].

In some churches everything was pillaged, from the works of art in the sacred building itself to the linen and pictures and other objects of the adjoining house, even to the rabbits and poultry of the sacristan.

A number of priests were arrested and brought to the Prefecture of Police. Meanwhile a vigorous hunt was kept up for the former policemen of the city, with whom these Communists had long since made unfavorable acquaintance.

On the 5th of April a still more telling attack was made by the troops of Versailles. The Communists were obliged to fall back within the walls of the city, and again they turned for revenge on the Church and clergy.

It was Holy Week and the solemn services were going on in the great Parish Church of St. Sulpice. A detachment of the National Guards came in with a noisy rattling of arms, to the great consternation of the faithful who filled the church. They had an order for arresting the Superior of the adjoining Seminary. He was not in the church, but the Guards insisted on finding him and commenced to threaten the priest who was officiating. At this men, women, and children rose up together in the church to protect their pastor, crying : "You shall not have our priests. You shall kill us first!" Two of the National Guards were so impressed that they threw down their arms and retired, declaring that they would have nothing to do with so infamous an affair.

The others were obliged to have recourse to the priests to protect them from the indignation of the crowd. This did not hinder them from forcing their way immediately after into the Seminary and leading away to prison the venerable Superior.

The Commune had naturally a crying need of money. They everywhere seized supplies of provisions and extorted several millions from the banks; but their treasury soon became empty. Then they began an official visit of the religious communities, demanding whatever funds they might have on hand for their own expenses. One of the first to receive the visit was the house of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The high-minded Communists were astonished at the scanty purse of the Mother Superior, and insisted on searching everywhere. The decrepit old men who were cared for by these Sisters broke out into the most violent expressions of indignation. Even the Captain of the Delegates of the Commune felt himself affected and withdrew in confusion.

"I did not know what the Little Sisters of the Poor are," he said.

Doubtless many more of the misled people of Paris were in the same condition.

The tendency of the Commune was plain. At the head of affairs were some eighty men who had succeeded in duping the lowest classes of the people to their own advantage. But in the midst of their debauches and declamations they could not help seeing that their lease of power would be short. They had sown the wind and they were sure to reap the whirlwind. All that remained for them was to hold fast to their position as long as they could; and to do this it was necessary to keep some live issue constantly before the populace. The question nearest to hand was this of the Church and the clergy, whose religion was distasteful to men living without religion, whose Ten Commandments were burdensome to men that desired to be without restraint, and who were popularly supposed to be rich and given over to the interests of the rich. All these causes of irritation against the clergy were

MASSACRE OF FIVE DOMINICAN FATHERS,
25 May, 1871.

skilfully exaggerated and kept constantly before the people by the government of the Commune.

It is instructive to note the antecedents of the governors of Paris during these days. There were 12 journalists, 4 primary-school teachers, 4 lawyers, 3 doctors, 2 druggists, 5 painters, 2 architects, 2 engineers, 6 clerks, 1 sculptor, 2 small shop-keepers, 1 jeweller, 1 carver, 1 printer, 2 book-binders, 2 dyers, 6 shoe-makers, 1 hatter, 5 mechanics, 1 boiler-maker, 1 basket-maker, 1 joiner, 1 cashier, 1 perfumer, 3 who were called owners of real estate, and 9 without any profession—perhaps because they had had too many in the past. It was a sufficiently curious make-up for the government of a great city claiming to be the centre of the world's civilization. It was not claimed for any one of them that he had had the least experience in practical government.

As the fortunes of the Commune became precarious, the persecution of priests and religious grew in force. At a principal church, much frequented by the market-women, the priest was arrested just in time to prevent his celebrating the solemn feast of Easter with his people. The good women of his parish rose in a body and marched to the headquarters of the Government, declaring—"We must have our *Curé* for to-morrow in our own church." The Commune for once was abashed, and the good priest celebrated the feast of the Resurrection in the midst of his people.

On the 16th of April the Commune declared that it had documents in hand proving that the Christian Brothers were Prussian spies. Until then everyone had thought that the Brothers, who had been charged with ambulances in the fiercest battles of the late war, had devoted themselves at the risk of their lives to the cause of their country. But the Commune proceeded to their central house, arrested the Superior, plundered whatever could be found, taking the very sacred vessels from the altar and expressing great indignation at finding so little. Other Brothers were afterwards arrested, and held to the end in a painful and ignominious captivity among common criminals; and one at least lost his life. Since the preceding month of August these

Brothers had admitted to their Hospital and cared unweariedly for 1300 men, of whom over 1000 were sick and wounded.

Meanwhile the army of Versailles was slowly driving back the Commune into the city, which was now subjected to the horrors of another siege. The Commune openly declared its programme, which was nothing else than to "universalize property"—in other words, universal confiscation, for the benefit of those who happened to be at the head of affairs. They defended the melting up of the sacred vessels which had been found in the churches.

> Made into silver and gold coin and cast into circulation, they will be much more useful to labor and to business. . . . the right of transforming these things, which belong to it for the great interest of all, cannot be denied to Paris.

With their waning fortunes their grandiose pretentions only increased. On the 19th of April the Commune of Paris declared that it had "the mission of carrying out the modern revolution—the greatest and most fruitful of all revolutions which have lighted up the page of history."

> The Communal Revolution, inaugurated by the people on the 18th of March, opens a new era of experimental, positive, and scientific politics. It is the end of the old world, governmental and clerical, the end of militarism and the system of public functionaries, of the exploitation of the people and of serfage, of the monopolies and privileges to which the common people owe their slavery and our country its misfortunes and disasters.

During all this time the Commune was carefully keeping from the people the defeats daily met with by their soldiers in the forts around Paris.

A curious episode of these days was an appeal to the Commune on the part of the Freemasons, asking that further bloodshed might be avoided. The popular demonstration on the occasion, the cries of the Masonic delegates, their speeches and the banners given and received, seem to show a full and working sympathy between the great secret society and the principles of

MASSACRE OF THE RUE HAXO,

THREE JESUITS, FOUR FATHERS OF PICPUS, TWO SECULAR PRIESTS, ONE SEMINARIAN,

26 May, 1871.

the Commune. Naturally enough, the Masonic heads may have disgusted the singular leaders of the present movement with their philosophic pretensions.

At the end of April all the schools of the Christian Brothers were transformed into irreligious schools taught by lay masters; the crucifix was taken from the walls and instead of the opening prayer the Marseillaise was sung. The children were not in sympathy with this movement, and in several schools there were disorders serious enough to demand the presence of the National Guards. In one place the scholars hastily left the room, shouting to the disconcerted master as they ran, "Down with the Commune!" Meanwhile the Brothers were kept under guard in their house, and some of their number who were in charge of an Orphanage in the suburbs were brought to a prison in the city.

At the same time the schools kept by the Sisters of Charity were closed by order of the Commune, to the great dissatisfaction of many a poor mother. The new school-mistress in one of these establishments began her instruction with the words: "Children, there is no longer any God; there are no more prayers; let's sing the Marseillaise!" It was well known that in many of the classes the women appointed by the Commune to replace the Sisters had been taken from one of the public prisons.

All this was not calculated to reassure even the most ignorant of the populace; and the Commune found it necessary to increase its rigors against all that was Christian and to defame more and more the good name of priests and religious.

The house of the Capuchins was sacked. A neighboring Hospital was invaded, and the Mother Superior was summoned to call down the whole community, even to the sick patients in the wards. She was a venerable Sister known in the whole quarter as the "Good Mother." She answered bravely: "It is impossible that all those in the house should come down into the court-yard. I have here sick patients who cannot leave their beds without danger to their lives. As for ourselves, we shall neither jump through the windows nor go out by the roof; the door is wide enough for us. If I am deceiving you, you may take my head and carry it to the Commune."

These calm words made some impression on the Captain of the inspecting squad and he contented himself with visiting the house. With a light degree of malice, the Mother Superior insisted on their searching every part of the house and painfully opened for them every corner and cupboard. The inspection lasted for six hours. When it was over, she spoke boldly to the thoroughly wearied men, who were now somewhat ashamed of themselves. Even the Captain gratefully accepted for himself a pious medal, and said words which showed how painfully conscious these poor creatures of the Commune secretly were of the probable outcome of their hopeless attempt: "Perhaps I shall be sent to Cayenne [the place of transportation for French criminals]; if this is to be my fate I recommend to you, Reverend Mother, my wife and my children."

The Mother took advantage of his good dispositions to smuggle into the prison where the Archbishop was detained a supply of linen and other necessaries. Taking courage from this first success, she spoke with equal boldness to the Commandant of the District who, on the report of his Captain, came to thank her for the kind attentions she had shown to the soldiers who were occupying the neighboring house of the Capuchins. She gained a like influence over him, and was able to send out of Paris through his means five Capuchin Fathers and forty-six ecclesiastics. It is impossible to say how many priests she was thus the means of saving from the horrible massacre which was now slowly but surely preparing.

On the 1st of May the Commune publicly acknowledged that it was no longer competent for the direction of public affairs. Accordingly it constituted a Committee of Public Safety composed of five members. The one who proposed this change openly declared that the Commune was henceforth obliged to take every means necessary for maintaining its authority, and that it would not shrink even before the necessity of cutting off heads. The doughty member who proposed this was an ex-druggist; and, gloomy as the times were, one of the newspapers could not help remarking that this proposal no longer concerned pharmacy but was downright surgery.

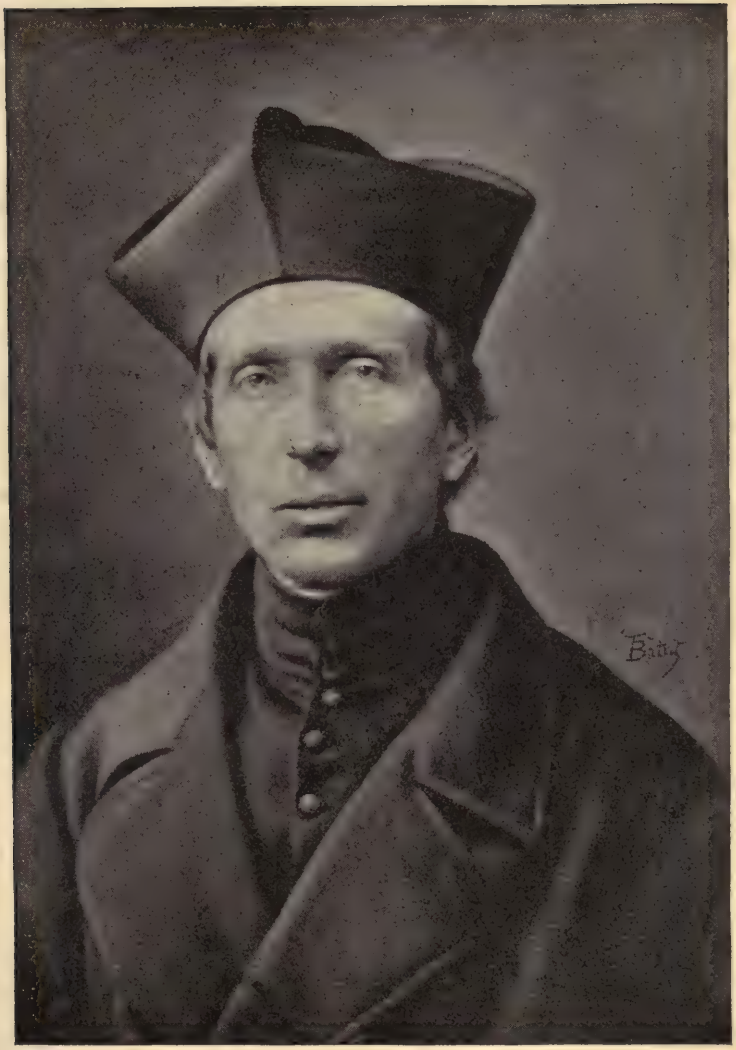
ASSUMPTION UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

The churches were now transformed into popular clubs. Not the men alone, but the women as well, were seen to mount into the pulpit and give forth their ribald discourse. The venerated Church of Our Lady of Victories was despoiled and the priests arrested. All the rich offerings of piety were seized by the first comers. A canteen-woman the next day offered for sale a cross, adorned with precious stones, which had fallen to her share. Other women of the same class, along with their male companions, clothed themselves with the priestly vestments and went through a horrible mockery of religious ceremonies at the very altar. It was plain into what hands this Communal Revolution which was to "inaugurate a new era" had fallen.

Of this whole period a responsible writer says:

The papers of the Commune give the clearest proof of a terrible truth which many right-thinking people do not even dream of. They have the simplicity to imagine that circumstances alone may make men guilty. When we speak of the Commune, we understand those members of the Government which had its seat at the Hôtel-de-Ville, and not the wretched National Guards who knew only how to drink and eat and sleep. Now the life which these gentlemen led during the whole time their frightful rule continued was worthy in every point of the most brutal savages of the American wilderness. It was the animal life in all that is most abject.

Marshal MacMahon, at the head of the regular troops, was daily making the position more difficult. The Committee clearly saw that their time of rule could be prolonged but for a few days at most. With the violence of despair they managed to concentrate in these few days crimes not surpassed by the Terror of the first French Revolution. They began by destroying the great historical monuments of the city. The first to fall was the famous Column Vendôme, made of cannon taken from the Russian and Austrian armies by the first Napoleon. This was on the 16th of May. On the 21st, the regular army under MacMahon entered Paris and the Commune was driven back behind its barricades. The Communists now began that incendiary work



FATHER CAUBERT,
JESUIT MARTYR OF THE COMMUNE,
26 May, 1871.

which in a few hours ruined what it had taken centuries to build. Their conflagrations destroyed alike the giant storehouses of modern commerce and the sumptuous palaces of the ancient monarchy.

This is not the place to describe these ruins of Paris. But the four last days of power of this government "of the new era" were taken up by sanguinary massacres which will long prevent the Commune and its system from being forgotten by the Christian people.

During their long imprisonment the "hostages," as they were called, had had many a foretaste of what was in store for them. The Archbishop, with the priests and religious, had prepared themselves for almost certain martyrdom. They had the happiness of seeing united with their own Christian dispositions many of the soldiers and laymen who were their fellow-prisoners, but who had not in every case been happy enough to preserve the practice of the Christian faith. Mr. Washburne, thanks to his position as Minister of the great American Republic, was enabled to penetrate into the cell of the Archbishop. He was the first one seen by the venerable prisoner since his arrest, excepting his guard and the Judges of the Commune. On the recommendation of Mr. Washburne, an American lady was also enabled, under pretext of providing the prisoners with little necessaries, to send them various messages; and finally the Holy Communion—the great comfort for their last journey, *Viaticum*—was brought in concealed under the false bottom of a jar of cream. This manner of receiving the Last Sacrament is a vivid reproduction of what is well known in the lives of the early Christian Martyrs. There is more than one family resemblance between the persecution of the Paris Commune and that of Nero.

The details of these last days have been more than once narrated. Even the guards were affected almost beyond endurance by the scenes going on before them. The Archbishop's beard had grown during his imprisonment. One of the Guards, in his rude simple manner, placed his cap on the prelate's head and, offering him his own great coat, insisted that he should escape under this disguise. The Archbishop nobly answered:

"But they would know that it was you who had helped me to escape, and you would be shot. Now you are the father of a family and have your wife and children to support. My good friend, I cannot throw away the lives of others in this manner, and I shall remain where I am."

On the 24th of May the members of the Commune finally gave their order. "The bandits of Versailles"—this is the name they gave to the army of the legitimate Government—"have killed several officers of the Commune at the barricades; accordingly the Commune demands that sixty-eight hostages, chosen especially among the priests, shall be massacred on the spot." This order was conveyed to the Prison of La Roquette, where the Archbishop with many others had been confined. The authorities of the prison vigorously declared themselves against the execution of sixty-eight hostages, to avenge two or three victims at most. At last it was settled that the number should be reduced to six. These six were to be Archbishop Darboy, the Parish Priest of the Madeleine, the two Jesuits, Ducoudray and Clerc, from the scientific school at the Rue des Postes, the Abbé Allard, who had been a hospital chaplain during the war, and M. Bonjean, a civil official of high position—in all five priests and one layman.

At eight o'clock in the evening, the "Avengers of the Commune," as they called themselves, entered noisily into the corridor of the prison. Their captain spoke in a voice so loud that all the prisoners could hear him from their cells: "We must make an end of this."

One of his companions answered: "Yes, and this time we will lay them out!"

They continued their march to the very end of the corridor. Then one cried, "Attention, citizens, and answer to the call of your names.—Citizen Darboy!"

The Archbishop with firm, emphatic tone made answer, "Present!" His cell was opened and he passed forth into the hands of those who were to lead him to death. The five other victims were called forth in the same manner. With their executioners they moved out to the courtyard where the prisoners

FATHER DE BENGY,
JESUIT MARTYR OF THE COMMUNE,
26 May, 1871.

were in the habit of taking their daily exercise. The guards of the prison were deeply touched; they were not allowed to be present at the last scene. As the Archbishop stepped out into the night air he turned and gave them his blessing.

The six chosen victims were stationed in a line a few feet from the wall of the court, and almost immediately fell under a running fire from the muskets of the "Avengers." It was about half-past eight o'clock. Soon after, the assassins came trooping up to the cells of their victims in search of spoil. At three o'clock in the morning the corpses were taken off to the Cemetery of Père La Chaise, and buried without shroud or coffin or ceremony in a trench dug for the purpose. This was the morning of Thursday. The following Sunday they were found, with the ghastly marks of the bullets still fresh upon them. The cross and ring of the Archbishop, as well as his watch and shoes, had been appropriated by the "Avengers." Three balls had wounded him in the body, and the thumb and forefinger of the right hand were blown away, as though he had died in the act of blessing his executioners.

Thursday, the 25th, was to continue the scenes of martyrdom, but no longer within the prison walls. During the late siege of Paris, the Dominican Fathers had turned their great school of Arcueil, which was almost within range of the Prussian cannon, into an ambulance, in which over 1500 wounded soldiers had been cared for. During the present siege they received in like manner the wounded soldiers of the Communist battalions. But now the good Fathers were to have the reward of their charity—a reward which seems to be of special bestowal on the part of those holding the principles of the Commune.

On the evening of Friday, the 19th of May, the Citizen Delegates of the Commune of Paris, wearing the red scarf of their dignity, appeared at the door of the school while a battalion of guards surrounded the house. A half-hour was given to the members of the community to prepare themselves to accompany the Delegates. The Fathers were divided. Some were sent to a prison where they were soon released by the entrance of the

regular troops into that part of the city. The others were sent to the Fort of Bicêtre, of ill-famed renown during the first French Revolution. Here they were searched and deprived of whatever they bore about them, even to their breviaries, and confined in a common cell. They were to leave it only for their death.

On this Thursday, the 25th of May, at daybreak—shortly after the bodies of the Archbishop and his companions had been thrown into the ground—an armed troop presented itself at the door of their prison cells. Order was given to the captives to set out at once for Paris.

"You are free," said the Captain, "but we cannot leave you in the hands of the troops of Versailles. You must go into Paris, and then you can go where you choose."

The way was long and painful. One of the Fathers, whose beard had grown and who was dressed as a layman, succeeded in escaping. The others were brought into the city, but were not released. "You would be massacred by the people," said the Captain. At two o'clock in the afternoon, a man in a red shirt suddenly opened the door of the hall where the captives had been placed. "Priests," he said, "get up. We are going to take you to the barricade."

They were brought to the nearest barricade, where rifles were given them and they were ordered to take their place among the soldiers. "We are priests," they said, "and besides we are in charge of a hospital-ambulance. We cannot take up arms; but we will take care of your wounded and will gather your dead." At these words they were taken back to the prison.

All foresaw what was to come; they made their confession and received absolution, and knelt together for the last time in prayer. At half-past four o'clock they could hear the soldiers of the battalion, in the narrow defile before the prison, loading their firearms. Out on the Avenue the Colonel of the soldiers was seated carelessly in a carriage with a woman beside him. Quite as carelessly, perhaps in the true spirit of the Commune, he gave the word of command: "Let them come out, one by one, into the street!" Father Captier turned to his companions and said: "Let us go, my friends—for the good God's sake!"

The first to step forth fell mortally wounded on the spot. The second was hit in the leg, but went a distance of more than a hundred yards before he fell in death, pierced by a second bullet. The three other Fathers, with two laymen and five servants, met the same fate. The assassins threw themselves with fury on the dead bodies, stripping them and mutilating them with shameless rage.

In a few minutes the regular troops had forced the barricade and driven the Communists before them. They stopped for a moment to gather up the rosaries of the dead Fathers, and shared them grain by grain as so many precious relics of these martyrs of the Order of St. Dominic.

The most frightful massacre of all, however, still remained to signalize the two last days of power of this modern government which was "to inaugurate a new era."

Friday, the 26th, opened with rain, and the prisoners at La Roquette were obliged to take their noon-day exercise walking to and fro in the passage beside their cells. Suddenly a Delegate of the Commune appeared among them, holding a list in his hand. He announced very simply that he would call fifteen names, neither more nor less; and each of those called should answer to his name. The first was that of Father Olivaint; he answered resolutely and stepped forth to begin the rank of victims. Father Caubert was the second, and Father de Bengy the third. The name of the latter had been badly written and was badly pronounced, but the Father recognized it and answered with his usual simplicity and good-nature. Some of the condemned men asked leave to enter their cells to prepare themselves for the way, as they were in slippers and without hats. "You are quite right as you are," was the answer, and they were led away.

From the prison the convoy marched forward through the densely peopled quarter of Belleville. A man standing on a cart, with a red flag in his hand, announced to the swarming crowd the meaning of this procession. "Citizens, the devotedness of the people is worthy of a recompense. Behold, we bring you hostages to pay you for your long sacrifices!"

With these boastful words the procession went on for nearly two miles, as far as the Rue Haxo. Here, beside a long building which had served as military quarters during the siege and was now appropriated to the Commune, there was a long open field, ending behind in a high unbroken wall. It was originally designed to be covered with trellis-work and to be used as an open-air dancing place. The heroines of the Commune were not wanting to the occasion. With blasphemy in their mouths and some with revolvers in their hands, these furies followed after the convoy so that the guards had to use violence to prevent the intended victims from being massacred before their time. The number of victims had been increased in other parts of the prison to fifty. They were now pushed brutally into this open space and ranged without order along the great wall at the foot.

It was nearly six o'clock in the evening. There was no pretence of military order, but a canteen-woman gave the signal by firing her revolver. For a quarter of an hour nothing was heard but the confused din of this promiscuous assassination. By seven o'clock everything was over. The dead had been stripped and mutilated with ball and bayonet, and the next day they were all thrust together into an out-of-the-way pit by way of ignoble burial.

Among the many victims, besides the three Jesuits, were four Fathers of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, commonly known from their chief house of Picpus, a priest from one of the parishes of the city, another who was the director of an institution of charity established in behalf of the workingmen—as whose enemy he was now killed—and a saintly young ecclesiastic of the Sulpician Seminary. The lives of all these victims have been written, and show conclusively that they had prepared for an heroic death by the practice of every Christian virtue during life. Here, indeed, would be the true application of a saying falsely attributed to another massacre —"God knew His own!"

The Commune had decreed that none of the so-called hostages should be spared. The time was short, for a few hours

would now bring the siege of Paris to an end and terminate the short career of this government of the "new era." The next morning—Saturday, the 27th of May—the soldiers of the Commune once more entered the Prison of La Roquette, opening all the cells and bidding the prisoners to come out. "If you don't come out," they said, "you will be killed. We are going to blow up the prison." There were still four priests among the prisoners. They went out of the prison gate hoping to find some refuge. But one of them, with a lay friend, was at once pitched upon by the National Guard. They were led away and, at a short distance from the prison they had just quitted, shot down and thrown into a trench. The two others were shot shortly after in the same neighborhood. Another took refuge in a shed near the prison itself, and from there was an unwilling witness of the assassination of his friend Monseigneur Surat, the first to be killed on that day. All of these victims had foreseen their death from the day before. One of them, the Abbé Bécourt, wrote a few last words on a slip of paper, which was afterward found in his cell.

I die in the love of my God, with submission to His Holy Will. . . .

I pardon, I pardon with Jesus Christ on the Cross. . . .

I die at the age of fifty-seven years and some days. If I had but profited by them! Yet I have confidence in the intercession of my Mother Mary notwithstanding my own sins. . . .

For the last two days, I make my sacrifice from hour to hour. Blessed is he whom Faith supports in this terrible moment!

Meanwhile, a similar bloody massacre had all but taken place at the other great Prison of Mazas. Here there were forty Christian Brothers and a number of seminarians, with others amounting to 750 in all. When the order of the Commune, however, came, the prison guards themselves revolted, seized the Communist Director, locked him in a cell, and gave their liberty to all the prisoners. It was during the last days of the Commune, and there was no question of seizing them again.

All danger, however, was not over, and one Christian Brother

was to lose his life. He was looking for a place of refuge with a companion, when a Delegate of the Commune covering them with his revolver ordered them to work at the barricades. Meanwhile the regular troops were advancing and shells were bursting around them at every moment. Good Brother Néomède said forebodingly to his companion: "The end has come for us; our death is certain; may the will of God be done!" These were his last words. At three o'clock on the fatal 25th of May, a shell burst at his side and he was instantly killed.

TOMB OF JESUIT MARTYRS OF COMMUNE
(In a Chapel of the Gesù, Paris).

Two days later the regular troops broke down the barricades and so terminated the manœuvres of this "Communal Revolution, inaugurated by the people on the 18th of March and opening a new era of experimental, positive, and scientific politics."

At the Rue Haxo, the field of the massacre has been bought and a chapel opened. In the Jesuit Church of the Rue de Sèvres, whatever could be found of the remains of the Fathers martyred by the Commune is carefully preserved, and over their tomb is the inscription full of hope: "In this place their bones are resting—*until they be placed beneath God's altar.*"

A MARTYR OF THE COMMUNE.

Father Peter Olivaint,

Priest of the Society of Jesus.

IT was the opening day of the classes at the Jesuit College of Vaugirard in Paris, in the early autumn of 1857. The new Rector of the College had addressed the students, and the parents and friends of the boys as they left the Chapel were discussing the sermon. "I do not know the Father who preached that sermon," said one, a man of great distinction at that time in France, "but *he is a man.*" The preacher was Father Olivaint, and the secret of the influence he then began to wield, an influence which grew with years and which he still exerts through the writings he has left us, is to be found in this saying. The Father was a man, in every sense of the word. He was moreover a typical product of the time in which he lived, and an example of how God finds His chosen ones everywhere and moulds them to His will, in despite of their surroundings and of all adverse influences.

Father Olivaint's father, a soldier of Napoleon, who had won his lieutenant's commission at Moscow, had all that hatred and contempt for religion and its ministers, that was so common in France in the early years of this century and still exists among so many. His mother a woman of great tact and tenderness, but withal of courage and energy equal to her husband's, was scarcely more than in name a Catholic.

In the home of his early years, God had no place. In the heart of Catholic France, the future martyr of the Commune was brought up little better than a pagan.

Father Olivaint was sent when he was twelve, to the Collége Charlemagne, once a Professed House of that Society of Jesus of which he was one day to be the glory. But so little was he drawn

FATHER OLIVAINT,
JESUIT MARTYR OF THE COMMUNE,
26 May, 1871.

to the Society at this time, that we find him writing to a companion: "I am going to leave school, I cannot put up with our *Jesuit* any longer, all he lacks is the *soutane*." The Jesuit in question was a young lay professor at the College. There was not much of the Jesuit spirit or the spirit of the martyr in these lines; but God prepares souls for long years before requiring great things of them, and traces of this preparation are easily found in the records we have of these early college years.

First of all young Olivaint was remarkable for his purity. In 1850, when at last his sacrifice was almost complete, in the Jesuit Scholasticate of Laval, he could say to a companion one day with emotion: "Thanks be to God, in the matter of morals, I have always preserved my baptismal innocence, and to the Blessed Virgin I owe this integrity of body and soul." Side by side with this instinctive purity, was a great love and reverence for his father and mother. One day speaking of his parents, he said: "I love my father and I love my mother; however there is a shade of difference in my love for them. Let us suppose my father was in danger of death, and to save him, it was necessary for me to take poison; I would ask: 'Is there no other way of saving him?' If the answer were, no! I would drain the cup. If however it were my mother's life was in question, I would swallow the poison without a word."

To these two virtues, so beautiful in a child and which draw so many blessings on the first years of life, there was added a maturity of thought and a generous disposition which are not so often found in early boyhood. "With me," he would say, "sacrifice is a passion;" and again: "If, which is impossible, I were a priest, I would wish to be a missionary, and if I were a missionary, to be a martyr." These were the thoughts of the boy, but it was not in religion that he found inspiration. The love of Jesus Christ, afterwards so great an influence in his life, was not there to prompt him. He made his first Communion during these days at the Collége Charlemagne, but as a matter of form, as far as can be gathered, without sufficient instruction, without fitting preparation, and as was to be expected without fruit. Of this

period, which extended to his twentieth year, he afterwards wrote: "I can recall my training, the anti-religious passions that were mine on leaving college; how I plunged into the new paganism, and how glad I would have been to have combated with the sword and with the word against Jesus Christ and His Church! And in this, I would have thought myself rendering a service to God."[1] His young friends, however, with that instinct which is so often found in college boys, saw in him what he himself had not yet perceived, and one day, to his great indignation, he read scrawled in his exercise books, "Pierre Olivaint, Curé." His dream at this time was "to purify his own heart, so the better to labor for the regeneration of his country." A noble dream and one which, in a measure, he lived to realize.

In 1835 his father died, without any of the consolations of the religion which in life he had despised. His mother, left with two other children, Jules and Marie Nathalie, looked on her oldest son now as head of the family. It was necessary for him, then, to choose a profession which would put him in a position to help his mother. His success in the last year at the Lycée Charlemagne, had been brilliant, and the career which seemed naturally to open before him was that of the Professor.

In the beginning of October, 1836, he entered as competitor for a scholarship at the Normal School, and was successful. The Director of the Normal School at the time was Victor Cousin. The influence of this man, whose reputation was then at its height, was what we should expect from one whose boast was that he had hindered the historian, Michelet, "from throwing himself into the arms of Christianity." "The Normal School," he used to say, "is the reflex of the University, as the University is of France. No religious barrier here, *no strait obligation in contradiction with the spirit of our customs and our institutions.*" In other words, the Normal School was a theatre in which all influences and all theories had free play, provided they were opposed to the religion of Christ. Christian influences were alone proscribed.

From an unchristian home to an unchristian school and from

[1] Journal des Retraites, t. i, p. 50.

there to surroundings such as those of the Normal School, it must be confessed, that young Olivaint's chances of becoming a Jesuit, a saint and a martyr, were not bright; but God was preparing at this time great graces for France, and young Olivaint was to profit by them.

In 1835 Lacordaire was raised up to meet the hazy, insidiously unchristian systems of philosophy, which were being advanced on all sides, to meet them on their own ground, and to show how deeply philosophical the religion of Christ is. Father Ravignan, after being trained in the school of prayer and mortification and silence, was just entering on the great work that awaited him. Frederic Ozanam and his young companions were then beginning to edify infidel Paris, and to lead the van in the war on human respect and the miserable weakness which were keeping so many from serving God. The shrine of Our Lady of Victories was beginning to attract pious souls, and daily were the reports of conversions made through Mary's intercession and of favors granted.

The atmosphere of divine grace which enveloped Paris before 1840 could not but be felt by a soul in which so many favorable dispositions existed as in that of Peter Olivaint. He could not accept the systems of the day, they lacked a basis and consistency; he could not bring himself to seek by a life of pleasure and debauchery to silence the cravings of his higher nature. "To devote himself to a cause" was his passion, he said, as a boy; and the need to satisfy that passion was strong on him now, but there was no cause which appealed to both mind and heart. His heart ill at ease, his mind full of doubts, he grasped at everything that seemed to promise light and strength, save the one true source of both.

At this time Peter Olivaint had two close friends, fellow students at the Normal School, Felix Pitard and Charles Verdière. He was drawn to these young men as they to him, by the same qualities of mind and heart, and alas! by the same doubts and prejudices. All three were passing through the same crisis. Charles was the first to make his peace with God, and

Olivaint was the next. Pitard was not so easily won; not that he was so far from God, but in him as in so many at that time human respect was strangely powerful, and with it there was in his heart a great fear and repulsion for confession, a relic no doubt in him as in others of Jansenistic prejudices and training and of the abandonment of the Sacraments for nearly a whole generation. The excellent character of young Pitard may be judged from this trait. Unable to settle the state of his conscience himself, he had recourse to his young sister and opened his whole heart to her, that she might examine his conscience. "What troubled him," she said, "was that he did not know what a mortal sin was."

Something of the same difficulty did Peter Olivaint find. But he had recourse to Father Ravignan. His first visit to the austere Father Ravignan was rather a surprise to him. The young student began in a constrained, embarrassed way, to propose his difficulties and to ask explanations.

"My friend" said Father Ravignan, "go to confession first, afterwards we shall see—"

But young Olivaint was not prepared for such an ordeal. He had not been to confession since his first Communion; and so he withdrew, silent and sad, and a trifle indignant at such a reception. But Father Ravignan understood his case. Olivaint was to discover what many another wanderer has found, "that the road to the *Credo* lies often through the *Confiteor*." After a week's reflection, Olivaint returned to the cell of Father Ravignan and very humbly made his confession.

It would seem that the only obstacle that had been delaying the action of God's grace in his soul was now removed. His progress after this was rapid and solid. Every good work, every chance that offered of laboring for God was eagerly seized.

Human respect was thrown to the winds. With his two companions, he had for some time to endure the taunts and the ridicule of his fellow students. The "Band of Gulls" as they were nicknamed had much to endure for the faith that they professed; but their courtesy and kindliness, and the brightness of

their wit, and above all the manliness they displayed and their charity ended by winning for them the respect of all. At the Normal School at this time was a young man who was subject to epileptic fits. At night especially were these fits frequent and painful. At the first cry, Peter Olivaint was at the poor sufferer's bedside. Quickly following usually came a young Protestant from Geneva. The sentiment of sympathy and of charity which brought these young men to the aid of their suffering companion brought them also closer together, and nicknames and raillery were quickly felt to be out of place.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul had just entered upon its beautiful work. Young Olivaint was soon associated with its founders, and to him the Mother Conference owes much of its progress. It was he who drew up the first "General Report on the Origin of the Society and its Labors up to the end of 1841," which appeared in 1845, and is now incorporated in the *Manual* of the Conferences. To the end of his life, his interest in this Society was ever active.

Now that Olivaint was converted, the passion he felt to sacrifice himself had an object worthy of all that was good in him; and it could only be a question of time when he would leave all behind and follow his Divine Master.

In September, 1838, the *Univers* of Paris printed on its first page in large characters: A NEW CONSOLATION FOR THE CHURCH. Father Lacordaire had succeeded in obtaining the sanction of the Holy See to the re-establishment of the Dominican Order in France, and he was on his way home, to gather around him a few generous souls who should return with him to Rome and after their novitiate become the nucleus of the new establishment in France. This news was sweet to Olivaint. He received it as a sign of God's will in his regard, and he was one of the first to offer himself to Father Lacordaire. But, however generous his offer was, the designs of God in the first place, and then the conditions of his family affairs, prevented him from carrying his resolution into effect. It was not among the devoted sons of St. Dominic that Father Olivaint's place was.

His course at the Normal School was now ended. An appointment to a professor's chair at Grenoble was given him, and he set out at once to open his classes. He remained nearly a year at Grenoble, and the pious and venerable widow with whom he lodged during his stay insisted ever after that she had entertained, not unawares however, "an angel of heaven" in the young professor. One of his first acts was to establish a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. The illness and death of his sister brought him back to Paris, and for awhile he taught at the Collége Bourbon; but his teaching in the University only lasted these two years.

Two things were sources of preoccupation for him now: how to follow the vocation which he felt was his, and how especially to reconcile this evident call of God with his duty to his mother, who had no resource but him. To secure his mother from want in her old age, he accepted the post of private tutor to the youngest son of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt. To fulfil this charge, he had to renounce the brilliant future a University career held out to him, but this was little; what was much harder to bear was that he had to delay for four years the sacrifice he so ardently longed to make of himself to God in religion.

For four years he lived in the house of the Duke at Montmirail. During these years his charity was not inactive. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul was soon established in the little town, and his young pupil became Vice-treasurer. Every night when the people of the Chateau were in bed, Olivaint descended to the Chapel and there with a fervent priest, then the assistant of the parish priest, he spent hours in prayer. One morning the two friends were surprised lying prostrate before the Altar. They had spent the night before the Blessed Sacrament.

In the exercise of charity and piety and under the full influence of that passion for self-sacrifice which was so marked in Father Olivaint's life, the four years of his trial and probation finally neared a term. He could now leave his mother without danger of her suffering want.

A change had come over his views however. He no longer felt

the same attraction drawing him to the white robe of St. Dominic. The spirit of the soldier he had inherited from his father and which he had manifested as a boy, drew him in another direction. The Society of Jesus was in 1845 the object of attack. The revolution of 1848 which was then brewing, like those that went before and that have come since, made the Jesuit the first to feel its hatred. In the Chambers and in the daily press, on the placards that appeared on dead walls and fences, in the songs that were sung by strolling beggars on the street corners, the Society of Jesus came in for its full share of abuse and open attack. It required no little force of character at such a time to join the hated and despised Jesuits, then on the point, as was threatened, of expulsion from France. But it was in the ranks of what its holy Founder loved to call the least Society of Jesus, that God wished Father Olivaint to take his place. On May 2d, 1845, he entered the novitiate of the Society at Laval. The same year two of his companion martyrs of the Commune also entered—Father John Caubert, July 10, and Father Anatole de Bengy, November 12.

Of the seven years of obscurity that followed, little need be said. They were years of prayer, of mortification and of silence, years of preparation, all too short for the work that awaited him. How seriously he devoted himself to this task of preparation! How clearly he conceived the end at which he should aim, and how faithfully he availed himself of the means Providence offered him! "*To conquer oneself and no one else.* . . . Who is the tyrant, the Goliath? The body? The heart? The will? The mind? Courage and confidence. The victory must be won. . . . The battle will last as long as life."

"My heart is like a sea which, unlike all other seas, is without natural barriers to its waves. But there is a dike which no waves, even the most furious, can overtop, *a strong will united to prayer;* this is the *non ultra.*" To conquer self, to struggle along in God's ways until life should end, with the help of a strong will and the strength that is found in prayer, this was

assuredly a noble programme, worthy of the crown that awaited it at the Rue Haxo.

On September 21, 1850, Father Olivaint was ordained priest. His first mission was at the Rue des Postes. One day—it is the Brother Sacristan who tells the story—Sister Rosalie, so well known in the Annals of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, made the remark that, if her Sisters could only hear Mass at five o'clock, they would all of them gain one additional hour a day for the service of the poor. Now it was winter, and to enable the Sisters to hear Mass so early a priest would have to go to them each morning, for it was out of the question for them to pass through the streets at so early an hour and in bad weather. An appeal was made by Sister Rosalie to the Fathers of the Rue des Postes, and Father Olivaint at once volunteered for this work. "I went more than once with him to serve the Mass," said the Brother, "and one day he turned to me and said: 'What profit we are reaping from this, dear Brother! Fifteen to twenty extra hours passed in doing good work by the Sisters of Charity in this quarter. Why, that's immense.'" It was, perhaps, a little thing this; but it brings out the spirit of sacrifice that animated Father Olivaint at all times, and how the supernatural side of things, more than any other, won his attention and inspired his action.

From 1852 to 1865 Father Olivaint was connected with the College at Vaugirard. His first charge was that of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and the Class of History; later he was made Prefect of Studies and in 1857 Rector. His share in giving a character to the teaching of this justly famous college was very great. Himself trained in what was then the greatest training school in the world perhaps, l'Ecole Normale at Paris, and with the sounder views on doctrine and methods of teaching which are a tradition in the Society of Jesus, he was well fitted at all points to accomplish the task he set himself in his new career. "Give me your son and I will make a man of him," he said to a friend. His idea, however, was not to form in his young charges a spirit of vanity and of false independence. On the contrary, he asked of them two things; and on the develop-

ment in their hearts of these two things he based his hopes of making them men; the first was a spirit of generous obedience, and the second a spirit of faith well grounded in reason and free from weakness. "*To obey* is *to exert one's will*, that is, with full deliberation, under the inspiration of faith and of reason, to conform the will to the divine will, made manifest by one having legitimate authority. To be able so to use the will is to be a man." "What are we aiming at, then, in this work of education. One word, dear children, will reveal all. We are trying to teach you *to use your wills*. Yes, here in the presence of God, in view of His glory and in the interest of your souls, we have felt that in a time like ours we should continually have as our aim strength of character: to strengthen your wills, to form in you devoted hearts and noble characters."

This was a sublime end truly, and more than one testimony to the success of Father Olivaint and his brethren has come to us from those who grew up under this strong, virile heart that could infuse into others something of its own generosity and love of God.

While fully discharging his duty as Rector at Vaugirard, Father Olivaint found time for other works of zeal and charity. In the great capital of France, numbers of poor children, girls especially, were left wholly uncared for as regards religion. One of the great works in Paris, still existing and doing a very great good, owes its existence to Father Olivaint. Guided again by supernatural views, it occurred to him that there could be no better means of drawing a blessing on the boys intrusted to him than by getting their mothers interested in the religious training of the waifs of Paris. *A Soul for a Soul*, was his motto. "If you would have your sons preserved to you, good and devoted Catholics," he said to the mothers, "do what lies in you to bring other souls to God." The seed thus sown developed into the "Work of the Infant Jesus, for the First Communion of poor Young Girls." Up to 1877 this pious Association had received 7785 young girls, 2045 of whom were instructed and received their first Communion, 1142 were settled in homes, and 30 joined different religious communities.

The workmen of the parish around Vaugirard were not neglected. Father Olivaint established for them the Society of St. Francis Xavier. Under his direction, the little Society grew, and on the feast of the Immaculate Conception one year he gathered about him over three hundred workmen, who each placed his family under the patronage of the Blessed Mother of God. "May the Blessed Virgin," was their prayer, "cause to descend on us and our families the blessings of her Son."

Thus passed thirteen years of a well filled life. In 1865 Father Olivaint was changed to the Rue de Sèvres, where he remained until the disastrous days of 1870–71. During the siege of Paris, the house at the Rue de Sèvres was turned into a hospital, and the Fathers and Brothers stationed there devoted themselves to the care of the wounded. Father Olivaint was as usual foremost in the work of charity. He had even conceived a plan for an Orphanage for the children of those who had died in the war, a project which has since been realized. But this charity of the Jesuits could not conjure the storm that was gathering for years. Early in January, 1870, Father Olivaint said: "The persecution is at our doors; it will be a terrible one;" and as the person to whom he spoke seemed to cast some doubt on the imminence of the danger, he added: "My child, we shall have to pass through a baptism of blood."

The siege of Paris had been raised; the Prussians had withdrawn and for awhile there was peace, but it was only a lull in the storm. "We sleep here as on the borders of the ocean," he wrote a few days before the Commune was declared, "knowing full well that the storm may awake us at any moment; still we sleep . . . and the Lord guards us and Mary extends her hands—Confidence!"

On April 3, 1871, the storm finally burst, the school of St. Genevieve was forcibly entered by the Communists, and the Rector, Father Ducoudray, with Fathers de Bengy and Clerc, were taken and held as hostages for the safety of the miscreants who had been taken prisoners by the government of Versailles. The next day it was the turn of the Fathers at the Rue de Sèvres,

Father Olivaint and Father Caubert. The Mazas prison closed on the five, but they were not alone. The venerable Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Darboy and M. Bonjean, a distinguished layman, and over fifty others were imprisoned with them. For awhile the powers of hell were unchained, and it was the priests and the Jesuits against whom their fury raged most fiercely. But, undisturbed by the storm without, Father Olivaint, the very night of his entry into the prison, began the Spiritual Exercises and continued them for forty-one days. From this union with God he drew the fund of cheerful confidence and strength which he displayed all through his captivity and in his last moments. "To-day," he wrote in one his letters, "I am one month in the Mazas. I never thought I should be here. But after all, when one lives with God, one can make out even in the Mazas." Another time he says: "Six Sundays passed in retirement! What a length of time without saying Mass. Ah, it is when one is deprived of a good, that he begins to realize its value!" Although he could not say Mass, the Master he served did not forget him. Heroic women were found in the city ready to risk all to serve the prisoners, and Providence used them to carry the Blessed Sacrament. Carefully hidden away in a little pot of cream, the great treasure was brought to Father Olivaint and his companions more than once. On May 22d the captives were to be taken from the Mazas to La Roquette; and on that day, for the last time by a disposition of Providence, four Hosts were brought to each of the Fathers.

In the Mazas the prisoners had been isolated, in their new abode they were allowed free intercourse. Of Father Olivaint and his companion, an eyewitness speaks thus: "I have seen your Fathers and have spoken to them; they were calm and smiling at the evening of their life, as if it were the dawning of a fair day. Father de Bengy has lost none of his self-poise or of his gaiety, nor Father Caubert of his sweet and modest recollection. Father Clerc was as brave and joyous as ever; Father Ducoudray showed the same manly simplicity and dignity, and Father Olivaint was all life and energy and radiant with peace."

May 24 was a memorable day for the captives, for it saw the

first of their number *pass from death to life.* The Archbishop, the Senator Bonjean, M. Duguerry, the Curé of the Madeleine, Fathers Clerc and Ducoudray and the Abbé Allard were shot hardly two hundred yards from the prison.

At length the morning of the 26th dawned. It was a Friday and raining. About four o'clock in the afternoon the summons came. The first whose name was called was Father Olivaint. With fifty-one others, including Fathers de Bengy and Caubert, he set out for the Rue Haxo, where all were massacred and their bodies thrown into a common pit. When the bodies were disinterred that of Father Olivaint was found with a ball through the heart. He had gone to his death rejoicing to be able to suffer for the name of Jesus. He had said as a boy: "If the impossible were to happen and I were a priest, I would be a missionary and a martyr." The impossible came to pass in his case. He became a priest and a missionary, and his noble life was crowned by the reward of the martyr.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

By Adrian W. Smith.

O'ER desert wastes that mock the traveller's fate,
Where death seems regnant, life an idle jest,
On rugged cliffs thrown wild,
Of trackless vales the child,
The hardy cactus lifts its careless crest.

When night upon these fields her blessing sheds,
And ocean's breeze from stormy wand'ring dies,
Her last caressing breath
Is come to kiss in death
A bloom that is too precious for day skies.

No sun has pierced its pure ecstatic depths;
Its chalice trembles with the night's cold tears;
The moon, more gently bright,
Is pouring veilèd light
On this pulsating wonder-work of years.

A saintly life is like this modest plant,
In garish day a thing of little worth,
Until the soul in prayer
Exhales its perfume rare,
A secret grace invoking on the earth.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

By P. J. Coleman.

THWART the lilies in that silent place
A splendor fell, and Mary was aware
Of Gabriel in glory standing near,
Like to the sun in folded wings and face.
Great fear possessed her heart a little space,
Because of the bright presence, standing there.
Then sweet and low as music in the air,
The great evangel came, "Hail! full of grace!"

Expectant earth stood still for Mary's word;
Upon her breath in balance hung our fate;
And eyes of unborn ages looked to her.
Then she, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"
That hour the sin of Eve was expiate,
And glad to Heaven returned the Messenger.

LAR' DASE.

I.

ITHIN a very few days after his birth he had been christened Lawrence on account of his mother's ardent devotion to the patriot Saint who once ruled over the diocese of Dublin—St. Lawrence O'Toole. But it must, in all fairness, be admitted that the mother's skill in pronouncing the name of the Saint had not kept pace with her devotion. So it came to pass that she always called her baby *Larrence.* More than that, she gloried in the name, never dreaming, poor woman, that she was guilty of the least irreverence toward His Grace of Dublin.

Larrence was her only son and, like the woman of Naim, she was a widow—the father having died a few weeks before the birth of the child. No wonder, then, that Larrence filled a large space in her existence, or that his name was so often on her lips and his beauties and merits so often proclaimed among her neighbors. Indeed her knowledge of her theme and her readiness of speech grew to be, in the passing of the days, a source of annoyance to some women of her neighborhood, who were either too wanting in sympathetic allowance for the poor widow's exuberant eloquence, or too prone to imagine that, in the constant display of the infantile beauties and achievements of Larrence, their own accomplished babies were overlooked or slighted. Prize babies, as a rule, have not a mission to promote kindly feelings among the mothers of little ones who have drawn blanks! But however that may be, certain it is that there were doubts and misgivings, little by little, taking shape as to the grounds of "Mrs. Dase's bragging about Larrence."

"Musha," said dame Judy Lynch, "I'm growin' sick and tired of hearin' her always talkin' about Larrence's eyes and Larrence's hair and Larrence's teeth, and his noticin' and smilin'

and crowin', when afther all what is he but a little lump o' dough as brown as gingerbread or a winther pear."

"Judy Lynch!" broke in Mrs. Flanagan, who had had the benefit of a year's residence in Dublin, whilst bound to a "manty-maker," and who was remarkable for Christian charity and elegance of speech—"Judy Lynch, you ought to be asheemed of yourself, for every one admits that *Lorence* is a very foine and a very noice child, and his mother is quoite justifoiable in spakin' iv him as she does."

"Yis, agra," quoth the irrepressible Judy, "but she spakes the laist bit too much of him."

"Who are the Dases anyhow? That's what I want to ax," said sour-visaged Mary Grimes, the only spinster in the party.

"Bedad, Mary," said Mrs. McHugh, "you're more at home in thrackin' a family than y'are in givin' an opinion upon sich a crather as Larrence."

"Well, and what if I am? Jist tell me who they are, and what claim have they to disturb the whole three counties about their widdys and their Larrences."

It becomes my duty as a faithful chronicler to answer this question fairly, instead of leaving it under discussion among the "rustic cacklers." All the more so, as the poor widow had no pretences and never spoke about Larrence except from the promptings of a mother's love for her first-born and only child. She was not familiar with genealogies and could not even read *Burke's Peerage* to find her proper family coat-of-arms. In reality her name was *Dease*, but the neighbors always pronounced it *Dase;* and her ancestral pride was never disturbed when a friendly voice reached her ear with the salutation: "How do you do, Mrs. Dase?" That was the name she went by, and the mother's name was good enough for the son. She was poor in this world's goods, but youthful, healthy and contented; and accordingly Master Larrence in his unreflecting infancy was just as well off as if his mother had owned half of Leinster. She fulfilled a mother's duty toward him perfectly. And he waxed fat and hearty and grew in size and strength amazingly. He kept on growing, so that, at the age of

six, he was like the "ugly duckling" of the fable—a young swan among creatures of a lower species. Even Mary Grimes admitted his superiority over the youngsters of his age, but "all she wanted was an end of this eternal braggin' about the Dases."

When eight years old, Larrence was accustomed to play among his cotemporaries and, as boys will have it, they found it convenient to shorten his name. If Joseph was to be known as Joe and Philip as Phil, why shouldn't Larrence be Lar'? So they concluded; even though they may not have passed through the process of comparative reasoning on the subject. Forevermore he was to be *Lar' Dase* to all the world, except his poor mother who devoutly clung to the name given, as she thought, in Baptism—Larrence.

II.

Mrs. Dase had no knowledge of letters and she did not seem to be in frantic haste that her Larrence should supply that deficiency either for her or for himself. He had no schooling, nor even any special training in religious knowledge, beyond the gentle life and example of his hard-working mother and an occasional encouragement to well-doing briefly given by Father Haley at the first Mass on Sundays. The widow was wont to say:

"Sure, an' it's glad I'd be to have Larrence get the book larnin' like the best o' thim, but I haven't the clothes, asthore, I haven't the clothes for him."

Whence it followed that a dearth of bodily raiment stood as the potent reason why the mental adornment of poor Larrence was doomed to be of the scantiest. Shock-headed, large of frame, with a russet-brown skin, soft blue eyes and a cheery smile, he seemed at the age of fifteen like a tropical plant which had very little to be admired in it but the rapidity of its growth and the luxuriant softness of its vitality.

Yet Lar' Dase was a favorite with his playmates. The little fellows, accustomed to scamper over moor and bog, to play "hunt the hare" and "rounders," had keen powers of analysis

and plenty of opportunity to discover in one another the ring of the true metal. They all regarded Lar' as a true friend, an honest foe, a good-tempered and long-enduring competitor in their games and a fellow, as one of them said, "the thrack of whose tongue was never found wherever the hard word was passed upon any of those who wint wid 'im." And this, be it said, was a first-class certificate of excellence for the lone widow's son. The court had jurisdiction, the witnesses were not tampered with, the evidence was complete and the verdict was—well, it was a joy to Mrs. Dase's heart and a solace in her sad bereavement. To know that everybody liked her boy and that he was always so gentle and so dutiful to her was enough to make her forget the gloom of the struggling present and look forward in hope to the coming of the bright future. Already, even, the clouds began to lift: for there were rumors in the air that Miss Mary, who had just come home from a three years' pursuit of accomplishments and the extras in a great convent, was looking out for a likely boy to "drive her own car and post her own letters and carry her own messages," and good Mrs. Dase had grounds for hoping that the choice might fall upon Larrence.

But who was Miss Mary?

She was the only child of the "strongest farmer in the barony," Mr. Plunket; whose strength, it may be observed, was not estimated by his rural judges according to the power of thews and muscles, but rather according to the abundance of his earthly possessions and to his supposed security of holding on to them. He was "well off but not the laste bit uppish," was the unanimous opinion about him among his neighbors. Always a large employer and a "good pay" and a kind master, he had many a prayer going up for him and his from many a rude fireside, where the warmth of the "turf" was as nothing to the glowing devotedness of the hearts which treasured the memory of his good deeds. Small wonder, then, that Miss Mary started out in life as a favorite, or that coming from such a stock she found it an easy matter to reign as queen of hearts among her country neighbors.

"You wouldn't guess what?" said Judy Lynch to Mary

Grimes one morning as they came out from the nine o'clock Mass, with the holy water still glistening like dew-drops upon their foreheads.

"What?" said the other, snappishly.

"Well, I can't tell fortunes, nor I can't ravel dhrames but, betune you and me, Mary, it's a moral that Lar' Dase is goin' to dhrive Miss Mary's car; for Miss Mary herself was there yisther-day, and whin she was goin' over the stile, sez she to Mrs. Dase: 'send him up anyhow and I'll see'."

"Musha, thin, I don't care if they'd make him Lord Liftin-nint o' the land, av I can only have my ears rested from this ding-dong and hullabulloo about Lar' Dase and his mother every day iv me life. Purty coachman he'll make, won't he, wid a face on him as freckled as a stone o' bran!"

"But don't you think he's a likely boy, Mary?"

"Well, likely enough, for that matther, but I want to be done o' thim."

Scarcely had the words passed from the dyspeptic, or the disappointed, Mary Grimes, when down the road came at a rattling pace a handsome "Croydon" with a splendid *Cushendall* pony between the shafts and Lar' Dase holding the reins, as if he were driving for record and reputation at the same time.

"There he is, sure enough!" said Judy Lynch, "as bowld as a ram and as handy as a jockey in the way he sits and howlds the reins."

"Arra, much good it'll do him in the performance; but wait till you see what'll cum ov it."

Miss Mary, in her handsome Croydon, and with her splendid cream-colored pony, "twelve hands high with black mane and tail," had driven in to Stephen Byrne's harness shop to get a suitable outfit for Lar' Dase. And, as luck would have it, there was on hand just the rig that suited—a suit of pilot-blue with brass buttons and every quill in the cockade of his hat set in order. Emerging from the harness-maker's, Lar' was perfect, and Miss Mary was more than delighted with his appearance and his demeanor. Whatever Mary Grimes had to say about the Dase

family concerned her not: she was satisfied with Lar' Dase in particular. He drove well and, in his livery, looked well: his unlettered condition she would change and upon his supposed ignorance she would make war.

III.

But did Miss Mary know what she had to confront? Yes, and no. She knew that he was ignorant and uneducated, but she had had no means of estimating how far off the poor fellow was from all that she had been led to consider as the heritage of the most ignorant. He did not know even the letters of the alphabet. However, from the very first lesson that she gave, two things became very clear to Miss Mary: poor Lar' was intensely eager to learn, and he was in downright earnest about asking the Lord to help him in the struggle. With these two powerful aids, and with so patient a guide, the opening of the campaign against ignorance was promising. Regularly every evening, for about two hours, the drilling went on, and very soon the most gratifying results had been attained. Lar' Dase, with the help of a "pointer" or, as he called it, a "feck," could steer his way through a column of spelling or through the "*Read-o' med' aisy*," with a certain amount of security, but yet with as much need of caution as Napoleon had when crossing the Alps. The way was rocky and steep and unfamiliar.

There was one branch of knowledge in which his progress was not only rapid but marvellous. The innocent life of rustic simplicity that he had led, his filial obedience and his unbroken gentleness of thought and speech, had prepared the way for religious training by keeping the soul free from the worst obstacles to divine grace. His prayers and catechism were learned with ease and accuracy; so that, at the end of the first year of Miss Mary's tuition, when the Bishop came to give Confirmation in the parish, Lar' answered every question put to him in such a way as to win warm approval from Father Haley and his Lordship.

I must mention here that in a spiritual retreat which Miss Mary had made during her last year in the convent, good Father

Ronan had spoken most touchingly about a book quite recently published by Father Ramière, and about the great part which the Apostleship of Prayer was to take in spreading the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. She became the owner of a copy of that great book, and also of a *Manual of Devotion to the Sacred Heart*. From both she skilfully culled little items of instruction for her delighted pupil; explained the devotion as carefully as she could, and taught him ever so many short prayers and ejaculations. Indeed, he became, in a short while, quite an adept in pious lore. And his piety was of that wholesome, cheery kind which made him better in every way. In work and at play; with his mother, his employer, his companions, he was always the soul of earnestness and a pattern of good-heartedness.

But, alas! upon the hitherto unclouded path of Lar' Dase's life a terrible shadow was soon to fall. His good and devoted mother was taken suddenly ill during Mass one morning, and the doctor had decided that her life could be counted upon for a few days at most. The son hurried at once to her bedside and the friendly women assembled there laughed with genuine delight through their tears of sorrow, when they saw the delicate skill and the soothing love with which the big fellow endeavored to comfort his mother. There was none of that wild untamable anguish which is oftentimes so great a cruelty in a sick-room: but, of course, there is no blame attached when grief dislodges self-control. Here was this large-framed young man, just verging upon nineteen years, in whom the teaching and example of a zealous Christian maiden had wrought truly marvellous effects.

Entering the room with gentle step, he soothed his mother's brow with a loving hand, and spoke to her in that muffled, crooning sound of condoling affection which a mother uses toward a suffering child. And such words as he spoke, so full of encouragement and sympathy! And such beautiful little prayers as he whispered into her ear! He repeated to her, at well-timed intervals, many of the ejaculations Miss Mary had taught him; and he spoke of the merciful love of the Sacred Heart for us, and the unbounded confidence we ought to have in that love. The mother, suffering

in body but overjoyed in her soul, stood him out at arm's-length from her and, gazing on him with the steady intentness of a dying person, said:

"Larrence, my darlin' boy, the pride o' my life and the joy o' my heart, where did you learn all the beautiful things you're after sayin' to me? Sure, an' I could die contint if I thought my boy 'ud be always what he is now."

"Well, Mother dear, you know that after yourself there's only one person," said he, pointing in the direction of Plunket's house, "that would have done so much for me and you. And here I kneel before you and promise that I will always be to you what I am to-day. And may the Lord enable me to keep my promise!"

Then the pious mother, fast fading away, laid both her hands in silent blessing upon the head of her son. Tears of reverent sorrow rolled down the cheeks of the beholders; and Lar' Dase all broken with intense grief stole quietly from the room, so as not to disturb his dying mother by the vehemence of his outburst. When he came back again, after half an hour's absence, she had passed into the house of her eternity.

Standing by the bed of death, like a ministering angel—pale, composed, sorrowing but serene and preternaturally calm—was Miss Mary. Turning toward him, as he entered, she spoke to him like an inspired prophetess:

"Poor boy, if I have ever taught you anything true or good, now is the time to show that you have learned it. A dreadful sorrow has fallen upon you, but prepare for others; for sorrow never comes to one singly."

She spoke no other word, but strode from the chamber of death, under the admiring gaze and whispered blessings of the beholders.

The widow Dase was laid peacefully in the village churchyard; and the immense throng of people who had come from all the country around, as a tribute of respect to the widow and her son, stood with uncovered heads, whilst Father Haley sprinkled her grave with holy water and prayed the last prayer of the Church: "Let her rest in peace."

IV.

Lar' Dase bore up like a Christian hero and, early next morning, waited upon Miss Mary to learn of her what shape his next sorrow was to wear.

She proved to be on this occasion, as at all times, both brief and clear in the information she had to impart. Her good father, through an overweening friendship for his struggling neighbors, had been accustomed, for years, to indorse notes of accommodation varying in value from a twenty-pound note to five hundred; and now the end had come, and the bank was about to foreclose its mortgages. She, of course, was about to practise a strict economy and would no longer stand in need of his services.

"But, Miss Mary," said the poor heart-broken fellow, "I will stand by you and the master forever, without any wages at all."

"No," she said, "you will do nothing of the kind: you will go seek better fortune in a happier land."

"Well, Miss," said he, "it wouldn't seem natural for me to go agin' anything you say."

"Here, then," she said as if expecting such ready compliance, "is an intermediate passage ticket by the steamship *City of Rome* for New York, and here, also, is a draft for forty dollars upon Henderson Brothers—your own money earned by faithful and devoted service to me and my father. More than this, I give you a letter to Father McKillion, of New York, who will befriend you in every way possible."

"Miss Mary," said the astounded Lar' whom the rapidity and multitude of details had almost stricken dumb—"Miss Mary, I'll stand by your advice to the letter, but there's just one thing I'd like to have before goin' so far away. You were always an angel of light to me and now—I want—your—blessing," said he, dropping reverently upon his knees.

"Oh!" said she, with an effort at merriment in her tone, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself kneeling to me. Ask the Lord to bless you and, I am sure, He will. There, God bless you!" She shook him warmly by the hand and was gone.

Lar' Dase, in due time, sailed on the magnificent *City of Rome* and reached New York without any incident worth recording, save the splendid reputation he had won among the passengers for his fine physical strength and great regularity of devotion every day. He called without delay on Father McKillion and found that gentleman as kind to him as if he were Miss Mary's brother.

"Now," said he, "I don't know what I can do for you just at present. If you could drive a lady's carriage I could get you a splendid position, right away, at fifty dollars a month and found."

"Your Reverence," said Lar', "if I can't drive a lady's carriage, there isn't any ladies livin', because I used to be drivin' Miss Mary and, I'm sure, New York hasn't *her* equal."

"That's first-rate," said Father McKillion; "just you call at this address and hand in my card."

He did call and was engaged forthwith. Very soon he had learned the names of the streets and proved himself to be one of the finest-looking and most careful coachmen in New York. Always good-tempered, smiling and accommodating, he delighted his employer; and Nora, from the kitchen, was able to tell her mistress:

"Bedad, Ma'am, you have a grand coachman at last. He's kindness itself to all of us and he's just as good and pious as a monk."

His days passed pleasantly enough, though he sighed for the old land and would fain drop a tear on the grave of his mother.

And thus two years went by. One day, however, whilst he sat on his box outside a fashionable milliner's on Sixteenth Street, he saw a lady crossing the street toward the church, whilst an express-wagon was coming along at a furious pace. The woman halted, wavered, moved on blindly—and the shaft of the wagon struck her! Immediately, there was a crowd assembled, and in the crowd was Father McKillion himself. He was eagerly asking: "Is she a Catholic?" just as Lar' Dase, who had rushed from his

box and cast one look of astonishment at the prostrate figure, cried out:

"My God, Father, it's Miss Mary herself: she's an angel!"

She was taken up and tenderly cared for. For some days she lingered between life and death; and every day one faithful friend called to inquire about her condition. During her convalescence, she said, with a smile, to her spiritual consoler:

"Well, Father, I am a living proof of the truth of the promise made to Blessed Margaret Mary. I tried to promote devotion to the Sacred Heart in one soul, and now I am indebted for the blessing of the last Sacraments and for many other blessings to the providential presence of my former pupil, Lar' Dase."

THE MORNING OFFERING.

A Fifth Dialogue.

Disciple. I am almost afraid to go on asking questions about this wonderful Morning Offering. The more I learn of it, the more I see how it reaches down to the most mysterious depths of life.

Teacher. It is very wonderful, as you say; and this is because of the mystery of life. We are here in the midst of things which we see; and it would seem that these visible things should take up all our attention. A Morning Plan to manage the affairs of the day would naturally be more to our purpose than a Morning Offering; but just because there are invisible things surrounding us at every moment, quite like the air we breathe, and drawing us to themselves by a subtle influence which we scarcely feel, there is need of this Morning Offering. Every man wills for the day which is seen, but the Christian wills also for the day which is not seen. To use St. Paul's image, he is on one side of the veil; as he walks along through life he can

reach out with his hand and almost touch the folds which screen the unseen life from his gaze. *Within the veil* he knows that the true life is lived, and by his will and desire he reaches out to it. The Morning Offering is an effort to sum up all the activity of the will for each coming day and to project it, as it were, into that mysterious but true life which is so near us, yet hidden from us, but to which we hope to come.

Disciple. I have begun seeing something of this, and I am much struck with the seeming simplicity of life from this point of view. Everything seems to be brought back to the activity of the will.

Teacher. Yes, and in more ways than one. The will of man unites with the wills of men around him and of Saints and Angels above him in one common reaching out to the great will of God, which is in all things and in all times. This is the summing up of the spiritual life made by the famous Franciscan Saint, Brother Giles,—*una Uni*—"the one soul to the one God."

All the rest of our life is more or less a matter of necessity. Our natural character, at the beginning at least, depends on the body we have received; our health depends on food and weather and occupation; and our education and training for active life come largely to us without any will of our own. So that all which is really ours is the action of our will in the thousand and one particular occasions of each day where we have the choice of doing this or that, or simply of doing nothing, set before us. The working of our will is therefore everything to us, so far as we are men; just as the working of God's will is everything in creation.

Now the Morning Plan would provide only for the working of the will in things which are merely of time and pass with the day itself. But the Morning Offering provides for the working of the will where it reaches out to God's own eternity and to things that do not pass. This is why the Morning Offering really amounts to a union of our own will with all that is good in the universe, with the will of God everywhere working, with the will of Saints and Angels—*the spirits of the just made perfect*, and

imperfect souls striving after good here on earth—the one soul giving all the actions of its will to unite with all the activity of God's universe in glorifying the one God. Now the glory of the one God is the working out of the one Divine Will.

Disciple. I should like to take up that thought. And as this is the month of May, which is consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, could you not work out for me the application of your principle in those words of the Morning Offering by which our "prayers, works and sufferings" are presented to our Lord "through the Immaculate Heart of Mary"?

Teacher. This is a true example of our will reaching *within the veil* by faith, and of the union of created wills in the desire of working out the infinite will of God the Creator. This has been given us by St. Paul as the foundation of our Apostleship of Prayer. *I desire, therefore, first of all that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings be made for all men: . . . for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, Who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator of God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, Who gave Himself a redemption for all. . . . I will, therefore, that men pray in every place* (I. Timothy, ii.).

Disciple. That seems to me a very beautiful reason why the Blessed Mother should unite her intercession with ours—*for all men*—since she is the Mother of Him *Who gave Himself a redemption for all.*

Teacher. Yes, this is at the foundation of our devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It is a devotion of fellow-feeling, as for a tender mother who is all our own. She is of our own family, and shares in all our interests; and through her alone are we blood-relations of Jesus Christ. Whatever we do in union with her, we do as one of the great family of mankind—along with all our brethren and for every man that comes into the world, even for those pagan *kings* for whom St. Paul bade the Christians pray.

Disciple. It has always struck me there was a special Providence in spreading certain devotions to the Blessed Virgin

among Christians—they so bring her example down into our common every-day life. There is the prayer of the *Angelus*, for instance. The texts which make it up are, I suppose, as well known by ordinary Catholics as any words of Scripture. Now they remind us precisely of the fact that the great God Himself treats with the free will of His creatures, and does not force even Jesus Christ, His Son, upon us against our wills. The Angel is sent to declare to Mary that the Son of God shall be born of her. But this is not to be done until she has given her free consent. Then she answers: *Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word.* In Father Pinamonti's book on *The Immaculate Heart of Mary*, which you have published, I see that you have added a note on this very point. I have taken the pains to copy it.

This, though in infinitely less measure, is the history of the workings of the Holy Ghost in the meritorious acts of every Christian. First, by God's great goodness the Christian has been put in the *state* of grace. Then the *actual* grace of God is bestowed on him, enlightening the understanding and giving strength to the will. But after all this the free will must act and consent, as did the Blessed Virgin, to *be the servant of the Lord.* For this reason, perhaps, Providence has put these words of Mary, on which her merit is based, in the mouths of all Christians in the daily prayer of the Angelus.

Teacher. You would find in the same book certain words of the author which show that he too had in his mind the importance of bringing back all our devotion and piety to the exercise of the will. They throw considerable light on the meaning of the word "heart" in various practices of piety. They are in his *Introduction.*

What do we understand here by "heart"?

In the Sacred Scriptures the heart is often taken for the will, and at times for all the inner faculties of the soul. This is the moral sense of the word; and we shall often use it to signify the will and interior dispositions of the Blessed Virgin.

This is also the way of treating the true Christian life

adopted by the Saints. You will find it in this handsome new volume of the English translation of St. John of the Cross:

I cannot find a better authority than that contained in Deuteronomy: *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength.* This is all that the spiritual man ought to do—and all that I am teaching him—that he may truly draw near unto God in the union of the will with God in love. Man is here bidden to employ for God all his faculties and desires, all the functions and affections of the soul, so that all the skill and all the strength of the soul may minister to no other end than this, as the Psalmist says: *I will keep my strength to Thee.* The strength of the soul consists in its powers, passions and desires, all of which are governed by the will. But when the will directs these powers, passions and desires to God, and turns them away from all that is not God, it then keeps the strength of the soul for God, and loves Him with its whole strength.

THE READER.

*

Mr. Caryl Coleman has woven, for the May-month, the following Garland for Our Lady *from Non-Catholic Hands.*

There are practices and customs to be found among men of every nation, which involve Catholic doctrines of great moment, although unknown to those performing them.

When some one, who is dear to the living, is called away from this life, the survivors spontaneously follow the beloved beyond the portals of death with kind wishes for the eternal welfare of the departed: "God have mercy upon him!" "May he be happy!"

What is this but prayers for the dead?

When the soul is weighed down with sin, and the conscience is awake to its enormity, the sinner voluntarily turns to those whom he believes to be good and pure in the sight of God, asking them to pray for him.

What is this but the invocation of Saints? For it is clear that the invocation of Saints stands or falls with the doctrine of the mediatorship of prayer. Truly the only difference between asking a living saint to pray for us and a dead one is the difference of location.

When men, non-Catholics, have a sincere love for the Redeemer, when our Blessed Lord is the Man Jesus: the Incarnate God to them and not an idea, an image existing only in their mind, they naturally love all He loved, therefore they often turn to our Lady in praise and song.

What is this but the beginning of devotion to the Holy Mother of God?

With the poets this inceptive devotion wells up freely from their hearts, like the crystal waters of some sequestered mountain spring, making all about green with graceful ferns and pied with many a bright colored flower.

This was brought forcibly to my mind of late when scanning a number of poetry books written by non-Catholic poets; and there, in the sweet garden of poesy, I saw many a flower lifting its head in praise toward our dear Mother, ones that would take their place in a chaplet of prayer as readily as if they were the outcome of Catholic minds.

Here is one of them, from Donne, upholding the Immaculate Conception and setting forth the power of the Virgin Mother with her Divine Son:

> In that, *O Queen of Queens*, thy birth was free
> From that which others doth of Grace bereave,
> When in their Mother's womb they life receive,
> God, as His sole-born Daughter, loved thee.
> For that fair Blessed Mother-Maid—whose flesh redeemed us;
> Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
> Our help, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
> In vain, who hath titles unto you.

And another, from Keble, showing that Mary was well fitted to be the Mother of the Lamb of God:

> His Throne, thy bosom blest,
> O Mother undefiled—
> That throne, if aught beneath the skies,
> Beseems the Sinless Child.

Then again he says:

> Thy vision—(whoso chides may blame
> The instinctive reachings of the Altar-flame)
> Shows thee above, in yon eternal air,
> A holier Mother, rapt in more prevailing prayer.

On the Motherhood and womanhood of our Lady the poet Wordsworth sings in the following beautiful lines:

> Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
> With the least shade of thought to sin allied!
> Woman! above all women glorified;
> Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
> Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
> Brighter than Eastern skies at daybreak strewn
> With fancied roses, than the unblemish'd moon
> Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
> Thy image falls to earth.

Now if we turn to prayers, what could be more Catholic than this one of Sir Walter Scott, addressed to the "*Refugium peccatorum*"?

> Ave Maria! maiden mild!
> Listen to a maiden's prayer;
> Thou canst hear though from the wild,
> Thou canst save amid despair.
> Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
> Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
> Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
> Mother, hear a suppliant child!
> Ave Maria!

Or what could be sweeter than this hymn by Edgar Allen Poe?

> At morn—at noon—at twilight dim
> Maria! thou has heard my hymn
> In joy and woe—in good and ill—
> Mother of God, be with me still!
> When the hours flew brightly by
> And not a cloud obscured the sky
> My soul, lest it should truant be.
> The grace did guide to thine and thee;
> Now, when storms of Faye o'ercast
> Darkly my Present and my Past,
> Let my Future radiant shine
> With sweet hopes of thee and thine.

Lastly listen to Ken's description of the glorious mystery of the enthronement of the Queen of Heaven:

When to the grave she should resign her clay,
Exulting when the world she was to leave
And her Divine Viaticum receive,
Fell sick and died of an excess of love,
Hastening to her restoratives above.
Heaven with transcendent joys her entrance graced,
Next to His throne her Son His Mother placed,
There below, now she's of Heaven possessed,
All generations are to call her blessed.

Oh happy Virgin undefiled
Blessed Mother of a Blessed Child.

As Shelley says, our Mother is a mirror,

In whom, as in the splendor of the Sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on

and every Catholic soul will understand the following words of Robert Browning:

There is vision in the heart of each,
Of Justice, Mercy, Wisdom, Tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of their cure;
And these imboded in a Woman's form,
That best transmits them pure, as first received
From God above her to mankind below!

If those who are outside the One Fold of God can bring to the feet of the "Immaculate and Unspotted Virgin" a garland of flowers of so much beauty, what must we do, who are of the Household of Faith? If we are poets or artists what a field we have before us. Even if we are but every day mortals, we can at least bring to her, who loves us all, a garland of good deeds bound together with the ribbon of a pure life, and giving forth the sweet perfume of a living faith.

* *

We have at last found a tale which we can recommend to every college lad, a tale worthy in a measure to be put side by side with that classic which has charmed so many generations of schoolboys, *Tom Brown at Rugby*. Fresh and varied in incident, full of a spirit of sturdy purity and manliness, without a bit of sermoniz-

ing, yet with a moral in every chapter, and a moral drawn from the teaching and the practices of our holy religion, *Percy Wynn* or *Making a Man of Him*, is a tale that every boy should read and which he will be very much the better for having read. It gives us real pleasure to call the attention of those in charge of schools and who will so soon be choosing premiums for those under their charge to *Percy Wynn*. Every boy should have a chance to become acquainted with the boys of St. Maur, and the heroes of this tale, Percy Wynn and Tom Playfair. The book is published by Benziger Bros., New York.

THE EXERCISES OF ST. IGNATIUS,

AND THE

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

(*From the Spanish Messenger.*)

IV.

"BLESSED is he who knows what it is to love Jesus and to despise himself for the sake of Jesus."[1] The profound meaning of these words of the author of the *Imitation*, it may be affirmed, is practically explained and developed throughout the whole book of the *Exercises*. The love of Jesus is the object upon which the gaze of St. Ignatius chiefly rests, so much so that when it would seem he should say least to us of His love, when he presents to us the devouring flames of hell to awaken in our souls a holy fear of God, he reminds us in simple but pathetic words that, even in face of the appalling chastisement with which God threatens the sinner, we must not forget the love of Jesus. What a loving petition is that which he places at the end of the meditation on hell!

"The second prelude: I shall ask of God a lively sense of

[1] Thomas à Kempis, Book II. c. 7.

the pains of hell, so that if ever on account of my faults I should cease to be mindful of the eternal Lord, at least the fear of torments may deter me from sin." Golden words, upon which we refrain to comment, not to be too lengthy and that we may be able to dwell longer upon the colloquy of the first meditation on sin.

The terrible and appalling punishment of the rebel angels, the fatal and bitter consequences of the sin of our first parents, which we as their descendants all experience, and the eternal misfortune of a soul who by one mortal sin finds itself condemned to the dark prison of hell without hope of release, are three points of this meditation which, when well made, cannot do less than deeply impress the soul and excite in him who meditates great confusion and shame because of his sins and faults. And here is where St. Ignatius shows us his exquisite prudence and delicate skill; here is where he proves to us clearly and evidently that the aim of his *Exercises* is the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The exercitant frightened by the echo of such terrible chastisement, overwhelmed by the weight of his sins which have excited the anger of God, ready perhaps to launch upon the culprit the thunderbolt of divine wrath, might be overtaken by discouragement and assailed by despair. But St. Ignatius hastens to his aid, and to protect him from this peril tells him, "Look at thy Jesus, contemplate thy Redeemer fastened by three nails to the holy wood of the cross. Look well at Him; dost thou see Him? His arms extended as if to tell thee that He lovingly awaits thee; His head bowed to give thee the kiss of peace and pardon; His Heart open to receive thee within It and shelter thee from divine justice. For thee, thy Creator became Man; for thee, Life and the Author of all life died on the cross. This, and much more has Christ done for thee, and thou, what hast thou done for Him? What art thou doing? What thinkest thou to do in the future? Hast thou not frequently offended Him? Wast thou not ungrateful for His benefits? Hast thou not repaid all this love with disdain? . . . Then weep for thy sins, fear His chastisements, but above all let thy breast be rent with sorrow, and love with all thy heart Him Who shows thee His own, wounded not so much by the lance of Longinus, as by the

piercing dart of divine love." All this and much more which might be added, and which inflamed the breast of St. Ignatius, this lover of Jesus says to us at the end of this meditation, in the colloquy placed on the lips of the exercitant.

We cannot resist giving the Saint's own words. They will show that we have fallen far short, and that we are above all very tepid in our interpretation of the sentiments and affections with which they are replete:

"Colloquy: Imagining Christ our Lord before me, and hanging on the cross, I shall consider how He, the Creator, became Man; He, Life eternal, suffered temporal death and died for my sins. Then turning my eyes upon myself, I shall consider what I have done for Christ; and then beholding Him fastened to the cross, I shall express the sentiments that arise in my heart."

If St. Ignatius thus incites and enkindles the love of Jesus Crucified, when the matter of the meditation, the fruit to be derived, and the primary object of all the first week neither ask nor require it, what will he do in the series of meditations expressly directed to knowing Jesus Christ, to contemplating the enchanting beauty of His virtues and His perfections, in order that we may be inclined to follow the true life, that we may be enamored of His Divine Person, and in a word that we may love Him and increase more and more in this love which constitutes our present glory and happiness as well as our perfection and is the surest pledge of eternal happiness? Once we have resolved, in the admirable meditation of the *Kingdom of Christ*, to follow and imitate in all things this Divine Monarch of Heaven and earth, the intention of our spiritual guide is no other than to centre all the means and resources with which the book abounds upon one object, and this object is clearly expressed in the third prelude or petition of all the meditations. "What must I ask of God as the practical fruit of the meditation belonging to the second week which includes the private life of Christ?" St. Ignatius tells us—knowledge of the interior of Jesus that we may *love and follow Him.* Then if the love must correspond to the knowledge, and this knowledge as we have already shown per-

tains to the interior of Christ, to His divine Heart, it clearly follows that our love must find its centre and its rest in this same divine and adorable Heart.

It follows no less clearly from the words of St. Ignatius that in the contemplations of the third week, the principal theme of which is the Passion of Christ, the fruit we have to propose is to give strength and consistency to the resolutions we have formed in the second week, strengthening and confirming in our souls the love of Jesus Christ.

"Third prelude. I must ask for that which I want: the especial grace I must ask in the Passion is sorrow with Christ in sorrow, anguish with Christ in anguish, tears and interior pain for the pain Christ has suffered for me." *Sorrow with Christ in sorrow!* Whither flows the angry tide of pain and suffering endured by Christ? Into His sorrowful Heart. And the anguished sighs of the deep sadness which possessed the soul of Christ, where do they echo with sad resonance? In His loving, tender Heart.

Tears and interior pain for the pain Christ has suffered for me! Whence is the fount of these precious tears? Where is the bed of these bitter waters of the sufferings of Jesus? In His divine Heart. And what is it to ask and to desire to feel all this if it is not to love Jesus with a tender, a profound and efficacious love in this symbol of His ardent charity for all men? We find then, from these fruitful words of St. Ignatius, that the meditation of the third week may serve marvellously to enkindle more and more in us love of the loving Heart of Jesus, and that without wresting the sense, but rather by attending to the spirit of the same words of St. Ignatius, we have arrived at the conclusion which we proposed to draw.

Similar reasoning will bring us to the same conclusion in treating of the fourth week, in which are meditations upon the glorious mysteries of Christ. Here our guide desires that we make the following petition: "Third prelude: I must ask for that which I want. I shall beg grace to be intensely glad and to rejoice in such great glory and joy of Christ our Lord." It is

clear that as the suffering, the pain, the anguish, the sorrow of Jesus reverberated in His Sacred Heart, so the joy and gladness of His glorious Resurrection could not but rejoice and flood It with delight and happiness, so that our Saviour could truly say like the prophet king, "My Heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God." And as it belongs to love to unite hearts in one and the same affection so that when one suffers the other suffers, and when one rejoices the other rejoices, we must infer that love for the Heart of Jesus will be no less enkindled in us by participation in Its joys than by the communication of Its sorrows: in fact, the soul rejoicing in the joys of the Heart of Jesus, and plunged in this divine Ocean of unutterable joy and ineffable delight has attained the highest stage of the unitive life, the term to which St. Ignatius would have us aspire and to which he guides us, detaching us from ourselves, our desires and our own will to lead us to the summit of love of God.

The contemplation for obtaining love, with which the author of the *Spiritual Exercises* concludes the meditations of the fourth week, is one of the most precious jewels of this admirable book. Rather it is the eminently practical synthesis of the whole work. In it St. Ignatius offers us at one time the highest, the richest, the most sublime sanctity, which is the love of God, and the most efficacious and conducive means of acquiring this precious pearl.

In order to do away with every shadow of deception, and solidly strengthen him who aspires to this exercise of divine love, the flower and fruit of the unitive life, St. Ignatius hastens to warn him of two things. First, that love should be manifested more by works than words. Leaving all that might be said by way of illustration and commentary of these words, permit us to observe that St. Ignatius makes love consist also *in words*. He does not affirm absolutely that it must be in words, only that it must be more *in works than in words*. And such it is in fact. Divine love is such that it cannot be contained within the narrow limits of the human heart, it must be revealed exteriorly. The divine praise is nothing more than the spontaneous result, so to speak, of this same love, translated into words which burst from our lips. The

second warning is that "love consists in the reciprocal communication of all good things between the persons who love each other." This communication of goods is the consequence of love, which is of itself essentially communicative. How much might be said on this subject! We resist, however, the desire to paraphrase the words of the author, as also the impulse to do the same with the whole contemplation, an effort which would carry us beyond the limits we have prescribed ourselves.

How, according to St. Ignatius, is the love of God to be acquired? By recalling not only the benefits which God has bestowed upon me and each day bestows upon me, but also His ardent desire to give Himself to me *in so far as He can according to His divine ordinance;* beholding God present in all creatures and within myself; considering the solicitude and care of His loving Providence which labors, so to speak, for my good and profit; reflecting finally, that all the perfections in me and in all creatures emanate from God, as the rays of light from the sun, as streams from their source, as cause from effect, as principles from consequences. We have here a summary of the four points into which this contemplation is divided and which form other equally powerful and efficacious motives with which to excite in our souls the fire of divine love. But all this, as the Saint warns us, must be meditated and pondered with much affection. *I will inwardly reflect what I ought on my side, with great reason and justice, to offer and give to His divine Majesty.* In this way one becomes inflamed with the love of God and, not being able to contain within his breast the ardent affection which consumes him, he breaks out into this fervent prayer of St. Ignatius:

"Take, O Lord, and receive all my liberty, my understanding, and all my will, all that I have and possess. Thou hast given it to me; to Thee, O Lord, I restore it; all is Thine, dispose of it according to Thy will. Give me Thy love and Thy grace, for this is enough for me."

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR MAY, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

CHRISTIAN ARTISTS.

THE province of Art is to give expression to the beautiful. All around us lie created things whose beauty delights us, and from which in God's designs we are to be led up to the knowledge of *how much the Lord of them is more beautiful than they: for the first Author of beauty made all those things.*[1] It belongs to Art to recognize these traces of the beauty of the Creator, and to reproduce them in her works. Art then, if it be true to itself, has an Apostolic work. It is to speak to us of God. Not that necessarily it should confine itself to themes distinctively pious, but that from all its productions an influence should come into our souls, to lift us above the earth and all that is of the earth, earthy, and attune our minds and hearts to the high thoughts of the sons of God. This in theory at least is the high function of the Artist, and if we cannot exact from every Artist the full realization of his mission and of the responsibilities his God-given talent or genius involves, we can at least expect him not to throw in his influence with those who are drawing men away from God, by obscuring the truth, or by debauching those faculties of the soul by which man reaches God, Who is the True, the Good, the Beautiful.

I.

The intention of this month is then not least in importance of those that have been recommended to us these past months. Error and immorality, however skilfully cloaked over, have many

[1] Wisdom, xiii. 3.

barriers to break down before they gain an undisputed lodgment in the heart of man. But Art is able to carry the outposts of the heart at the first assault. Men will stop and examine error, especially if it be opposed to long-cherished beliefs, and the struggle is no slight one, which results in an entire or even a partial abandonment of the principles of morality which conscience endorses as true and binding; but a picture, or a statue, or a musical composition, first leads the senses and the imagination captive, and through these the message of the Artist is carried warm and vivid to the mind and the heart. If the message be pure and elevating, if it appeal to the better side of human nature, a distinct good is done to all who receive it; they are brought so much nearer to God. If on the contrary the message is lowering and debasing, immoral or unmoral, addressed to the lower instincts of human nature, then a great evil is done. For what comes to us through the senses directly is at once seized upon, our grasp of it is strong and vivid, and so it leaves deep impressions on our souls, which we would oftentimes give much to be able to remove but cannot.

II.

The ancients understood this thoroughly. They had divined the educational possibilities of Art and so in the cities of Egypt and of Greece, to speak but of these two nations of antiquity, the eye was met on every side by monuments which spoke of the hopes or at least of the ideals of the people, monuments which marked the level of culture and refinement the nation had reached and mutely warned the passer-by of the duty that was on him to live up to these ideals, and not to degenerate from the standards which ruled the conduct of his fellows.

And so, in mediæval days, who can deny the influence on faith and morals of those cathedral piles whose pointed arches or expanded domes spoke each, in its own way, of God and heaven, where carved stalls and fretted arches, frescoes and canvas, each told a tale, each contributed a share towards lightening men's cares, inspiring fortitude, arousing hope, and enkindling charity.

III.

Art then can do very much to help men. It can also lend very material aid to those whose aim is to alienate men from God. Which is it doing? As we pass through the streets our eyes are offended by the monstrous piles of brick and mortar or stone, dull, dead and uniform, or plastered over with garish ornamentation, meaningless and uninspiring. Our churches are many of them barns, with no pretentions to fitness for the great mysteries that are enacted within them, or if they are beautiful without, the altars within and the interior in general are such as to shock and disgust many and to inspire no one with devotion.

What shall we say of our church music—not to speak of music in general? Instead of strains grave or joyous, as befits time and season, capable of moving the devout worshipper to tears, as the church music of his time did St. Augustine, how often the awful act of Consecration is accomplished amid the din and uproar of many voices, certainly not uplifted in prayer, or else has to be postponed, while priest and adoring Angels and men wait for the end of the fugues and roulades of so-called sacred music! Is there no mission here for the Christian Artist?

But these in their way are lesser evils, because their effects on the soul are not so palpable. Our museums of Art and our schools of painting, are they doing nothing to debauch the senses of men, and to pave the way for the great apostasy which shall involve the faith and the morals of so many? Only a few weeks ago a public protest was made in one of our large cities against certain pictures exhibited in its Art Museum. The protest came from Christian mothers, and the evil they deplored was the breaking down of the sense of modesty in their sons and daughters. It is idle to say that Art has nothing to do with morals, that Art is unmoral. It is debasing to Art to say that its sole aim is to reproduce what is, and that the more painstaking and minute the reproduction, the truer the Art. You may have symmetry of parts and perfect proportion and balance in a composition, drawing and coloring may leave nothing to desire, but if it is repulsive to the pure-minded or the innocent, if it stirs the blood and the

animal man to life and activity, it is not beautiful and it is not art. We might point out also the harm that sometimes is done by illustrated papers and by the advertising placards and illustrations that meet us everywhere, in which the aim of the advertisers seems to be to go as near as they dare to what is openly suggestive of evil.

IV.

All this marks a period of decay. Art is being perverted and made to do the work of the evil one. The Holy Father points out the sole remedy that is left to Christian people: it is prayer that God may raise up men to lead a crusade against false Art, against debasing theories, and low standards of taste. What we need are men like Fra Angelico, like Palestrina. The pendulum has swung very far in the direction of error; if we are to come back to the just medium, it must swing as far forward in the direction of the true Ideal, the Eternal Word, the first beginning and the last end of all created things.

The first expression of the beauty and the perfection of the Godhead was the Eternal Word, *the brightness of the Father's glory and the figure of His substance.*[3] And from the one Word are all things, says the *Imitation*, and all things speak this One.[4] The Eternal Word is the great Exemplar according to Which God fashioned all things, and the beauty of creatures is borrowed from Him. And Art which ignores the Word, which does not draw its inspiration from the Man-God, or does not come directly or indirectly under His influence, will never elevate or regenerate the world.

OFFERING FOR THE INTENTIONS OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, for Christian Artists.

[3] Hebrews, i. 3. [4] Book, I. c. iii.

ANSWER OF THE DIRECTOR GENERAL

About the General Communion of Reparation.

AN important decision has been given by the Director General on a subject of immediate practical interest to all our Reverend Local Directors, and which has been the subject of many inquiries.

The doubt proposed was this: Can the Local Director, whose office it is to fix the day of the month for the General Communion of Reparation, use this privilege so as to appoint separate days for different sections of the congregation; as for example, to name the First Sunday for the Communion of the men, the second for the women, the third for the boys, the fourth for the girls; and this without losing the Plenary Indulgence granted by the Holy See? Moreover, can the Indulgence on the day fixed be gained at *any* Mass, or can it only be gained at the one appointed?

The answer is: the Local Director can, by the powers granted to him, appoint *separate days for different sections* of the people, according to the example mentioned in the question, without prejudice to the Indulgence. But the Indulgence can be gained *at only one* Mass, as the motive of the Indulgence stated in the Rescript, is the edification given by all approaching Holy Communion together *in a body.*

Those who are unable to attend the Mass appointed for the General Communion should remember that amongst the many Plenary Indulgences of the League, besides the one for *one Friday at each one's choice,* there is also granted one for *another day at choice,* as may be seen in the *Handbook.*

This authoritative decision will facilitate for the Local Directors in charge of large Centres the introduction of the monthly General Communion of all the Associates. It comes, too, at an opportune moment, for it will greatly aid in instituting the General Monthly Communions of Children in parishes which the League is now endeavoring to start in our American Centres. The *Manual* containing instructions for this practice will be ready with this issue of the Messenger.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

NEW APPROBATION.—The Right Reverend Bishop of Winona, Minnesota, has given his gracious approbation for the propagation of the League of the Sacred Heart in the diocese.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (March 12 to April 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Alton, Illinois: Immaculate Conception Church, Shelbyville.

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Ann's Church, Baltimore.

Brownsville, Texas: Incarnate Word Convent, Brownsville.

Brooklyn, New York: St. Michael's Church, Brooklyn.

Buffalo, New York: St. Mary's Church and Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, Elmira.

Cheyenne, Wyoming: St. Mary's Cathedral, Cheyenne.

Chicago, Illinois: Holy Angels' Church, Chicago.

Columbus, Ohio: Immaculate Conception Church, Dennison: St. John's School (Sisters of Nazareth), Bellaire; Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, Wheelersburg.

Denver, Colorado: Mercy Home (Sisters of Mercy), Denver; St. Patrick's Church, Pueblo.

Detroit, Michigan: Our Lady of the Rosary Church, Detroit.

Duluth, Minnesota: St. Patrick's Church, Hinckley.

Fort Wayne, Indiana: St. Rose's Academy (Sisters of the Holy Cross), Laporte.

Grand Rapids, Michigan: St. Joseph's Convent (Dominican Nuns), Bay City.

Idaho, Idaho: St. Stanislas' Church, Lewiston.

Louisville, Kentucky: St. Bridget's Church, Louisville.

Marquette, Michigan: St. Ann's Church, Mackinac Island.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: St. John's Church, Byron.

Mobile, Alabama: St. Patrick's School (Sisters of St. Joseph), Mobile.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Joseph's Church, Newark; St. Mary's Academy (Sisters of Charity), Jersey City; Convent of Franciscan Sisters, Guttenberg.

New Orleans, Louisiana: St. Michael's Church and Sacred Heart Church, New Orleans; St. Helena's Church, Amite City; St. Joseph's Church, Pontichoula.

New York, New York: St. Joseph's Institute for Deaf Mutes, Fordham.

Portland, Maine: Convent of Mercy, Bangor.

St. Paul, Minnesota: St. James' Church and St. Joseph's Church, St. Paul.

Springfield, Massachusetts: St. Joseph's Convent (Sisters of St. Anne), North Adams.

Wheeling, West Virginia: St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from March 12 to April 12, 1891.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	254,069	11. Masses Heard	133,964
2. Beads	252,718	12. Mortifications	201,405
3. Stations of the Cross	77,104	13. Works of Charity	75,295
4. Holy Communions	102,340	14. Works of Zeal	68,917
5. Spiritual Communions	2,774,328	15. Prayers	3,250,910
6. Examens of Conscience	131,163	16. Charitable Conversation	35,698
7. Hours of Labor	822,924	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	37,647
8. Hours of Silence	467,559	18. Self-Conquest	1,091,131
9. Pious Reading	78,832	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	260,522
10. Masses Celebrated	3,743	20. Various Good Works	477,747
Total			10,598,006

The above returns represent four hundred and thirty-eight Centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 77,183.

——*Blessed be God Who hath not turned away my prayer nor His mercy from me* (Psalm lvx. 20).——

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MARCH 13.—I wish to return thanks for the conversion of a friend to the true faith and also for a temporal favor.

ST. LOUIS, MO., MARCH 13.—Last December I became afflicted with the dreadful disease, cancer. I put all my trust in the Sacred Heart and promised to have one hundred Masses read in Its honor for the most abandoned souls in Purgatory to obtain my cure. I am entirely cured and wish to have my cure published in the MESSENGER, as it may help to promote devotion to the Sacred Heart.

DANBURY, CONN., MARCH 14.—Thanks through the MESSENGER for two favors received from the Sacred Heart the past month; one a position obtained for my brother and the recovery of a child who was dangerously ill.

——, NEW YORK, MARCH 14.—Return most grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart for facilities almost wonderfully obtained for doing a great work for Almighty God's greater glory.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., MARCH 14.—I wish to return thanks for a situation obtained through the Sacred Heart of Jesus for my brother. The petition was recommended only once and last night a telegram announced a situation to begin at noon to-day.

GREENCASTLE, IND., MARCH 15.—Please thank the Sacred Heart for the following great favor obtained through the prayers of the League. My brother was out of employment for nearly a year. I recommended his case to the League (though he is not a Catholic), and last Friday he obtained a most desirable position.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., MARCH 19.—To fulfil a promise made to the Sacred Heart of Jesus last January we return our most grateful and heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord for the perfect recovery of one of our little boys. In consequence of a fright he lost the use of the right side and could not speak, and all we could do brought no improvement. His grandmother placed a Badge of the Sacred Heart on his side and he wore it only a few days and nights when he got the use of his leg and arm, and of his speech, and was able to go to school.

CHELSEA, MICH., MARCH 20.—Heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart for success in two examinations. My two petitions of last month were answered this month.

——, MARCH 22.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a man over sixty years of age—a high Freemason—who was recently received into the Church. He had been constantly recommended to the prayers of the Apostleship. We beg prayers for his perseverance. Also thank God for the conversion of a young woman and her son after passing through grievous trials.

TYRONE, PA., MARCH 22.—Very grateful thanks for a special favor obtained through the prayers of the League.

——, N. J., MARCH 22.—A Promoter writes: Our intention was recommended more than a year ago. Hardly eleven months passed when my brother made his First Communion at a time when we least expected it. Sincere thanks are offered to the Sacred Heart for his perseverance in our religion, which is so new to him.

JACKSON, MICH., MARCH 24.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for two favors granted. My husband who was intemperate I recommended about six months ago. He was then in perfect health, but died a most happy death almost as soon as he was

recommended. The law-suit which I recommended to the Sacred Heart was thrown out.

MARTINFERRY, O., MARCH 25.—A person came to me in April and told me she had not heard from her parents for years. I told her I would have her petition recommended to the Holy League, and this week it was answered.

PLATTSMOUTH, NEB., MARCH 27.—We wish to return thanks to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus and His Blessed Mother for the recovery of a beloved priest who was attacked with a severe illness. All hope was abandoned. But he is now well.

WILKESBARRE, PA., MARCH 28.—A man that we recommended has stopped drinking, after being an habitual drinker for twelve years.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH 29.—A young man whose health was failing, and whose death was thought to be imminent and certain at Christmas has been restored and is now conducting his business.

NEW YORK, MARCH 29.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for the unexpected success I have met in raising means to build a little church in Its honor. The success of the undertaking had been recommended to the prayers of the League for about two years. Thanks also to St. Joseph and St. Antony of Padua, to whose intercession this success is in a great measure due.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30.—Heartfelt thanks are given to the Sacred Heart for the return to the practice of their religious duties of two young men after more than fifteen years. The intention had been recommended to the League for some months past. A picture of the Sacred Heart with a light kept constantly burning before it has brought within a short space of time many blessings to their home besides the granting of this signal favor.

ACADEMY, IND., MARCH 30.—A pupil wishes to return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for a special favor received through the Holy League.

SUPERIOR, WIS., MARCH 30.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the conversion of my husband who, though baptized into

the Church years ago, had never practised his religion, and also for his having obtained the grace to give up drinking after having indulged to excess for years.

MOBILE, ALA., MARCH 31.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the MESSENGER, for the conversion of my brother who was often recommended to the prayers of the League. He was the conquest of this loving Heart in answer to the Nine First Fridays which I finished this month.

HADDINGTON, PA., APRIL 1.—One of the favors that I received was work for my father. He started to work on Monday, the first he had got since August.

ASHLAND, MONTANA, APRIL 2.—Special thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for a number of conversions obtained through the prayers of the League.

SCRANTON, PA., APRIL 6.—The League was started here on Jan. 25th, 1891. At this time the father of a family addicted to intemperance and practically a non-Catholic for years was recommended week after week to the prayers of the League. A few weeks ago he went to confession since which time he is a model father and husband. Thanks to the loving Heart of Jesus.

WHITESTOWN, N. Y., APRIL 6.—I wish to return thanks to the League of the Sacred Heart for the prayers offered for father's conversion, which great blessing was granted him three days before his death.

VARIOUS CENTRES. — A religious community returns thanks for the improvement in health of its superior.—Thanks for the conversion of a man who had not been at confession or at Mass for twenty years.—For the recovery of a mother and the reclaiming of a brother who had been addicted to drinking for a number of years.—For the conversion of a father who had practised no religion for sixty-nine years.

THE SAINTS OF YOUTH,

STANISLAS KOSTKA, ALOYSIUS GONZAGA, JOHN BERCHMANS.

(From a Design of the Roman Painter, Gagliardi.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VI (XXVI). JUNE, 1891. No. 6

THE HAVEN.

FROM the green hillsides on the land
Low-lying tongues of brown sea sand
Stretch far out to form the haven,
Locked around by islets seven.
So the restless, panting sea
Breathes within full peacefully,
And with motion halting, weary,
Laps upon the sand-waste dreary.
Or, even when the tide is high
And east winds rising sweep and sigh,
Its utmost strength but painfully
Crawls to the lone cypress tree
That grows upon the farthest land.

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E'en so beside Life's sea I stand:
Behind are pleasant sun-kissed fields,
Around, a waste that no fruit yields;
And wearily the languid tide
Flows, the Future's rocks beside:
Far out beyond the islets seven
The blue sea lies beneath a bluer heaven.

From the Chapel of Our Lady of Martyrs,
Manresa House of Retreat, Keyser Island,
off South Norwalk, Conn.

THE TOMB OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

PILGRIMS to Rome will no longer find the old City of the Popes. In years gone by a visit to Rome, for the thoughtful and observing man, fulfilled Lord Bacon's saying that "travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience." The whole city, with its every street and church and palace, with its very people and their homes, was like a great university where the world's history could be studied in memorials still fresh and living. There were many dead ruins, it is true; but the Rome of the Popes had inherited all the life of the past, so far as it still influences the present. Pagan antiquity and the whole succession of Christian ages here met the traveller, face to face, in the very spots where their mission in time had been worked out. No detached museums, with specimens carefully classified, and no separate monuments in the midst of incongruous modern life can take the place of what Rome then was.

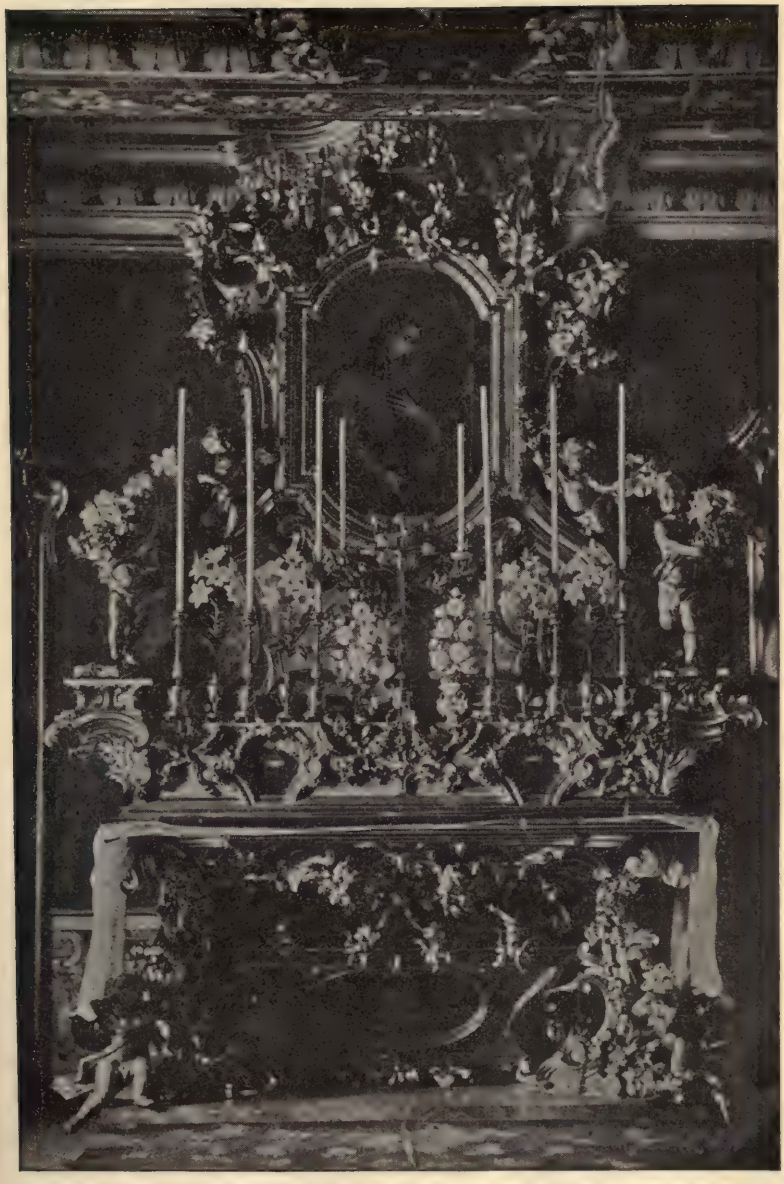
But all this has been changed since the New Italy shut up the Popes within the precincts of the Vatican and chose to make

ST. PETER'S CHURCH AND THE VATICAN.

of Rome a mere national capital, and for this purpose to rebuild it in what is the style, at most, of a second-rate modern city. The world-character has quite disappeared. The greater part of the old monuments still remain, and the tide of Christianity which flows into the Roman churches that are as so many world-sanctuaries has not yet been checked; but everything has lost its proper setting, and monuments and shrines must now be sought as so many detached pearls lying here and there in the midst of this unimpressive and uninstructive modern Italian town.

The travellers who take advantage of this Tercentenary year of the death of St. Aloysius, Patron of Youth, to join in the pilgrimages to his Tomb, will have their share in the disappointment which the present condition of things must produce in every lover of Christian humanity. Here was a Saint of the modern time, and the devotion to him was never more universal and popular than in our own day. His fidelity to the commandments and counsels of God led him to acts in startling outward accord with the social leveling of recent times. He despised his Princedom for the sake of a life to be passed in a religious teaching body; and he finally gave up his life in attendance on the plague-stricken poor. He brought about the marriage of the brother to whom he had left his Princedom with a woman of inferior condition, in spite of the aristocratic tradition of many centuries, simply because the Ten Commandments of God so required.

The great Roman College where he lived and died is still a prominent building in Rome, and when United Italy completed its seeming union by the violent seizure of the City of the Popes the order to which the Saint belonged was still in possession. But the New Italy has confiscated the venerable edifice for its own Royal Lyceum and it has gathered together the hundreds of thousands of books confiscated here and elsewhere from religious houses into one great library of Victor Emmanuel. The order of the Saint's life—the corridors through which he passed silently, the court where his saintly conversation cheered and edified his companions, the chapel where he prayed—all has been applied to the use and life of a Young Italy whose masters would fain



ALTAR IN ST. ALOYSIUS' ROOM,
ROMAN COLLEGE.

repudiate him and all the Christian glories of the past. Yet this new Italian Government has been shrewd enough not utterly to throw down the old Rome, even when able to do so. It is no mean revenue which is poured into the coffers of the Eternal City, sadly impoverished under the present *régime*, by the influx of Catholic piety. So the powers that be have indeed suppressed schools and confiscated libraries and laid violent hold on the dowries of religious ladies who had supposed themselves sure of a life-support when they devoted their lives to God in the convent of some religious order; convents and colleges have been plundered and their inmates left to look out for themselves, often in bitter destitution, —but the churches and shrines that draw pilgrims to Rome have, in the main, been left unmolested. The pilgrim's religion has been tolerated lest his money should be lost to United Italy.

The great Church of St. Ignatius, which once belonged to the Roman College and in which St. Aloysius lies buried, is still open though withdrawn, so far as was possible to the Civil Government, from the Society to whose founder it was dedicated. In the Roman College itself, the room where St. Aloysius lived during the last years of his life has also been preserved. It had long been a chapel much frequented by devout souls; and means have been found of providing access to it from the church by a steep winding staircase at the side which leads out on an upper portico above the College Court. In this way an important shrine has been saved, although it is in the very heart of the great College secularized by the irreligious Government. The room is small like the ordinary cells of a religious house and is kept as nearly as possible as it was during the Saint's lifetime. Various relics of the Saint, manuscripts and articles of his personal use, are framed and placed about the room; and the door itself which his hands opened and shut is left always closed and kept sacredly untouched in memory of him. The present entrance to this room or chapel is by the neighboring room which separates it off from a similar chapel consecrated by the holy life of St. John Berchmans, the Belgian scholastic, who edified the Roman College a century later. The pilgrim who is not a mere sightseer, but has some intelligence of his faith, will perhaps find more to

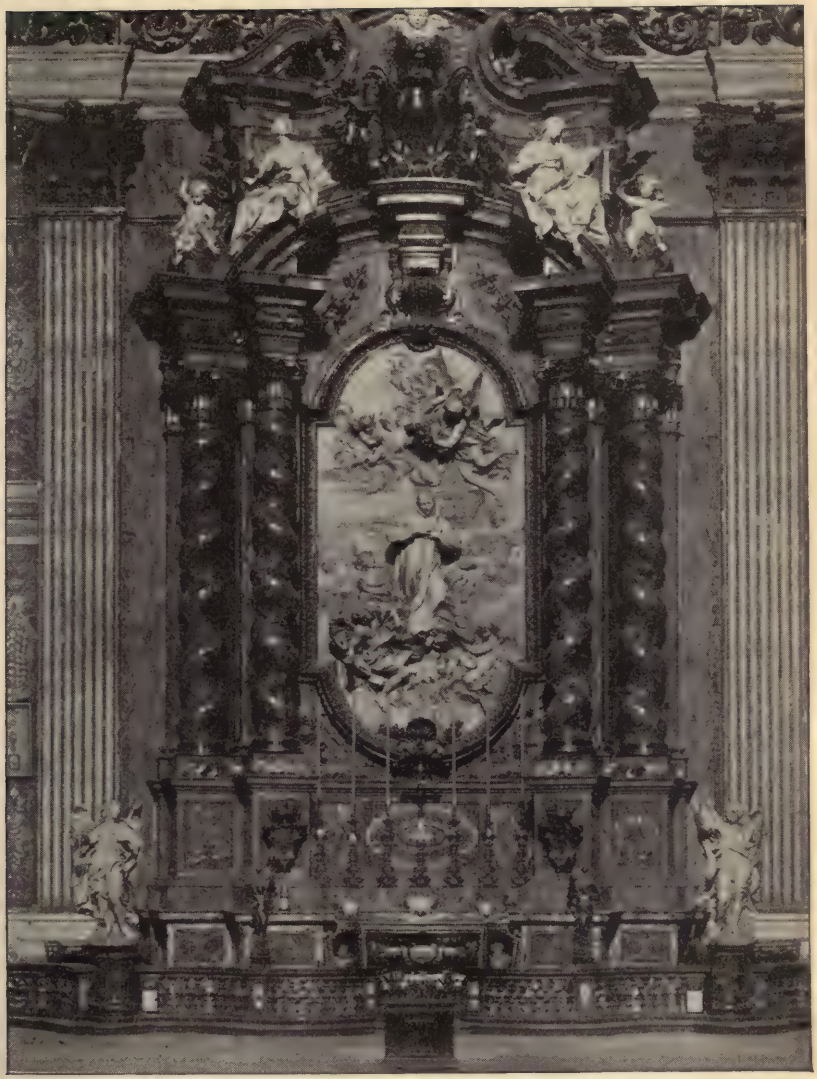
INTERIOR OF ST. IGNATIUS' CHURCH, ROME.

instruct and touch him in these two rooms than in the great church itself where the Saints lie honored beneath their altar-tombs.

The Church of St. Ignatius is one of the largest in this City of Churches, after the great Basilicas; and it is also one of the most impressive. Drawing aside the heavy leather curtain which forms the usual portal of Roman churches when open to the public, you find yourself at once in the vast interior. The pavement of the church is not encumbered with seats or pews; and this, together with the absence of pillars and arches forming side aisles, increases the effect of height and breadth which belongs to its really noble nave. The frescoes of the ceiling add still further to the impression. They are among the most noteworthy studies in architectural perspective and are the original work of the famous Jesuit artist and lay-brother, Pozzi. A stone in the pavement below is marked, at which point the proper effect of the perspective is produced.

The handsome high altar, the chapels on either side the nave, and several of the paintings are well worth examination, which the traveller can easily make under the detailed direction of his guide-book. If he is wise he will use in preference the volume specially prepared for the Roman churches by a Belgian priest, De Bleser. It is written in French, and has ground-plans followed by the corresponding details of all that is noteworthy to the Catholic traveller. With its aid he may find at his leisure all that he cares to know, far better than in the ordinary Guide-book, which is apt to blunder, through ignorance of the Catholic religion, and immeasurably better than with the assistance of a gabbling and hurrying *cicerone*.

The marbles and frescoes with which the church is enriched from floor to ceiling are not so deep in their coloring as in many Roman churches, and the bands and scrolls of gilding with the white marble *relievos*, in the golden sunlight of Rome which falls through colorless window panes from above, give a singularly light and soothing air to the vast interior. The temperature, too, as in most of the great Roman churches, remains nearly always the same, refreshing in its summer coolness, and comforting in its half-warmth in winter; and a faint breath of incense always clings round the



ALTAR-TOMB OF ST. ALOYSIUS,
ST. IGNATIUS' CHURCH, ROME.

columns and altars and is wafted through the great nave. There is no more restful sanctuary in Rome for wearied soul and body.

The high altar stands out boldly from its place as you look toward it from the entrance to the church. It is a bewildering architectural mass of marble columns and scroll-work with gilding and carving, surmounted by richly colored painting, and occupying the whole end of the nave nearly from floor to ceiling; yet the total effect is one of great simplicity. At the right side is the tomb, chosen by himself, of Pope Gregory XIII. who so loved the Society of Jesus and from whom its great Roman College is still called the Gregorian University. In the tribunes, high up on either side the Sanctuary, are places for the organ and the far-famed boy singers of the Roman College. Now that the College no longer exists, these boys are gathered from all parts of the city. The Roman voice and the Roman ear are equally adapted to music; and there is something thrilling in these silvery voices only lightly accompanied by the instrument, as they float down upon the ears of the worshippers far down below during some solemn act of worship. They will form not the least pleasure of the pilgrims who will meet this year round the Tomb of Aloysius.

The Tomb of the Saint is the great and lasting attraction of this beautiful temple, though it now shares this honor with the corresponding tomb of his brother Saint John Berchmans just across the church. The altar of St. Aloysius under which his body reposes is at the end of the transept to the right, as you enter—that is, on the Epistle side. The transept is not long, forming accurately an arm of the cross as in Gothic churches, but after the Latin fashion is short and very wide like a great recess pushed immediately back from the nave. In this way the altar of the Saint does not seem placed in a mere side chapel but forms a most striking part of the church itself. In fact here the Blessed Sacrament is kept and people are seen kneeling at their "visits" all the day long. This, however, is nothing peculiar to this church, for in the Roman churches the Blessed Sacrament is regularly not on the high altar but on a side altar of Its own. The altar of St. Aloysius, as is but proper, is by far the richest

and most splendid of this church. Devotion to him began immediately on his death 300 years ago; and it was not long before the devotion was publicly recognized and sanctioned by the Church. From the time when his body was placed beneath this altar, Christian devotion has been busy with ornamenting it in memory of one *whom the King hath a mind to honor*. The whole wall at the end of the transept, up to the window which admits its shower of golden rays far above, is taken up with the wrought-work of the altar. The marbles that encase the panelling have rich yellows and browns in their veined tints. The long urn-shaped tomb under the altar-table is of shining and variegated blue malachite. The lofty contorted pillars that uphold the altar-piece above are of that flecked and veined russet and dove-colored marble which gives so warm a hue to parts of the interior of St. Peter's, and all this is blended together by the deep golden sheen of hammered brass framing and scroll-work. From the midst of this graceful and harmonious mass of richest shape and material, the great altar-piece, carved in high relief in the whitest of marble, looks down from above the shining line of branching candlesticks and golden tabernacle upon the worshipper below.

ST ALOYSIUS.
(Ideal religious design.)

All the morning long, well-nigh the year round, priests from

near and far are coming in turn to celebrate their Mass at this favorite altar. Doubtless this year of pilgrimage will see their numbers multiplied beyond measure, and he will be wise as well as happy who shall have applied in time beforehand for what will be a true privilege. The alms which shall be gathered from the devout clients of the Saint during the Tercentenary will be devoted to the still further adornment of his Tomb; and by his Tomb will be placed the richly-bound volumes of the *Album* wherein the names of Catholic children throughout the world are to be written as a consecration to the Patron Saint of Youth.

PRINCE ALOYSIUS GONZAGA
(As a Knight of St. James in Spain).

The pilgrim who arrives at Rome for the Saint's Feast, on the 21st of June, will see the quaint Roman custom of gathering and burning letters to the Saint. In these missives, often daintily perfumed and be-ribboned, many a young heart breathes forth its inmost desires; and who will say they shall not be granted—here before the altar-tomb of this young Saint, so lovely and loving?

A SAD CAREER.

A Sequel to "Through Thick and Thin."

By Harry Vincent.

I.

"I WANT to see Grandpa."

The little girl who spoke these words was a blue-eyed child, four years old, with a round little face and dimpled cheeks bathed in a cloud of soft, fair, curly hair. She stood at the open door of her father's office, hand in hand with her smiling mother, with her little body drawn up in such an attitude as to prevent all exit from the room, except for the purpose of carrying out her desire and wish.

And her father was none other than our old friend Gerald Coates, whom we saw expelled from school and whom we followed in the steamer from Liverpool to New York and left there with good prospects of success in business.

Six years have passed since that time, and Gerald has continued to climb higher and higher up the ladder of prosperity, till now he holds a good and secure position.

After his reconciliation with his father, he returned to New York to continue his work with Mr. Cassidy, who was growing old and wanted a younger pair of shoulders to carry the weight of the business. It was shortly after this that Mr. Byrne was suddenly called to his reward whilst writing in the ledger he had kept so well and so long.

"If his own ledger is in as good a condition as the office ledger," old Mr. Cassidy said, shaking his head, "he won't have much Purgatory before him."

So then a double duty devolved on Gerald, that of looking after the books as well as helping Mr. Cassidy in his management of affairs, and then with the old gentleman's consent, his father bought him an interest in the business.

Lastly had come the marriage of Gerald with Maud, Mr. Cassidy's daughter, and a year afterwards God gave them a little baby girl. It was this little girl who now stood at the door of Gerald's office and said: "I want to see Grandpa."

He rose to greet his wife and child. Though the shoulders had broadened and his whole frame was heavier, it was the same curly head, ruddy face, and honest blue eyes which we knew eight years ago at college. He had that same honest, straightforward expression on his face which had gone so much to Father Bankson's heart when he expelled him from St. Joseph's College, and which had so fascinated Chauncey Wolcott on the hurricane deck of the *Sabellian* as to lead him to offer to take him with him to Kansas City and launch him in business in his own warehouse. The fact that he refused Mr. Wolcott's offer was the best proof that his looks spoke the truth and did not belie him. It was that honest, truthful, candid expression on Gerald's face—still unchanged by six years' intercourse with the grasping and cheating business men of a great commercial city—which made his father exclaim at their reconciliation: "If I had remembered my boy's face, I should never have treated him so unkindly and unjustly."

He kissed his wife affectionately and lifted his little girl into his arms.

"So you want to see Grandpa, do you? Well, he's not in at present, but if you have time to wait a little, I'm sure he'll be here."

She put her fond little arms round his neck and almost stifled him with her kisses and long curly hair, whilst he placed a chair for his wife.

"I was not expecting you this morning. You did not mention that you were coming, did you?" he asked.

"No," replied his wife. "I did not think of coming, but when we were down town, Gerty insisted on coming, because she said she wanted to see Grandpa so much, and I thought you would be able to spare us a few minutes."

"Oh, certainly," said Gerald, "as many as you like. I'm not particularly busy this morning."

"Will Grandpa have a few minutes to spare?" asked Gerty, with her big blue eyes wide open.

"Of course he will, my dear, he always has hours to spare for you."

"Because," continued the child, "I haven't seen Grandpa for three whole days, and I think it is a shame. I ought to see him at least every other day, but I should like to see him every day, and for a long time each day, too."

"But," said Gerald, "perhaps you might grow tired of Grandpa if you saw him every day."

"Oh, Papa," cried Gerty, "how can you say such a thing? I couldn't get tired of Grandpa, no matter how often I saw him, and I don't believe Grandpa would ever grow tired of me. I see you and Mamma every day and I don't grow tired of you."

The door was suddenly opened and the child sprang up to meet Mr. Cassidy, but it was only the office boy with a telegram.

Gerald opened it and read it. His face changed.

"What's the matter, Gerald," exclaimed his wife, "is there anything dreadful in that telegram?"

He turned it thoughtfully over without answering.

"Oh, tell me quickly, Gerald," she said, as the frightened child nestled up against her.

"No, no, dear," he said, as he became aware that she was questioning him anxiously about its contents. "It is unsigned, and I am puzzled as to who it is from."

He passed it to her, and she read these words: "Am calling at your office to have a chat this morning. Don't have any business on hand to stop us."

"I wonder who it's from," she said, as she passed it back to him.

"I don't know, I'm sure," he replied. "I can't think at all. Very careless of him not to have signed his name."

"That may have been done on purpose to raise your curiosity."

"Then he's achieved his purpose with considerable success," replied Gerald. "I wonder if it can be from anybody who has just arrived from Europe."

"Certainly not from your father," said his wife. "He would never turn up in such a manner. It's just possible it may be from some old schoolfellow, who has found you out and wants to drop in on you unexpectedly."

Gerald stood at his desk, passing his fingers through his curly hair, with a decidedly puzzled expression on his face. He touched the bell suddenly, and the boy came running in to answer his summons.

"John," he said, "are there any steamers in to-day?"

"Yes, sir, the *Germanic* and *City of Berlin* both arrived in this morning."

"Then it may possibly be somebody from home," he said, twirling his moustache. "I wonder who it can be."

At this point Mr. Cassidy arrived, and little Gerty was promptly scrambling up his coat tails, screaming at the top of her voice: "Kiss me first, please, Grandpa, kiss me first, please."

"All in good time, my dear," he said kindly. "This is a pleasure indeed! I didn't expect to find you here."

"Yes, and we came on purpose to see you," said Gerty, "and we are all puzzled about that yellow paper."

Gerald handed him the telegram in question and Mr. Cassidy glanced at it hurriedly.

"Puzzled over it, are you?" he said. "Why, it's easily explained. You sent it, Maud, and here you are to have your chat."

"Oh, no," said Maud, "I know nothing of it."

"Then I wouldn't puzzle any more about it, if I were you," said the old gentleman, directing his attention once more to his little grandchild. "If you'll all be patient for a little while, whoever sent it will be here before long. And how are you, my little one?" he continued, patting the child's rosy cheeks.

"Very well indeed, thank you, dear Grandpa, and how are you?"

There was a footstep outside, and in a loud voice the arrival was asking for Gerald.

"Where's Mr. Coates? Where's Mr. Coates? Isn't Mr.

Gerald Coates in? I sent him a telegram saying I should call this morning. I suppose it reached him."

Gerald opened the office door and looked out.

"As I live," he exclaimed, "it's Mr. Wolcott!"

"Right you are, Mr. Gerald Coates," he answered, seizing his hand. "You can bet your bottom dollar on that."

II.

"Say," said Mr. Wolcott, as Mrs. Coates and her child left the building, in order that they might have their chat undisturbed, "you've got a nice little wife and child and you ought to be happy. You are happy, sonny, I can see by the way you smile, and I'm mighty pleased to hear it. They tell me it's awful when you marry a woman you can't get on with. 'Two dollars for a marriage license,' said a friend of mine the other day, 'and four dollars for divorce papers, and it's worth the difference.' But say, sonny, you were looking for me, weren't you?"

"I was expecting somebody," replied Gerald, "but I didn't know who. You didn't sign your telegram."

Mr. Wolcott put his head on one side, like a crow looking down a marrow bone, and smiled.

"I did that on purpose, sonny," he said. "You see I thought I might change my mind at the last moment, and not come at all. You know I've often wanted to look you up since I met you on the 'herring pond,' but I've always kind 'a been ashamed. You remember you sent me a letter once and in my reply I sort 'a gave you an idea that I was leaning towards Rome. The truth is just about that time I got the religious craze, and I went jumping about from one church to another like a kangaroo. I was a bit of a Methodist when I saw you, and then I tried the Episcopalians, but I couldn't stand the Prayer-book. I'd always been accustomed to making prayers from my heart and not reading them from a book. Then I had a shot at the Baptists. I kind 'a got stuck on them at first, till I consented to be baptized, and that old preacher gave me a tremendous ducking. I tell you what, there were no flies on me when I came out of that bath, they were

all washed clean off, but I woke up next morning with a frightful cold in my head, which I couldn't shake for 'most three weeks. Then I thought I'd give the Catholics a show, but I couldn't go it."

Gerald laughed merrily. He drew him into the private office, and handed him a cigar.

"Now, then, Mr. Wolcott," he said, "what couldn't you go?"

"Oh, lots of things," the Westerner replied, "the bowing and scraping to each other during the services for one thing, and smothering each other with incense."

"You Americans can't understand that even outside of religion," said Gerald; "you don't understand our manner of bowing to Queen Victoria: but that's a mere trifle; give me a good substantial reason for your dislike of our religion."

The Westerner was seated on the other side of Gerald's desk, with his legs outstretched on the back of a chair, his head thrown back, and his long lean face and chin beard enveloped in a cloud of smoke which he was puffing from his cigar. He waited till the smoke had risen towards the ceiling, and then turning in his chair, he looked Gerald straight in the face.

"Young fellow," he said quietly, "I hope you and I are not going to quarrel over this little affair."

"Not the slightest danger," laughed Gerald, "not the slightest danger in the world. I only want to help you if I can."

"I thank you eternally, Mr. Coates," replied the American. "I'm sure you do. But a man doesn't like to have his religion picked to pieces. You see I speak differently to you now to what I did on the *Sabellian*. You were a boy then and now you are a man."

"I appreciate that thoroughly, Mr. Wolcott," said Gerald, "and I understand, too, that you are not picking my religion to pieces. You are merely stating, I believe, the difficulties which arose when you looked into it with a view of following its teachings yourself. I should like to try to smooth those difficulties over for you. So fire away, Mr. Wolcott, and let's have them."

"You're sure you don't mind?"

"Not the slightest," answered Gerald, "on the contrary it is at my invitation."

Mr. Wolcott threw the remains of his cigar away, bit the end off a fresh one, struck a match and lit it quietly and deliberately. Gerald watched him with an amused expression on his face.

"You seem to be very nervous about it," he said laughingly.

"On my word, I am," replied Mr. Wolcott. "Do you know that it took me four days to make up my mind to send you that telegram, and then I couldn't sign it because I was scared of backing out at the last moment. I'd like first-rate to be a Catholic," he continued, "because Catholics are a well-principled, upright set, and they give you good example, and if there is anything which has a permanent effect on me, it is good example. But there are some things I can't swallow."

"Out with them," said Gerald.

"Well, sir," he replied, "I can't believe in Confession."

"Why not? what don't you like about it?"

"I don't believe," said Mr. Wolcott, bringing down his fist on the desk with each word, "I don't believe that it is the right thing for one man to go to another man, and tell him what wrong he has been doing."

"We will suppose for a moment," replied Gerald, "that that is the process we Catholics go through, that one man goes to another man and confesses his faults. Now then," he continued, "tell me, Mr. Wolcott, have you ever been drunk?"

The Westerner turned and looked at him.

"Well, I should smile," he answered. "I've had many a good jag on, but I don't see what that has to do with the case in point."

"I will continue," said Gerald. "When you were a young man and thought that getting drunk was something to be proud of, did you ever give any of your associates, the morning after one of your escapades, a clear and concise account of the previous evening's performance, with the exact number of glasses of champagne consumed and other interesting details?"

"Yes," he answered, "I have bragged about it sometimes."

"Bragging or not," said Gerald, "all you did was to tell another man the wrong you had been doing, and the man was not under any oath of secrecy, either."

"That's a different thing altogether," argued Mr. Wolcott, "nobody thinks anything of getting drunk."

"Nobody thinks anything of any sin," said Gerald, "except sins against society, and which may hurt him in the eyes of the world. The more's the pity!"

At this point Mr. Cassidy returned, and Mr. Wolcott looking at his watch, jumped up and said he would have to be off.

"But now that I have broken the ice," he said to Gerald, as they left the office and walked through the store, "I shall come again and have some more chats on the subject. Your argument is a very good one, but I am not convinced yet. But after all, as I said before, what most affects me is example. It tells on me more than anything."

"Ah," sighed Gerald, "I'm afraid you'll find me a pretty poor hand at giving you good example."

"By the bye," Mr. Wolcott said just as he was leaving, "you are in a dangerous neighborhood here. I was skirmishing about here the other night, looking for your place, and trying to make up my mind to call in the morning, when a man came up to me from behind and asked me for money. It was near a lamp and I saw his face distinctly. A young face, but very dissipated looking. I asked him what he wanted money for and he answered very insolently that that was no business of mine and that if I didn't give it to him quietly, he would take it. I seized him by the collar and shook my stick in his face and told him that if he didn't go about his business, I should use it freely over his head. Pushing me off the sidewalk into the street, he said he was going about his business, but just then there was a sound of a footstep and he was frightened off much to my relief, for he was a dangerous looking customer."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when cries of "Stop thief! stop thief!" from the other end of the street became audible.

Almost before they had time to step to the pavement to see what the matter was, a rough-looking, ill-clad fellow rushed into the open doorway and threw himself at their feet. "Oh, save me, save me!" he begged, "the police are after me."

"Good God!" cried Gerald, "it is Tom Ralston."

"He's the man who attacked me the other night," said Mr. Wolcott, seizing him by the shoulder, "and I shall put him under arrest."

"Don't strike a man when he's down," said Gerald, as he lifted him to his feet and locked him in the private office. "Leave him to me," he whispered to Mr. Wolcott, and he turned to face the breathless crowd which had just arrived to ask him if it was in his place the thief was hiding.

III.

At Gerald's request Mr. Wolcott volunteered to get rid of the police and the crowd.

"What are you all doing there?" he shouted out to them at the top of his voice. "Move on, or I'll give you all in charge. Here, policeman, send these people off about their business."

The breathless officer took no notice of this order, but pushing his way through the crowd, walked up to the Westerner, as he stood in the doorway with his slouch hat on the back of his head and his cigar in the corner of his mouth.

"Sir," said the policeman, "there's a runaway thief hiding in your place."

"Hiding in my place? The idea of such a thing!" replied Mr. Wolcott. "Come in and look for yourself if you want to, though I fail to see how he could have come in without our seeing him, for I've been standing in this doorway for some time."

The officer was completely misled.

"Then he must have turned round the corner," he said, and in a second he was in full pursuit again, followed by the shouting mob.

Gerald made his appearance just in time to stop one or two of the crowd and ask what the man was accused of stealing.

"He rang at a lady's door, sir," one of them replied, "and asked for some money, and when she took her pocketbook out, he snatched it from her and ran."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Gerald, and in a trice they were all following the course the policeman had taken.

When everything was clear again, Gerald beckoned Mr. Wolcott towards the office.

"We must do this fellow some good," he said.

He was careful to lock the door behind them, and they stood and faced Tom Ralston who shrank from their gaze and pushed the chair he was sprawling in into the darkest corner of the small room.

"Well, Tom Ralston," said Gerald, "don't you remember me?"

The culprit started up from his seat and looked him straight in the face.

"No," he said, "I've never seen you before."

"Oh, yes, you have," answered Gerald, "often and often. We last met at the Queen's Arms in Wadscliffe."

Once again Ralston started and once again he drew nearer and stared him in the face.

"Yes," he said suddenly, "I remember you now; you're Gerald Coates."

"Your memory is good," he replied quietly; "I am Gerald Coates."

There was an awkward pause. Gerald played nervously with his moustache and Ralston, screwing his soft cap up, which he had removed from his head, as though he were squeezing water out of it, shrank back into his dark corner again, whilst Mr. Wolcott stood up against the wall wondering what was coming next.

"This is a strange meeting, isn't it, Ralston?" said Gerald at last.

"Yes, sir, it is, very," he replied, "but you won't give me up, will you? Please don't give me up."

"Well, that depends on what you make up your mind to do for the future."

"Oh, I'll change my ways, I promise you," broke in Ralston.

"Not so fast, not so fast," said Gerald. "Tell me first why you were running away from the police."

"Because they chased me."

"And why did they chase you?"

Ralston once more shrank back into his shady corner, and this time he half turned his back to his old schoolfellow.

"Well," repeated Gerald, "why did they chase you?"

"I don't know," he answered sullenly.

"Come, Ralston," said Gerald quietly, "your answer, please. Why did they chase you?"

"They set up a cry of thief on me," he muttered.

"And what did you steal?" continued Gerald.

"Nothing at all."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," said Ralston, looking up rather defiantly, "I'm quite sure."

Gerald very quietly turned the key in the lock and opened the door.

"There is no use your remaining here, then," he said, "if you are not in danger of arrest."

"Oh, no, sir, I beg of you," Ralston cried, "don't turn me out, they'll catch me if you do."

"Very well, then," said Gerald, "continue your story and tell us why the police were after you."

"Because I tried to steal an old woman's purse."

"And didn't you manage to steal it?" Gerald asked.

"I took it from her," he replied, "but I dropped it on the street."

"Whereabouts?"

"Just round the corner from here."

"You must take me there presently and show me," said Gerald.

"If I do, the police will nab me as sure as anything," Ralston replied.

"I'll look to that," said Gerald, "and if we can't find the purse, we must look the old lady up and refund her the money."

"How can I do that?" inquired Ralston.

"I'll do that for you," answered Gerald, "provided you keep your promise and turn over a new leaf. Will you try to do so?"

"Yes, I'll do my best," he answered.

"And now," said Gerald, "tell me what you've been doing with yourself since you left St. Joseph's."

"I've been to sea most of my time. I went to Glasgow after I left the college and shipped on the Allan Liner *Prussian* for River Platte, and I stuck to her for two years. Then I got sick of it, and stayed on shore for a while, but I found I was good for nothing on land so I took to the sea again. I asked the agent to get me a berth on the mail steamers from Liverpool and I went to Quebec and Montreal for a season on the *Sardinian* and *Polynesian*. I got hurt one day on the *Poly*. There was a heavy gale blowing and whilst I was working forward, we shipped a big sea and I was sent up against the bulwarks. I came as near as anything to going over and it gave me a scare, so I knocked it off again. Quite recently I worked my way out here on a Cunarder, but I don't know what I'm going to do now that I am here."

"How came you to go to sea in the first place?" asked Gerald.

"I don't know," he answered. "I always hankered after it in a sort of a way."

"Indeed," said Gerald. "I don't remember ever hearing you say much about your liking for it at college. By the way, did you go up to Rhetoric?"

"Yes."

"Are you quite sure?" asked Gerald, watching him closely.

"No," he answered, "I remember now I left in Poetry."

"And why did you leave, and after you had left, why didn't you go home?"

"I got 'sacked' like you."

Gerald flushed. It wasn't pleasant to be reminded of such an event by the very fellow who brought that disgrace on him.

"And were you sacked," he asked, "for the same reason that I was?"

"No," he answered sullenly. "I took some biscuits out of a fellow's number."

"Ralston," said Gerald, "it's rather a plain way of speaking, but that is evidently your failing. You said just now you did not know what you were going to do. Take a piece of wholesome advice and learn to keep your fingers off other people's property."

"I'll do my best," he answered.

"Bravely said," replied Gerald, "and if you really mean it, I'll give you some work here and good wages if you'll come down to-morrow morning. And now let us go and look up the old lady's purse." And with a wave of the hand to Mr. Wolcott, they went out together.

That worthy gentleman was still standing up against the wall. He turned and stared at them as they left the building, and the words "Well, I'll be hanged" escaped from his lips.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GLORIOUS MILNER.[1]

Born in 1752: Died in 1826.

By M. L. Meany.

MILNER'S *End of Controversy*, in the early years of this nineteenth century, was *the* book for inquirers after religious truth, in the United States no less than in his native England.

He had pleasantly said of it: "I have called this book the *End* of Controversy, but it is likely enough to prove the *Beginning*." The words were prophetic. The volume made a sensation in those slow times, and notwithstanding its numerous competitors still holds its ground, worthy representative of him

[1] *Life of the Right Rev. John Milner, D.D., Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District of England.* By F. C. Husenberth, D.D., V.G. Dublin: 1862.

who was the ruling spirit of a worldly, turbulent age, more dangerous to faith than had been the bitterer ages of persecution.

I.

John Milner was born October 14, 1752, in London, of a family originally from Lancashire. Youths called to the ecclesiastical state, having no longer admission to the old colleges of once "merrie England," he was sent at the age of fourteen to the English College at Douay, in training for the priesthood, to which he was raised in 1777. On his return to England he was engaged in mission work for some years, faithfully and unobtrusively attending to his humble and laborious duties, and laying the foundation for that career which was to fill the Church with his fame.

An Act for the Relief of Catholics having been passed by Parliament in 1778, some ambitious laymen thought proper to appoint a committee of five to promote Catholic interests. In the "Letter" they addressed to the Catholics of England, they insinuated, as Dr. Milner afterwards pointed out, "that the people have an equal authority with their pastors, *in regulating every part of Church discipline*, and that they are competent to make whatever changes they please, in conformity with the laws of the State without either Pope or Council." Indeed, one of the committee, a nobleman who had until then been remarkable for his piety, now made himself so conspicuous in ecclesiastical affairs, that the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., used to say seriously: "My father is the head of the Protestant Church, and Lord —— is the head of the Catholic Church."

In 1787 a new committee was formed, consisting of ten laymen, to whom three ecclesiastics were afterwards added. They presented a memorial to Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister of England, detailing the grievances of Catholics and asking his support in their efforts to have them redressed. Mr. Pitt not only received the committee favorably but brought the matter into tangible form, by proposing three questions to the faculties of the six Catholic Universities of Louvain, Paris, Douay, Alcala, Valladolid and

Salamanca; all of whom in reply denied any civil authority, power, jurisdiction or pre-eminence within the realm of England on the part of Pope, Cardinals, or any body of men: they denied, also, the power to absolve the king's subjects from their oath of allegiance, and, thirdly, denied the charge that Catholics are justified in not keeping faith with heretics. The committee then prepared a bill for the repeal of the laws against English Catholics, but accompanied it with a declaration of Catholic principles, called the *Protestation*, which Dr. Milner described as ungrammatical in language, inconclusive in reasoning and erroneous in theology—expressly contrived to deceive both Protestants and Catholics. The Vicars Apostolic (as Bishops in England were then styled) and the clergy in general at first refused to subscribe to this delectable *Protestation*, but consented on the assurance that it would not be followed by any new oath. As soon as the signatures were obtained, the committee framed a new Oath of Allegiance, "containing a new Profession of Faith, in which they adopted the extraordinary name of *Protesting Catholic Dissenters*." This was, of course, condemned by the four Catholic prelates of England in an Encyclical Letter to all the faithful; warning them that no oath should be taken, or any new document concerning religion subscribed to, without the previous approbation of the Bishops. It finished with the emphatic words: "To these determinations, therefore, we require your submission."

It can scarcely be credited that in the following month, November, 1789, the pious committee addressed to their fellow-Catholics a long "Appeal" against this document, accompanying it with new copies of the forbidden Protestation and Oath. They continued to issue such schismatical pamphlets during two years, one member, a baronet, sending forth three, to convince both clergy and laity that they had a right to choose their own Bishops and have them consecrated by any Bishop, without reference to the Pope. Several priests wrote in reply to these publications; but, says our author, "Milner alone followed up his exposure and refutation of this dangerous writer. . . . He gave the finishing stroke to the controversy by his *Ecclesiastical Democracy*

detected; being a Review of the Controversy between the Layman and the Clergyman concerning the Appointment of Bishops, &c. . . . In truth, as Milner observed, the matter in question involved the very life and existence of our religion. It tended to break that chain of authority which unites each pastor with the Apostles, with Jesus Christ, and with His heavenly Father; it tended to degrade our religion from a divine to a mere human system of spiritual government, to deprive the pastors of their only authority in teaching and governing, and the faithful of their only comfort in hearing and obeying."

Early in March, 1791, the schismatical bill was offered in the House of Commons. Dr. Milner had been commissioned by two new Bishops to act as their agent. "He was introduced by Burke to Fox and Windham. He also saw Dundas and Pitt, and was made acquainted with three Protestant bishops, as also with Wilberforce, William Smith, and other members of Parliament, all of whom listened to him most kindly, and were satisfied with his objections to the Oath."

He had previously supplied the members with a writing which he entitled: *Facts relating to the Contest among the Roman Catholics of this Kingdom, concerning the Bill to be introduced into Parliament for their Relief.* This had been attentively studied by several. "We have been deceived in the great outlines of the business," said Mr. Pitt; "and either the Papists shall be relieved, or the Protesting Catholic Dissenters shall not gain their ends."

When the bill was introduced, the committee was required by the ministry to drop the fantastic name, Protesting Catholic Dissenters. The discarded appellation—Roman Catholics—was reluctantly resumed. The Bill was amended by substituting for the condemned Oath the Irish Oath of 1778, as the Bishops had petitioned, and was passed on the 7th of June, 1791. Dr. Milner had won the victory.

II.

By a Brief of Pope Pius VII., dated March 7, 1803, Dr. Milner was appointed Bishop of Castabala *in partibus*, and Vicar

Apostolic of the Midland District of England, comprising fifteen counties. The total number of Catholics in England and Wales at that period was about 70,000, of whom nearly half belonged to the Northern District; London District ranked second; Midland District came next in numbers, and the Western District could show but a very small population of the faithful. Midland District is estimated to have had about seventy chapels and sixty priests. It had taken a prominent part in the work of the Protesting Catholic Dissenters; one of its counties, Staffordshire, having given fifteen priests to that cause; apart therefore from the reluctance of the humble and zealous priest to assume the duties of the episcopate, he had, in his own words, "the strongest antipathy to a residence in that country, where he saw he must reside, in case he accepted." A Benedictine Prior overcame his reluctance by representing that "if he refused, some other might be chosen for the office, who would perpetuate those dissensions and innovations to which the District had been so long subject." His consecration took place in the beautiful chapel of Winchester which he had built, and was a very grand solemnity for that era.

Our author's account of the religious poverty of England at that time is no less touching than graphic: "There were few chapels, out of London, in which High Mass was ever celebrated: in the Midland District there was not one. . . . It has been supposed that not a single cope was to be found in the District; but Dr. Milner certainly had one, which the writer well remembers; but he hardly ever wore it. Having so lately emerged from their depressed condition under the penal laws, the Catholics naturally retained much timidity in all things relating to the practice of their religion. Hence they never spoke of hearing Mass, but used the word *Prayers* instead. This habit was retained by most of the old priests down to a very late period; and it may be seen constantly exemplified in the old *Directories*, where at such or such a chapel it is mentioned that '*Prayers* are said at ten o'clock,' meaning in reality Mass. The clergy had but recently ventured to dress in black, having been obliged to wear colored clothes for concealment, which were generally brown."

From the same eloquent pen we have a picture of the new prelate at his first official visit to Sedgley Park School, to which he was ever strongly attached; being a pupil there in his childhood:

"He naturally paid it a very early visit; and the writer well recollects his first appearance there. He came mounted on his favorite black horse 'Farmer,' which he had brought with him from Winchester. He was fond of this animal, though it was in reality a very vicious brute. It nearly threw him more than once: and at the earnest persuasion of the Rev. John Perry and others, he parted with it soon after, out of regard for his own safety, though he himself hardly knew what fear was. As he came up to Sedgley Park, he rode at a brisk pace along the road leading to the stables, and we crowded down at the rails of the Park 'Bounds' to pay our respects, but quite as much to gratify our curiosity to see the new Bishop, whose fame had preceded him. He was now fifty years of age, in full health and undiminished strength, with a florid countenance and of robust make. He was above the middle stature, and his black hair was just beginning to turn grey. The first time that he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation was in the chapel at Sedgley Park, on the 24th of June, a month after his consecration. We were much struck with his commanding voice and energetic delivery in the addresses which he made to those who were to be confirmed, both before and after administering that Sacrament."

As Bishop, he was ingenious in making the most of his small resources for the grandeur of religion, the edification of the faithful, and the encouragement of Catholic undertakings. From the day of his consecration, Dr. Milner, unassuming as he was, seemed to be invested with both the duty and ability to take part in all laudable works. His personal desire to give himself up to "studying the science of the Saints" in holy solitude was in strange contradiction to the life he was obliged to lead; for, independent of his episcopal duties, he soon found himself launched on the rushing stream of politics in the service of immortal souls. It was one of those eras when a leader, equally wise, holy and

indomitable, is required. Such a leader both England and Ireland found in the Vicar Apostolic providentially sent them at this juncture.

III.

In the year 1805, "began those long disputes on the question of allowing a royal *Veto* of some kind upon the nomination of Catholic Bishops, which, after years of agitation and dissension, in which the independence of the Catholic episcopacy was seriously threatened, happily ended, like so many other imminent evils, in being abandoned and ignored altogether by the government, when Catholic Emancipation was at length nobly conceded in 1829."

The project of a royal Veto on the Pope's appointment of Bishops for Ireland had its origin at the time the Union of Ireland with England was consummated, in 1799. Lord Castlereagh, then Irish Secretary, consulted several of the Irish prelates "on the project of a state provision for the Catholic clergy, and of a government interference in the appointment of Catholic Bishops. These prelates answered approvingly of the interference of government in the election of Bishops *so far as was necessary for ascertaining the loyalty of the candidates*, but no farther; and they stipulated at the same time for their own *just influence* and for the *consent of the Pope*." The subject dropped until Catholic Emancipation began to be discussed in Parliament in 1805. Bishop Milner's answer to the objections against it was quoted by Mr. Fox in the House of Commons. Being consulted by influential Protestants who wished to promote Emancipation, the zealous prelate wrote to the Holy See, regarding the alterations they proposed in the mode of appointing bishops. This was the more essential as several laymen of influence had given the impression that "English Catholics were quite ready to vest in the sovereign the appointment of their Bishops." One, a leading Catholic baronet, had actually stated in a pamphlet he put forth on the subject: "If Government wishes to have the appointment of our Bishops, it has but to signify its intention, in order to its being complied with"! The answer Bishop Milner received from Rome, "strongly deprecated

State pensions to our Bishops, declared that no power could be conceded to any Protestant sovereign to nominate Catholic Bishops, admitted that *a mere negative power* of objecting to candidates for the episcopacy had fewer difficulties, but still strongly asserted that if this was ever conceded, effectual precautions must be taken to prevent the *negative* from growing into a *positive* power."

The matter rested again until 1808.

Meantime Bishop Milner, who enjoyed the full confidence of the entire hierarchy of Ireland, had been requested by them to act as their agent in England, and they proposed to him to exchange with the coadjutor of the London District, in order to be near the seat of government in the impending struggle. Greatly to our prelate's satisfaction the plan failed. "The Pope, nevertheless, granted to him, under his own hand, a dispensation from the obligation of residence in his own District, and permission to fix his abode in London, if he should deem it advisable." What a consolation this evidence of the Holy Father's confidence in him must have proved to the ever faithful and ever persecuted spirit in the dark days so near at hand.

"In the month of May, 1808, a new association of English Catholics was begun, under the name of the 'Catholic Board.' On the 20th of the same month, Dr. Milner arrived in London, as the agent of the Irish prelates, to attend the debate in the House of Commons, upon Mr. Grattan's motion that the House should go into a committee upon the petition of the Irish Catholics for the repeal of the penal laws. This motion was made on the 25th of May. In the course of the debate Mr. Ponsonby stated that he had held a conversation with Dr. Milner, who acted as the agent of the Irish Catholic Bishops, and that Dr. Milner believed that they would not have any objection to make the King virtually the head of their Church; and to agree that no man should become a Catholic Bishop in Ireland who had not received the approbation of his Majesty; and that although even appointed by the Pope, if disapproved of by his Majesty, he should not be allowed to act, or take upon himself his spiritual functions. Well might Dr. Milner declare of this extraordinary assertion

of Mr. Ponsonby, 'Most assuredly Dr. Milner was never before or since accused of uttering so much inconsistency, heterodoxy, and schism.'"

The Honorable Member had the hardihood to tell the Bishop next day: "I do not pretend that you authorized me to say all that I did say: but I was at liberty to argue as best suited my cause."

Dr. Milner's opinion of the proposed Veto at first was that it might be safely allowed with these three checks: if limited to three times, if one candidate's name was only proposed at a time, and if the civil power were confined to a care of loyalty and the public peace. "Such were the writer's fond speculations," he wrote in after years; "but in the end, he found them to be impracticable and vain." He then heartily condemned his own folly. He also wisely "resolved to have no further dealings with political religionists," and was ever afterward the steady opponent of the Veto in its ever-changing form. A few months later, at a meeting of twenty-nine Irish prelates in Dublin, the course of their respected agent was unanimously pronounced satisfactory, and two resolutions were passed: "that it is inexpedient to introduce any alteration in the canonical mode, hitherto observed, in the nomination of Roman Catholic Bishops," and pledging themselves "to recommend to His Holiness only such persons as candidates for vacant bishoprics, as are of unimpeachable loyalty and peaceful conduct."

Among the stratagems resorted to by the laymen who wished to rule the Church, one must be briefly quoted. Bishop Milner was invited to dine with a little party of friends at a hotel on the 31st of January, 1809. To his surprise, the dinner was followed by the reading of certain Resolutions, which were to be proposed at a Catholic meeting to be held on the following day. The character of these may be judged by the *Fifth*, which was as follows:

"That the English Roman Catholics are firmly persuaded, that adequate provision for the maintenance of the civil and religious establishments of this Kingdom may be made, consistently with the strictest adherence, on their part, to the tenets and discipline of the Roman Catholic religion; and that any

arrangement founded on this basis of mutual satisfaction and security, and extending to them the full enjoyment of the civil constitution of their country, will meet with their grateful concurrence."

In this *Fifth Resolution* Bishop Milner "clearly saw" on the instant, "the *Veto* in its most hideous form;" and was convinced, as he afterwards wrote in an Encyclical Letter to his flock, that he had been invited to the dinner "for the express purpose of ensnaring him into an approbation of the Resolution." On refusing to sign it, and urging its rejection, he was "baited and tortured on every side by the company present for an hour or more to make him consent to it, till he found relief in a flood of tears." At the Catholic meeting on the following day, of the three English Vicars Apostolic present, Dr. Milner alone refused to sign that fatal *Resolution:* the fourth prelate was absent through illness, but afterwards joined in its approval. In Dublin, twenty-seven prelates, personally or by proxy assembled, expressed their judgment of the matter thus:

"Resolved that the thanks of this meeting be, and are hereby given, to the Right Rev. Dr. Milner, Bishop of Castabala, for the faithful discharge of his duty, as agent of the Roman Catholic Bishops of this part of the United Kingdom, and more particularly for his apostolical firmness in dissenting from and opposing a general, vague, and indefinite declaration or Resolution, pledging the Catholics to an eventual acquiescence in arrangements, possibly prejudicial to the integrity and safety of our Church discipline."

Year after year the struggle went on; "separated," as Bishop Milner well charged, "the Irish from the English Catholics, divided the last mentioned among themselves, carried discord into the bosom of the sanctuary, distressed the Apostolic See beyond description, . . . caused more dissension and mischief among the Catholics of England than any other measure since the divorce of Henry VIII. from his Queen Katharine."

The echoes of the storm even reached the United States, caused discontent and dissension among the comparatively small number of Catholics then here, and produced some apostasies.

That all English-speaking nations were at that epoch preserved from schism must be attributed, under God, to the ever faithful prelates of Erin and their noble brother Bishop of England, the glorious John Milner.

IV.

Although generally known best for his prowess in defending the faith alike from its open enemies and treacherous friends, this was in reality but one among Bishop Milner's endowments and excellences. He was what would now be called a universal genius. He wrote no less eloquently on antiquities, historical and biographical subjects, architecture, painting and other worldly themes, than on controversy: was an authority on decoration as well as on dogma; as keen in detecting natural beauties as in grasping the salient points of a doctrine or the touching features of a devotion; equally ready for a lively chat as for giving deep counsel; everything was pressed into God's service.

The universality of his virtues was not less amazing. "Be angry and sin not," was no difficult precept to Dr. Milner; his charity was as sweet as his zeal was indomitable; his readiness to be corrected not less evident than his firmness in correcting; while his piety was strong and robust, his tender devotion was evidenced by the tears that always streamed from his eyes during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and by the touching prayers he composed for the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which he was the first to introduce publicly in England. His pre-eminence in the leading virtue of noble souls is thus related: A certain Catholic gentleman, then at Rome—in 1814—was very urgent to obtain of the Pope that the Catholics of England should be dispensed from the obligation of keeping abstinence on Saturdays. Accordingly he represented to His Holiness that that point of discipline had almost entirely gone into disuse, and might therefore very reasonably be abrogated by the Pope's dispensation. The Pope doubted the truth of this representation, and said to the Prefect of the Propaganda, Cardinal Litta: "Let us ask Dr. Milner: *he will tell us the truth.*"

The Bishop was accordingly sent for, and interrogated on the matter by His Holiness. He at once answered: "Yes, I will tell Your Holiness the truth: the good Catholics keep the abstinence on Saturdays, and the bad ones do not." "Then," said the Pope, "it shall remain as it is."

Yet he had none of the hardness that generally accompanies this unbending integrity. He was childlike in his readiness to forget and forgive, to soften down things as much as was at all consistent with duty. If the persecutions he had to suffer *from his own* remind us of the martyrs, his sweet readiness "to make up" was like that of *the little ones* proposed as the Christian's model.

The variety of his natural gifts was equally surprising. Cutting horses, dogs, etc., out of paper to amuse children, making little ships for them to sail, and joining them in garden plays; getting workingmen out of difficulties in their labors and giving practical hints to women in housewifery—all came to him as readily as his grandest achievements. He could make use of any passing incident to point a moral. One of the young priests he had ordained refused coffee after dinner, saying abruptly: "Oh, no; I hate coffee." The Bishop overhearing him, said: "Oh, Sir, you should never say you *hate* a thing; that is not polite." "Why, my Lord, you always tell us to be open, and speak candidly." "Oh, yes, Sir, if you will do that through life, I shall never find fault with you."

V.

Of the great prelate's business habits, Dr. Husenberth gives this personal reminiscence of his ordination day, February 25, 1820:

"Late on the same day, when the writer was going to bed, the Bishop came and tapped at his door. On being admitted, he apologized in the kindest manner for intruding, as he said, at so unseasonable an hour, but observed that he did so, because he was going away early the next morning. After several sweet and paternal words of encouragement, he said: 'I believe, Sir, you

would like to remain at the College for the present; so I intend you to be what I was myself at first, *a jobber*, that is, without any fixed mission. You shall still live here, and do duty on Sundays and holidays at Stourbridge; I hereby give you the usual missionary faculties, and if you will get one of the printed forms from Mr. Walsh, I will fill it up and sign it for you in the morning before I leave. So good night, and God bless you, Sir,' extending his hand and giving his blessing. Thus did the writer receive his commission and faculties from the venerable Milner, on the very day of his ordination, and they were given *usque ad revocationem.*" And here is an anecdote equally characteristic of his social habits and *humility:* "At a dinner given to the clergy, a favorite German song was sung by an aged priest, and as from his great age he was not likely to survive long, the present writer was desired to pay attention to the song, and learn it, that it might be preserved. He did so, and learned it so completely that he was able to sing it the following day for Dr. Milner, with whom he dined at Oscott. The good Bishop expressed his surprise, saying: 'I can't understand, Sir, how you could learn that song by only once hearing it: why I have heard it over and over again, and don't know a word of it!"'

Music was, in fact, the good prelate's only deficiency, and he often made merriment over it, by pretending to be proficient.

"To the Lady Abbess and Religious of Caverswall.

"DEAR DAUGHTERS,

"I thank you for your kind inquiries after my health, and still more for your pious prayers for my general welfare. It is true, I am very infirm, and cannot be far off that great change which we must all undergo; but there are no symptoms in me, that I am aware of, of an immediate dissolution. However, in my situation and character, I ought to practise what I preach: I ought to prove that I am in earnest when I daily repeat *Thy Kingdom come.* In fact, what is there worth living for, except to do penance for sin, and to be resigned to the holy will of God? Happy are you to have left the world before it leaves you. . . . For my part, I have much, very much to make me afraid of the awful tribunal of the Great Judge; but I have the precious wounds in His hands and feet and sacred side, to excite my hope,

and make me descend cheerfully into the grave. In conclusion, pray for me as I do for you, that we may meet in a joyful eternity, never more to part, but to enjoy our God, through the merits of Jesus Christ, in a blissful eternity.

✠ J. MILNER.

"Wolverhampton, March 13, 1826."

This letter to the Benedictine Convent at Caverswall was one of this venerable prelate's latest efforts. It depicts the *man*, in his earnest yet childlike spirit, as he had been through a long, laborious life. On Palm Sunday, six days later, he said Mass for the last time; on Maunday Thursday he received the Holy Viaticum, and on Holy Saturday, March 25, was anointed. Yet he lingered more than three weeks, suffering from fever and a cough that in his weak state often threatened suffocation. "Is this dying?" he would ask sweetly, complaining that he did not suffer! When Father Walsh would wish to speak of his writings and labors, he interrupted him, eagerly: "Don't talk of any merits of mine: speak to me of the merits of my Blessed Saviour!" When he was addressed in the usual style as "My Lord," he objected: "Don't call me so any more: I am nothing now but plain John Milner, a poor sinner."

It seemed as if he was waiting for the annual meeting of the clergy which began on April 19th. To each priest, as he arrived, he gave his benediction. When they assembled in the chapel, "nothing took place but the recital of the recommendation of a dying soul," by the assembled clergy for their dying Bishop. . . . While they were at dinner, the fatal tidings were brought that the Bishop had expired. . . . It was a remarkable fact, that after his death no one could close his mouth. A servant, who had spent hours in attempting it, gave it up in despair: but at length it closed of itself. This singular circumstance strongly reminded us of what the intrepid prelate had so often declared in his life, that 'no one should shut his mouth, in defence of religion and truth.'"

At his funeral, which took place on the 27th of April, all secular pomp was avoided, as he had expressly ordered, and even the black cloth that draped the sanctuary was given to the poor.

TERCENTENARY OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

By S. N. D.

SEE that Flower of wondrous whiteness
Rising from Three Centuries' mould,
With a crown of rarest brightness,
With a heart of purest gold!

Blooming through the blight of ages
Those immortal deeds will shine,
That have placed on history's pages
Stamps celestial and divine.

Sinless youth, the fairest lustre
From thy hallowed name is caught,
Round thy shrine what virtues cluster,
In mosaic richly wrought!

All who read thy life's grand story
May see thy strong, noble heart,
How thou'st bartered earthly glory,
To secure the "better part."

Type of youth, ah! thou wert tender,
Type of manhood, thou wert brave:
Be our patron and defender,
Sweet to comfort, strong to save.

May we strive as thou hast striven,
'Gainst a world of sin and pride,
May our lives be wholly given,
Like thine, to Jesus Crucified.

CASTIGLIONE AT THE PRESENT TIME.

SAINT ALOYSIUS' HOME AND FAMILY.

"HAIL, favored Castiglione, white with the purity of the most beautiful among the lilies, rosy with the blood of the most innocent among the penitents! Over thy head extends a cloudless sky, and smiles on thee as on a loved one a sister. Fair art thou and beaming bright, with thy meadows dotted with flowers, with thy blossoming gardens and thy gurgling fountains, with the charming hills that encircle thee and seem to bow their heads to thee, and all silently to say ever: 'Hail! Hail!' With thee happiness dwells and on those that come to thee, thou dost shed happiness. To none other of Italy's gardens was the honor given, to bud forth so fair a flower of paradise."

The Castiglione thus fervidly apostrophized is a beautiful little town of Northern Italy situated about twenty-four miles from Mantua, about twelve from Brescia, and a little more than twelve miles from the Lago di Garda. It is not a very populous place, for its inhabitants do not number six thousand souls. It is not a stirring place, though now its wide plazas and broad streets wear an appearance of unwonted bustle and high festival, for this is the Castiglione of San Luigi, the birthplace of Saint Aloysius Gonzaga, of the Angelic Youth, of the Patron of Youth, as with a wealth of gesture and facial expression and a very torrent of picturesque language, the happy townsmen of the Saint will impress upon you.

Here the celebration of the Tercentenary of our Saint began as early as last July. On July 21, 1580, Saint Aloysius received

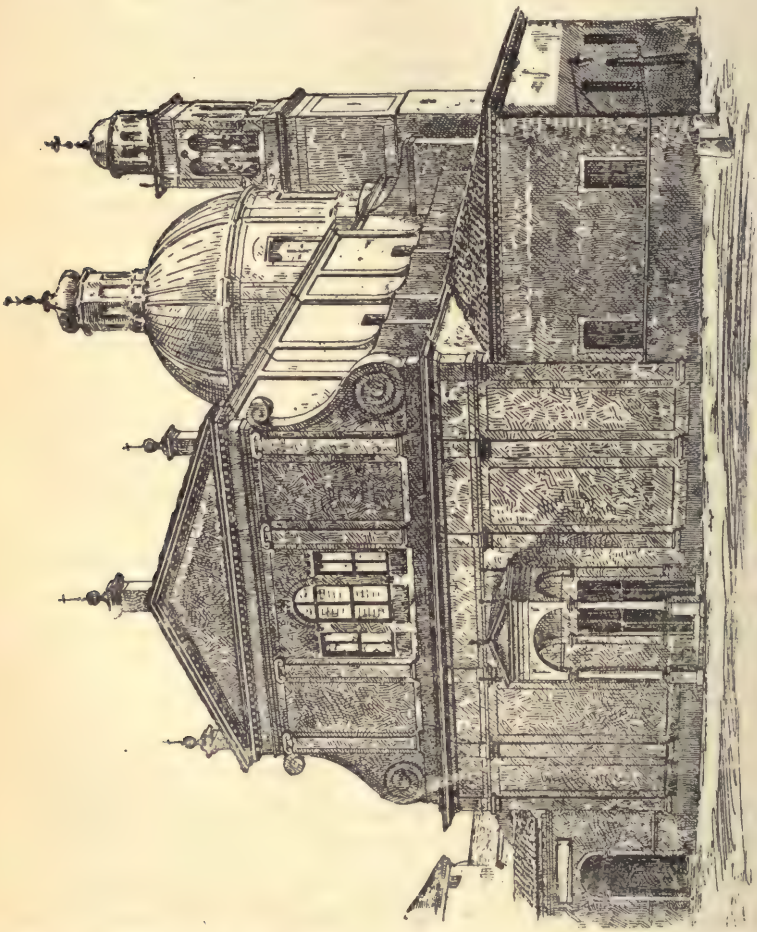
Holy Communion for the first time from the hands of the sainted Archbishop of Milan, Charles Borromeo. The anniversary of this event, important enough certainly in every life, was made the occasion of a special celebration, which inaugurated the great celebrations that have followed each other in rapid succession since. November 2, 1585, Saint Aloysius renounced his birthright in favor of his brother Rodolfo, and on the 25th of the same month he entered the Novitiate of San Andrea at Rome. Both of these anniversaries were kept with due solemnity as well as March 9 of this year—the anniversary of his birth in 1568 and also of his baptism—for, as our readers will remember, the Saint had hardly seen the light before he received baptism. March 25 was the anniversary of the vow of virginity which he made in the Church of the Annunziata at Florence in 1577, when he was barely nine years old, and this epoch in the Saint's life was not allowed either to pass unnoticed.

In the same way May 21, the anniversary of his Beatification by Paul V. in 1605, will be a day of high festival and the cycle of feasts will close with the great solemnity of June 21st.

As will be seen, the good people of Castiglione and more particularly the young men of the town, in whose hands the arrangements have been left, have not been slow or inactive in this matter. The programme from which the details given above have been taken was published on June 21, 1890. Each of these festivals, according to this programme, was to be preceded by a triduum of prayer, and the vigil of each was to be observed by some fitting mortification. The intentions, too, which the programme recommended to the prayers of the pious clients of St. Aloysius are well worthy our attention. They are: 1°. Extraordinary strength and assistance for the Church and its august Head; 2°. Peace and unity of faith for the whole world; 3°. The return to God of so many poor young men who are hurrying along on the way to perdition; 4°. The grace to preserve intact the virtue which made Saint Aloysius like to the Angels.

Good reason have the pious people of Castiglione for honoring Saint Aloysius. Here to the parish Church of Saints Nazarius

and Celsus he was brought April 20, 1568, that the ceremonies of baptism might be supplied. And all who come may read in the Register the Act of Baptism written in Latin by the archpriest. "The Most Illustrious Aloysius," so the Act runs, "son of the



SANCTUARY OF ST. ALOYSIUS IN CASTIGLIONE DELLE STIVIERE.

Most Illustrious Lord Ferdinand Gonzaga, third Marquis of Castiglione delle Stiviere and Prince of the Holy Empire, and of the Most Illustrious Lady Martha de Tana a Sanctana, was born at three quarters past the twenty-third hour[1] of the ninth day of

[1] 11.45 P.M.

March, 1568, and was baptized on the twentieth day of April, 1568, by the Archpriest John Baptist Pastorius. The sponsor was the Most Serene Lord William Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, acting by his proxy, the Most Illustrious Lord Prosper Gonzaga, who was sent for the purpose with authentic letters from him.

"May he be happy and live for ever, dear to men and to God, the Thrice Great and the Thrice Good!"

What happy inspiration led the good priest to add these last words to the record?

But this is by no means the only memory of our Saint preserved in Castiglione. You will be shown there the rock chamber in the monastery of the Frati Zoccolanti (Recollects) to which he retired the day his father bade him get out of his sight, in 1584, on the Saint's declaring his unchangeable purpose of consecrating himself to God in religion.[2] You will be allowed here to venerate the crucifix, before which the Saint prayed and disciplined himself—the stains of the blood he shed are still to be seen—and you will be told how his father, strong man though he was, being told by his steward what was passing in his son's room and going himself to see, utterly broke down at the sight and wept.

Here are preserved an autograph letter of the Saint to his brother Rodolfo written February 9, 1590, and an original portrait which was exposed for the veneration of the people, July 28, 1604, even before the Saint's formal Beatification. On this occasion the panegyric of the son was preached in the presence of the happy mother, Donna Martha. Last of all, in the Sanctuary of the Saint, you will find his skull, which his brother, Don Francesco, obtained in 1610 from the General of the Society of Jesus, at the time, Father Claudius Aquaviva.

This Sanctuary was built in 1608 by Don Francesco and the three virgin nieces of the Saint, children of Don Rodolfo, Cinzia, Olimpia and Gridonia. These virgins founded a community

[2] This room is now a chapel. And it is interesting to note that most of the rooms occupied by the Saint at different times were afterwards made chapels. This was the case at Florence and Fiesole, Italy; at Madrid and Girona in Spain, at the Novitiate of San Andrea in Rome, at the Jesuit College in Naples and at the Roman College, where he died.

called the Virgins of Jesus, and died in the odor of sanctity. Their bodies are still preserved in a recess near the high altar of the church; and after all these years they are still uncorrupted. In 1679 and in 1720 when their tomb was opened, though the grave clothes had all crumbled into dust, their bodies were intact

RELIQUARY CONTAINING SKULL OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

and the limbs flexible; the features too were so well preserved that the sisters were recognizable from their portraits. The last examination was made in 1838 and no change had taken place then.

The church itself, though worn and blackened by time, has several striking architectural features: the cupola and the cam-

panile are especially graceful and pleasing. The interior has been much neglected, but there is now on foot a movement to restore the whole edifice. There are six side chapels, of which the first on the right as you enter is dedicated to Saint Stanislas Kostka, between whose family and that of our Saint there is a bond of relationship, it appears, through the wife of Don Ferdinand, the Saint's brother. This lady, Bibiana Pernstein, is said in the *Life* of the Saint to have come from Bohemia and to have been of a very noble family allied by marriage with the Kostkas.

Castiglione itself is a very ancient place. How far back its history goes, no one seems able to tell. It forms part of the territory left by the Countess Matilda to the Roman Pontiffs. Its first lords after it had passed into the hands of the Pope were of the Casaloldo family. By a Bull dated November 2, 1298, Boniface VIII. erected it into a County, in the old sense of the word, that is, gave to its lords the title of Count, and delegated Martin, Bishop of Mantua, to receive the oath of fealty of the first Count, Francesco da Gonzaga. The Saint's great-grandfather Rodolfo was the first to bear the title of Marquis of Castiglione and his father Ferdinand, or Ferrante, seems to have been the first of his line who received the title of Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, though others say that his brother Francesco, having successfully fulfilled several important charges entrusted to him by the Emperor Matthias, received as a reward the title of Prince and the honor of having his feudal seat of Castiglione numbered among the imperial cities in 1612.

There is some dispute about the origin of the name of the town, Castiglione delle Stiviere. The addition "delle Stiviere" was made, it is clear, in order to distinguish the town from the twenty or more Castigliones that are found in Italy alone. Castiglione seems to be a corruption of *Castellum*, a stronghold. The arms of the Castiglioni di Cingoli, to which family Pius VIII. belonged, show a lion over a fortress from which we might conclude that the name is a corruption of *Castellum Leonis*, the Lion's stronghold, an allusion to the commanding and almost impregnable position of a rock-built castle, and the bravery and strength of its master.

However this may be, it seems very probable that the name has come to us from Roman times, and that it dates back even to the Etruscans and may be of Celtic origin. The meaning of *Delle Stiviere* is equally obscure, but the conjectures about its origin are not uninteresting. The arms of the Commune of Castiglione have a dog rampant with two loose spurs on its feet; Stiviere consequently may possibly be derived from *Staffa*, which means a spur. The principal industry of the country round for generations before our Saint's time was the manufacture of a special kind of bottines of wool and silk, which were very celebrated. It is suggested that this foot-gear may have had something to do with the name, but the connection is not very clear.

CASTIGLIONE IN THE TIME OF ALOYSIUS.

The founder of the Saint's immediate family was Rodolfo, the third son of Luigi the Turk, himself the second Marquis of Mantua, who died in 1484. Luigi was not the fierce barbarian, as the addition to his name might lead us to suppose. He owed the name, it is said, to his mother. In those days, we are told, soldiers in active service did not wear their beards, neither did the Turks. And so it fell out that Luigi, returning from the wars after a long absence and meeting his mother before his beard had grown, was playfully styled by her "the Turk." This Luigi left behind him among others, two boys, Frederico who succeeded him in Mantua, and Rodolfo the great-grandfather of St. Aloysius who was the first Lord of Castiglione. Rodolfo died in 1495.

Luigi, his son, had three boys; Ferdinando, or Ferrante, our

Saint's father to whom fell Castiglione and the Marquisate, Alfonso the Lord of Castel Goffredo, and Ercole or Hercules, the Lord of Solferino. The estates of these latter were to revert to the Marquis if they came to die without male issue. This proviso in the settlement of the estates brought about later the death of Rodolfo, the Saint's brother. Alfonso, the Lord of Castel Goffredo, had but one child, a daughter. In order to preserve the estate to his own posterity, he arranged with his brother, the Marquis, that the heir of Castiglione should marry this daughter. St. Aloysius, as we know, chose for himself another spouse, and Rodolfo, who became heir on his brother's renunciation of the world, contracted an unequal marriage with the only daughter of his banker, Elena Aliprandi. On the death of Alfonso, Castel Goffredo reverted to Rodolfo—but his cousin who had been twice slighted in a way hard to forgive and who in addition was now to be deprived of her inheritance—resolved to fight. Rodolfo made good his title by arms, but one day as he was returning from Mass with his wife and child, he was stretched dead by the ball of an assassin. This took place in 1593.

After Rodolfo, who died without a son to succeed him, the Saint's younger brother Francesco, then but a stripling of sixteen, became Marquis. The Saint had long before prophesied that this child would sustain the honor of the family and the truth of the prophecy was quickly verified. The prudence and discretion of the young Prince won all hearts, and in very troubled times, he ruled his people with very great success, so much so, that his prosperity was commonly attributed to the loving protection of his sainted brother. Francesco died in 1616. Two of his sons, Luigi and Ferdinando, ruled after him and both dying without male children, the Princedom reverted to Carlo, the son of Vincenzo Cristerno, the Saint's fourth brother. Carlo died in 1680, and his son Ferdinando was despoiled of the Princedom. Thus the last Prince of Castiglione died in 1723. The family after this time seems to have lost most of its prestige. We find Luigi Filippo, a great-grandson of the last Prince, surrendering his fief to the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, and receiving in return

VIEW OF CASTIGLIONE DELLE STIVIERE.

an annual pension of ten thousand florins, and this is the last mention we have of the family. Luigi Filippo died in 1819.

The Tana family, to which the Saint belonged, through his mother, is also extinct. Originally it came from Chieri, a city of Piedmont, near Turin; some think it was of German origin. At all events, it was noble and Count Baldassare Tana, the grandfather of the Saint was a man of distinction in court and camp. Besides the Saint's mother, he had one son Ercole Tana di Santana, from whom is descended Blessed Mary of the Angels, a Carmelite nun of Turin, who was beatified by Pius IX. April 25, 1865.

The Saint's mother, Donna Martha, and his brothers also, we believe, are buried in the parish Church of Saints Nazarius and Celsus.

So passes the glory of this world. The father of St. Aloysius opposed his entering religion through love for the family name and a desire to see it perpetuated. To-day the family is extinct. The brilliant deeds of its great men are forgotten. The claims it had through these great men on the consideration and applause of the world are now as if they had never existed. On the other hand the name has become a household word and the glory of the family will never die, because of one of its sons, the lowly religious, Saint Aloysius. What a commentary on human greatness and what a light on God's dealings with men! That which seemed the greatest of blows to his house by Don Francesco has, on the contrary, been the sole means of preserving it from oblivion, and of reflecting on it a lasting glory.

THE MONTHLY COMMUNION OF CHILDREN.

THE Monthly Communion of Children was inaugurated in France in the year 1883. In the August number of the *Messager du Sacré Cœur* of that year there appeared a letter from a parish priest in which, after pointing out the special dangers

that beset the Church in France and the determined efforts her enemies were making to snatch from her the youth of both sexes, he proposed as one means of neutralizing these efforts the Monthly Communion of all the Children of France. The letter is a very beautiful one and very suggestive, and it closes with an appeal to priests to take up the idea. "O Priests in parishes, France depends on you. You have only to bestir yourselves, but with a will, a generous, constant zealous will; you have but to unite with one another in one common thought, and through you triumph will crown Jesus Christ and His Holy Church." Other letters followed and in January, 1885, the Reverend Director-General of the Apostleship of Prayer, Emile Régnault, being in Rome and admitted to a private audience with the Holy Father, spoke to His Holiness about this movement aiming at saving her children to the Church. The Holy Father whose heart was torn by the accounts of the efforts made in France to wean children from God and from the things of God, when He heard of the movement that had been started to bring all the children of France to the Holy Table, once a month, cried out with an expression of interest and approbation impossible to reproduce: "Ah! that I approve of! I approve it! I approve it!"

On the strength of this approval and with the approbation of the Bishops and the co-operation of many priests the great movement was started. We cannot give everything at once, or we should set down some of the practical results of this Communion of Children in Parishes, where indifference had been long supreme. Later we hope to do this. Here we wish simply to give the idea of this Monthly Communion. This month of June is generally chosen for the First Communion. Moreover, the celebration of the Tercentenary of the Patron of Youth has aroused in us all a spirit of zeal for the interests of our children. This then is a most favorable time to take up this special work of the Monthly Communion of Children, and we do it with very great willingness.

In beginning we feel that we cannot do better than re-echo the appeal of the zealous French curé to his brethren of the

clergy in France. We, too, as every priest knows, are losing our children. Recent statistics prove it. The schools, the press, the ignorance or the worldliness of parents are all combined against the eternal interests of Catholic children. Something must be done to strengthen them in their faith, to give them a filial love for the Church and her teachings, to counteract the benumbing effects of the sneering, patronizing, infidel atmosphere in which they are forced of necessity to dwell. And what shall this something be? To whom can we turn if not to the God of the Eucharist? *Amen, I say to you, except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you; for My flesh is meat indeed and My blood is drink indeed; he that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him. As the living Father hath sent Me and I live by the Father; so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me. This is the bread that came down from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead. He that eateth this bread shall live for ever.*[1]

Now the life which our Lord here promises us with so much solemnity is just that life which we see dying down in our children. There are consoling exceptions undoubtedly; but side by side with these do we not find a growing ignorance about essential points of faith, increasing indifference to the practices of religion, a deadening of conscience to the enormity of sin? Are not our children growing more and more like those around them, money-seekers or pleasure-seekers merely, living for dress or amusement, shrinking from poverty, from pain that is from the Cross of Christ, and so preparing the way for apostasy when real trials come home to them? Is not the impression generally and industriously propagated that it is among non-Catholics we must look for refinement, respectability, culture; that to non-Catholic schools our children must go if they are to get on in the world, because these schools alone are up to the times, in these schools alone are to be found the connections which can be afterwards useful in the struggle for success? Then come mixed marriages and all the evils they bring in their train, the greatest of all being

[1] St. John, vi.

the very nearly certain loss to God of the unhappy fruits of such unions.

It is of vital necessity, then, to do something to preserve the children. And this Monthly Communion of Children is without question the most powerful help we could have.

At the epoch of the First Communion, children are ordinarily more open to salutary impressions than at any other time. The Lord Who said: *Suffer little children to come to Me and forbid them not,*[2] seems to shower on them more abundant graces then, and the prayers of their *Angels in heaven who always see the face of the Father*[3] seem to have a special and altogether extraordinary efficacy. This is then the time to bring them to contract the habit of Monthly Communion. The first good effect of this habit will be the preservation of their innocence and a steady growth in their souls of sanctifying grace and the habits of the virtues. We have the authority of St. Alphonsus Liguori for this much. Besides this, the Monthly Communion will beget sympathy with the Church and her offices, a spirit of filial affection for religion, an unconscious prizing of the gift of faith, and so will make other observances of religion natural and easy. It may be that in many cases these children, or some of them, will still be wild in spite of this Monthly Communion. They may even fall into grievous sin; but what will it be if they do not receive Holy Communion once a month? Will they be better equipped to resist temptation? And is it not a very precious result of frequent Communion, that the spirit of faith will be kept alive in them, that some check, some restraint will be put upon the growth of those evil habits, to which so many apostasies are directly traceable, that the voice of conscience will still continue to make itself heard, and that confession of sin will be made, trying ordeal that it is, and made bravely and with real contrition and desire of amendment? Are not these results worthy of our efforts?

Moreover, if Holy Communion be thus received, month after month, for four or five years or more, what a preparation has been made by the young man or the young woman for those trying

[2] St. Mark, x. 14. [3] St. Matthew, xviii. 10.

temptations which await them on their entrance into the larger world. There is so much complaint that young men especially stay away from Holy Communion. And to whom is the fault due? After their First Communion what interest is taken in them? What efforts beyond what parental love may prompt are spent on them? And so, little by little, the life of grace is starved out, temptation comes, there is a fall, then the shrinking from confession, the silencing of the voice of conscience little by little, recklessness, indifference, and finally practical unbelief. Of course this will happen in some cases in spite of all we can do; but in how many cases could it have been prevented if only some means had been at hand to bring the young man to Communion once a month.

Now, the League of the Sacred Heart called the Apostleship of Prayer offers special facilities for carrying on this work of the Monthly Communion. As we said in the beginning, the object of the movement in France six years ago was to unite all the children of the country in one solemn act of religion and with one intention, to obtain the safety and triumph of the Church. Here in our own land, as we have seen, the evils that threaten the Church are of the gravest, and many of them it is hard to see how to remedy. In this extremity we must have recourse to our only refuge, prayer. Now we have our Lord's promise regarding united prayer: *Again I say to you that if two of you shall consent upon earth concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by My Father Who is in heaven.*[4] What hopes, then, may we not build on the efficacy of the prayer offered by our children united together once a month to honor the Sacred Heart in the Sacrament of His love! This union of prayers is secured by enrolling the children in the Apostleship of Prayer, the League of the Sacred Heart, and having them practise the Third Degree—the Communion of Reparation.

Besides this the League of the Sacred Heart, by its organization and the motive it supplies, is singularly powerful in keeping the children together and securing fidelity to and perseverance in

[4] St. Matthew, xviii. 19.

the practice of Monthly Communion. Nothing is more effective, not with children alone but with all of us, than example, and the sense that we stand shoulder to shoulder with others in an undertaking. What the individual taken by himself could with difficulty be brought to do, the same individual, if associated with others, will make a boast of doing. This is the secret spring of much sin. Why should it not be utilized to counteract sin? And utilized for this very purpose it is by the League of the Sacred Heart. Then the motive the League sets before the children is the idea of reparation, of making up to the Sacred Heart for the coldness and ingratitude of men. If the efforts of older people to make reparation are pleasing to the Sacred Heart, what shall we say of the children's efforts? And experience has shown that this motive is easily grasped by the children and is strangely powerful to move them.

We have here, then, many and powerful motives for promoting this work of the Monthly Communion of Children. It will save many who are now in imminent danger. It can be made the means of assuring the future of the Church and its increase in our country. And we must remember that the Church is Apostolic not only in the sense that it traces back its descent to the Apostles and has its mission, its teaching, its Sacraments from Christ through them; but also in the other sense that it leaves no stone unturned to bring souls into its fold. The Church must draw and attract souls and where she is not doing this, the fault is with her children. Their faith is not strong and active. If it were, it would show in their lives and lead others to seek, at the same source, peace and strength and holiness. A third good this Monthly Communion does, is to arouse parents and older people from their lethargy. The spectacle of their children approaching the Holy Communion in a body, especially where the Monthly Communion is made an event, where it is accompanied by as much pomp and circumstance as the surroundings will admit, cannot fail to have a great effect on parents. Are the fathers and mothers lax in this matter of approaching the Sacraments? Begin with the children. Their example will set the older people thinking

and this kind of meditation very rarely fails to be salutary. The next thing will be, that the elders will be seen emulating the children, and in any case the sole means has been taken to counteract an evil example and to secure for one generation the great boon of having for many years and repeatedly during that time fed on the Bread of Angels—*the Corn of the chosen ones and the Wine that maketh virgins to spring forth.*[5] *He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life and I will raise him up in the last day.*[6]

A CRY TO THE SACRED HEART.

By T. A. M.

BE Thou my friend, O Sacred Heart!
I need Thy love much more
Than e'er before;
For one by one I've let the years depart
And vainly thought to find
That others would be kind;
But now in sorrow, asking sympathy
I come to Thee.

Be Thou my friend, O Heart Divine!
Because of my delay
Turn not away,
Nor chide me for this fickle heart of mine;
Forget my sinful past,
And take me back at last
To love Thee faithfully and find a place
In Thy embrace.

Be Thou my friend, O Heart of Love!
I'll never seek again
The love of men,
Except to share it in Thy Heart above:
"Though ancient, ever new,
O Beauty true,
Late have I found Thee!"—Tarry to the end,
And be my Friend!

[5] Zacharias, ix. 17. [6] St. John, vi. 55.

THE DALMATIC.

By the Secretary of a Tabernacle Society.

WHEN a priest celebrates Solemn Mass, he is accompanied and assisted at the altar by a Deacon and a Subdeacon; when a Bishop is the celebrant, a Priest attends him as well and is the Deacon of Honor. When our Holy Father the Pope pontificates, there are always two Deacons and two Subdeacons, besides the Deacon of Honor; one of these is Latin and the other Greek, and when the Gospel and Epistle are read for the people in Latin, they are read immediately afterwards in Greek; this is done not merely to show the unity of the Church but to express her ardent desire that all of her children should be reunited in her fold.

The priest alone is empowered to offer the Sacrifice; the deacon approaching nearest to sacerdotal dignity makes the preparation, offers the priest the bread and wine, covers and uncovers the chalice and performs every other little office pertaining to the Sacrifice; he also has the privilege of reading the Gospel to the people; the subdeacon receives the cruets from the acolytes, passes the wine to the deacon, pours the water into the chalice, holds the paten veiled until the priest has need of it, and reads to the congregation the Lesson for the day.

As each order has its respective duties, so has each its appointed vestments which, while corresponding in color and general form, differ essentially: the priest wears the Chasuble which has lately occupied the attention of the MESSENGER readers; the deacon and subdeacon wear respectively the Dalmatic and the Tunic, though at the present time there is scarcely any difference made between these two vestments. Formerly there was a great distinction made. The Stole and the Dalmatic were enumerated as the vestments of the deacon, while in the instruction for the other clerics, it was said: "The subdeacon shall take the vestments

which are his [which were the Alb and Tunic], called by some ornaments of the subdeacon." [1]

The Chasuble alone bears the cross, while the ornamentation of the Dalmatic and Tunic is in straight lines, and the wide sleeves are of convenient form for those having much serving to do.

The word *Deacon* in itself means only minister or server; the Church, however, has given to it a more definite signification. Already in Apostolic times the diaconate was a Church office, and they upon whom hands were imposed were chosen *of good reputa-*

DEACON AND SUBDEACON FROM VERY ANCIENT EXAMPLES.

tion, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom; [2] they were ordained that the Apostles might be free to give themselves *continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word,* and we know that it was in the active exercise of the powers conferred on him that Stephen, one of the seven chosen, had the glorious privilege of being the first to give his life for Jesus crucified.

Their duties, we may well imagine, were many and varied; in the *Pontificale* it is said that it is the part of a deacon "to

[1] Bona. [2] Acts, vi. 3.

minister at the altar, to baptize, and to preach," but besides these functions the deacons attended all martyrdoms in order to gather precious relics and preserve them from profanation; they were the secretaries of the bishops and had charge of the alms and temporal goods of the Church, and they served at the tables where the faithful celebrated the "*Agapes.*"

In solemn feasts of the people it was customary among the Romans for the principal ministers of the table to wear a *napkin of honor* on the shoulder; this mark of distinction was given, by the Church, to the deacons, who wore it as a badge of office at the Agapes; the other servers wore the napkin on the *left arm,* which is thought by many to have been the origin of the Maniple.

DALMATIC OF TWELFTH CENTURY.

As the duties of those serving caused them to come and go in the church, this linen cloth was inconveniently blown about; to avoid this the ends were drawn to the side and fastened there, which is still done to-day in the Stole of the deacon.

The ordinary dress of a free Roman was the first dress of the deacon; it was of linen and had sleeves only to the elbow; sometimes small ornaments in the shape of disks were placed on the lower part, but usually it had only the bands of purple called *clavi,* which were common to all robes of position and which varied in richness according to the wealth and dignity of the wearer. This form of ornamentation is often mentioned by ancient writers: Rabanus Maurus calls it "*duos tranntes,*" Alcuin "*duas virgulas,*" others "*duas lineas,*" and "*duas zonas*"; it has always been the decoration of the deacon's vestment, distinguishing it from the Chasuble whose ornamentation soon took the lines of the cross.

The most ancient figures of Christ—those of Monza—are represented as wearing this dress of a free Roman; it was called the *Colobium*. St. Bartholomew, Apostle, is thus described by

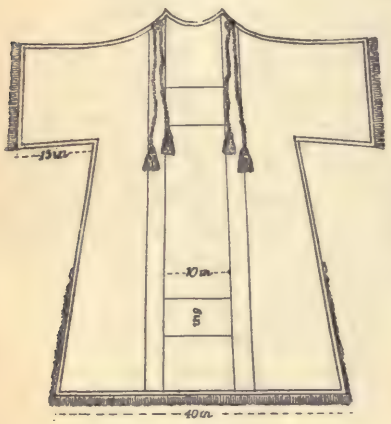
SPANISH DALMATIC AND TUNIC.

Abdias of Babylon: "he was clothed in a white Colobium, ornamented with bands of purple and wore a pallium having gems at every angle."[3]

[3] Codex Apoc. Ap. Fabric. vol. ii.

Early in the fourth century Pope Sylvester gave the Roman deacons the Dalmatic instead of the Colobium, which had been used until that time. The Dalmatic was the tunic in common use among the Dalmatians, and from thence derived its name. It was a long garment reaching almost to the feet, and was made first of white Dalmatian wool, but later of silk; it had large sleeves reaching to the elbow and bands of purple on either side of the breast; it was imported by the Romans and adopted by them as a vestment of distinction early in the second century.

Long before it became the official insignia of the deacon, it was worn by the Pope and by many bishops; in the Acts of St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage in the third century, it is said that the holy martyr drew off his Dalmatic, and, giving it to his deacons, stood ready for death, clothed in his tunic. The Dalmatic of St. Gregory is also specially mentioned.



CORRECT FORM OF DALMATIC.

The Popes often presented the Dalmatic to bishops as a mark of distinction or of recompense; sometimes the bishops asked for it for themselves or for their deacons. Gregory the Great accorded this favor to Aregius, Bishop of Gap in Gaul.

After the privilege of wearing the Dalmatic was given to the Roman deacons by Pope Sylvester, its use was gradually conceded to the deacons of other churches. It was given by Pope Symmachus, towards the end of the fifth century, to the church of Arles. In the sixth century, the Dalmatic was considered an ecclesiastical vestment for all deacons, and by the year 800 it was spoken of as *one* of the episcopal, and the *chief* of the deacon's vestments.

During all this time the subdeacon wore only the Alb and linen Tunic; the order of subdeacon is still a Minor Order in the Greek Church; in the Latin Church it has been one of the Greater or Sacred Orders since about 1200 A.D.

Long after its adoption by the Church as an ecclesiastical vestment, the Dalmatic remained a garment of ceremony among the Romans and to the present time it continues to be a royal robe; like the other ecclesiastical vestments it was probably white, at least for the Holy Sacrifice. In the *Pontificale* it is said that Pope Eutychius ordered that any of the faithful who gave burial to a Martyr should see that the body was covered with a Colobium or Dalmatic of purple color, which is the red now used by the Church on the feasts of Martyrs.

In the tenth century the Dalmatic was of various colors and in the twelfth and succeeding centuries it followed the color of the Chasuble, and was made of rich material and much ornamented. In early effigies of bishops the lower part of the Dalmatic is represented, appearing beneath the Chasuble, richly fringed and open at the sides. This is shown in the figure from the brass at Oxford, representing Thomas Cranley, Archbishop of Dublin, in the chapel of New College, Oxford, 1417.

The Greek Church has a vestment resembling the Dalmatic, called the *Sticharion*, from the stripes with which it is adorned; its color varies as with the Dalmatic; the priest wears this vestment under his Chasuble as the bishop in the Latin Church wears both the Dalmatic of the deacon and the Tunic of the subdeacon when he celebrates Pontifical Mass; they are then always white and of light material.

Like the Chasuble the Dalmatic has been shortened, but it retains the wide sleeves of early times; it should harmonize with the sacrificial vestment but may very properly be inferior to it in material and ornamentation.

The Dalmatic is worn by the deacon at High Mass as well as at processions and Benedictions. At Rome, on great feasts, it is customary for an ordinary priest to be attended by sacred ministers vested in Dalmatics, for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

It is "the garment of solemnity which should inspire joy to those who wear it and to the faithful who see it." This is the sense of the prayer which the bishop addresses to the deacon at his ordination and of that which he recites in vesting in the Dalmatic; it marks the divine protection, the joy of the Holy Spirit, and justice.

Mystical meanings have also been attributed to the Dalmatic; when the arms are stretched it presents the figure of a cross; the width of the sleeves is said to typify charity; and the two bands or orphreys, originally purple or crimson, were supposed to symbolize the Blood of Christ shed for Jews and Gentiles.

THE READER.

*

The Tercentenary of St. Aloysius is proving a profitable occasion of infusing new vigor into our Catholic societies, particularly those of young men. The national capital promises an elaborate ceremonial for the Saint's feast. The *Post* of Washington, D. C., says: "A very important event in the Catholic Church in this city takes place on the 21st of June, at which time the Tercentenary of the death of St. Aloysius, Patron of Youth, will be celebrated. Elaborate preparations are being made by the Jesuit Fathers connected with St. Aloysius' Church to commemorate this Saint in the most fitting manner. The League of the Sacred Heart of St. Aloysius' Church is specially interested in the celebration of this feast. There are upwards of 3,500 Associates of the League in the parish, and the part it will assume in the observance of the feast will be an important one.

"The event will also be made a starting point for an important work for Catholic children by inaugurating a public and solemn Monthly Communion for Children, and the introduction into the schools of the special adaptation of the Apostleship of Prayer, known as the 'Apostleship of Study,' which organizes children into a special practice of the League of the Sacred Heart, without in any way interfering with the general work of the League of the parish.

"The services on Sunday, June 21, will begin at 11 o'clock, with solemn pontifical High Mass celebrated by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. Right Rev. John J. Keane, rector of the Catholic University of America, will deliver the sermon. The solemn Consecration of children to St. Aloysius will take place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, followed by other exercises which will be interesting and imposing. In the evening the Reverend Thomas J. Campbell, S.J., the Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province, will deliver a panegyric of the Saint."

* *

Should St. Aloysius' Tercentenary do nothing more than revive a Catholic spirit in our young men's societies, it will still have accomplished much. Is not, perhaps, the failure of some young men's societies, or the half-dead-and-alive existence of others, directly traceable to a want of due recognition and a proper appreciation of the religious, Catholic element in their associations? Yet this element is supposed to be the bond of union and strength. These societies are careful to write the word "Catholic" in their title, but do they show in work and deed that they are really such? Are the members convinced of the Catholicity of their society, and is their conviction strong enough to appear in the ready fulfilment of the religious practices prescribed by their society? It is remarkable that both Father Lavelle, the President of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, and Archbishop Janssens, the Supreme Spiritual Director of the Catholic Knights of America, have insisted with special emphasis upon the religious character of the bond which unites their respective societies. Father Lavelle, in his address to the Young Men's Societies on the occasion of St. Aloysius' Tercentenary, wrote: "We need help from heaven more than from earth, in order that we may insure the success of the cause in which we are enlisted." And Archbishop Janssens, in giving a verbal report of his office at the convention of the Catholic Knights assembled in Philadelphia last month, deprecated "the tendency to set aside the religious motives of the organization and confine its objects to the material benefits."

If a young men's society is to be Catholic, if its bond of union is to be religious, it must have something more than the name; it must have *religious practices*, and be *faithful* to them.

* * *

Father Antonio Maresca, of the Barnabites, the Head Director of the League for Italy and founder of the Italian MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART—*Il Messagere del Sacro Cuore di Gesù*—was called to his reward last Holy Thursday. Many Associates and Promoters, representatives of the Catholic press, and large numbers of the clergy and faithful attended his funeral. He had labored long and ardently to further the glory of the Sacred Heart, and the concourse at his burial was an outward tribute of the esteem and love which he had won by his devoted life. His successor is Father Vitale, also of the Barnabites.

* * * *

The present actual number of parishes and communities regularly aggregated by Diploma to the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, is 46,408. This is the latest official figure published by the Director General in the French MESSENGER for May. The exact number of Local Centres is more readily ascertained than the number of Associates, for every aggregation made by the Head Directors in their various circumscriptions must be reported to the Director General for ratification, while the names of the Associates that are continually increasing in numbers are entered upon the registers of the Local Centres and not transmitted elsewhere. For this reason only a proximate estimate of the Associates can be made. However, a fairly close estimate can be reached from the number of Certificates of Admission and Rosary Tickets sent out by the Head Directors, as well as from periodical reports returned to them by Local Directors. Every year the Head Directors transmit to the Director General a statement of the standing and progress of the League under their direction, and from the data furnished the official statistics are compiled. The present number of Associates is calculated to be 20,000,000. Of these there are more than a million among English-speaking Americans, and 550,000 of these practise the daily decade of the Beads of the 2d Degree. This will give an idea of the number of people in the United States who say at least some prayer every day. This number represents those only of the League, exclusive of those who are members in other religious associations.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR JUNE, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

PRACTICAL DEVOTION TO THE HOLY CROSS.

DEVOTION to the Holy Cross is woven in with the very life of the Church. In season and out of season, in the very form of her temples and the adornments with which she beautifies them, in her rites and ceremonies, in the exercises of priestly power and authority which she entrusts to her ministers, everywhere the Cross is kept before us, its meaning and its teaching are ever pressed on our attention. Are we strong and prosperous, rejoicing in health of body and in the possession of the goods of this world? She points to the Cross. It has a lesson for us. Are we in pain and in affliction? Is the burden of the body more than we are able to carry? Again she points to the Cross.

I.

Why does the Church so insist upon the Cross? Because knowing that *other foundation no man can lay, but that which is laid, Christ Jesus,*[1] she knows, too, no man can find that other remedy for the ills of individuals and the dangers threatening the world and religion, that other solution for the problems of the hour, but that which the Incarnate Wisdom of the Father gave us in the Cross. And as Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the desert *which when they that were bitten looked upon, they were healed,*[2] so now does the Church. She keeps the Cross ever before our eyes, so that we may look upon it and also be healed. This is the practical devotion to the Holy Cross we are to pray for this

[1] I. Corinthians, iii. 11. [2] Numbers, xxi. 9.

month. The great boon we are to obtain for ourselves and all men by our united prayers is the grace to turn from vanities and foolish excesses, and to look on the Cross, to grasp its meaning, to see how it illumines and glorifies life, how it can make the yoke sweet and the burden light, and seeing this and understanding it, that we may gladly accept that degree of suffering and trial, of injustice even, which a Wise and Fatherly Providence permits to come into our lives in order *to fill up those things which are wanting of the sufferings of Christ.*[3]

To ask this is to ask that men accept something which is as much a stumbling-block and foolishness to the Jews and the Gentiles of our day as to those who lived in the days of St. Paul; something which runs counter to the thought, the fashions, the hard common sense of the world of to-day, as it has to the varying and shifting standards of every one of the last nineteen centuries. But prayer is powerful. *Again I say to you, that if two of you shall consent upon earth concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by My Father Who is in heaven.*[4]

II.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart is peculiarly fitted to bring men to accept the Cross. Under another form it insists on the same teachings. But what appears stern and uncompromising in the doctrine of self-denial and patience under suffering and trials and even oppression, puts on a new aspect when it comes to us warm with the love and strengthened by the pleadings of the Sacred Heart. *Other foundation no man can lay but that which is laid, Christ Jesus.*[5] And surely it follows as a necessary consequence, that there is no other remedy for the ills of life, if that which the Incarnate Wisdom of the Father elected should fail us. Now Christ chose the Cross, not of necessity, for He had *joy set before Him, but endured the Cross, despising the shame.*[6] And Christ chose the Cross because He loved us, *He loved me and delivered Himself for me.*[7] And His choice was in obedience to

[3] Colossians, i. 4. [4] St. Matthew, xviii. 19. [5] I. Corinthians, iii. 11.
[6] Hebrews, xii. 2. [7] Galatians, ii. 20.

the wish of His Father. *Holocausts for sin did not please Thee, then said I: behold I come; in the head of the book it is written of Me, that I should do Thy Will, O God.*[8] And the Father's wish originated in love. *God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, . . . not to judge the world but that the world might be saved through Him.*[9]

The devotion to the Sacred Heart therefore emphasizes the love of God for men. It insists upon the will and desire of God to reinstate fallen humanity, to provide a salve and a remedy for all our ills. Now the remedy that Christ has provided for us is in fact the Cross. And as we cannot question the love of God for us, so neither can we question the wisdom or the efficacy of this remedy or doubt that it meets our needs as none other could. And as through the Cross we are made Sons of God and heirs, *heirs indeed of God and joint heirs with Christ,* we should not shrink from the condition added by the Apostle, *Yet so if we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified with Him.*

III.

To shrink from the Cross then is folly. The Cross is *the tree which, cast into the bitter waters of trials and suffering, turns them into sweetness.*[10] The Cross is the sign set up for rich and poor alike, for their healing. To the rich it is a reminder that by their condition, they are not like Christ, and that it behoves them to bear constantly in mind the dreadful words of Him Who died on the Cross: *Woe to ye rich, for ye have your consolation,* that using their wealth as wise stewards, they may not find God's gift to them a cause of eternal ruin. To the poor, it speaks of Him *Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but emptied Himself being made in the likeness of man and in habit found like a man,*[11] worked as a carpenter, and was without a place to lay His head, and Who in the day of His glorious Resurrection said to the wondering disciples: *Ought not Christ to have suffered all these things and so entered into His*

[8] Hebrews, x. 6, 7. [9] St. John, iii. 16. [10] Exodus, xv. 25.
[11] Philippians, ii. 6.

glory.[12] To those who seek in turbulence and riot and violent upheavals to remedy social and economic evils, it opposes the example of Him *Who humbled Himself becoming obedient unto death; even to the death of the Cross,* and bids us note what follows: *For which cause also God hath exalted Him and hath given Him a name which is above all names, that in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of the Father.*[13] God's providence may be trusted to right what is wrong in the world, if only we do our part, and our part is not to add by our own misconduct to the sum of effeminacy and selfishness, of discontent, of contempt for authority in which all our wrongs originate. In other words, our part is to reduce to practice the lessons of the Cross, to take up the practical devotion to the Holy Cross.

A great and striking example is given us of the practice of this devotion to the Cross in the youthful Saint whose Tercentenary we are celebrating this month. Example speaks louder than precept and we cannot doubt that St. Aloysius was raised up to be to us an example of how we are to judge this life and its happenings. The innocence of his life, the singular severity he exercised against his body, the contempt he showed for honors and wealth, his love of obedience and subjection makes him specially worthy of our admiration, and gives him, we cannot doubt, a special power with God to obtain for us and for the world practical devotion to the Holy Cross.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular, that through love of Thy Divine Heart men may be led to accept the Cross and to rule their life by its teachings. *Amen.*

[12] St. Luke, xxvi. 24. [13] Philippians, ii. 8.

THE EXERCISES OF ST. IGNATIUS,

AND THE

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

(*From the Spanish Messenger.*)

IT is quite clear and manifest that the contemplation to obtain the love of God may evidently and naturally be applied to our purpose, that is, to inflaming our hearts with love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In fact, if we examine attentively we shall see that all that is said to us in this contemplation tends to placing in relief, before the eyes of the soul, the charity and goodness of God toward men, to revealing the infinite treasures of love contained in the Heart of God Who says to each one of us in particular: *I have loved thee with an everlasting love.* Therefore as Jesus Christ is the image and figure of the substance of God, according to the expression of the Apostle: *Who being the brightness of His glory and the figure of His substance;* we may affirm that His Heart, to Which the Person of the Word is hypostatically united, is also the image and figure of the substance of the Heart of God, and that thus as every good and perfect gift comes from the Heart of God, in the same way we may consider them as emanating from the beneficent and loving Heart of Jesus. In truth if all the works *ad extra* of the Eternal Father are executed by the Son, as our Lord Himself tells us by St. John the Evangelist, *My Father worketh until now, and I work;* if all things in the order of nature as well as of grace have been made in Christ, for Christ and through Christ, as the Apostle affirms, *From Whom, and by Whom, and in Whom are all things;* if the motive of the works of Jesus Christ is love, and of this love the centre and symbol is His Sacred Heart, who can fail to recognize It as the fountain and origin of all the benefits we have received? Who will not be moved to respond more by works than by words to the great

and tender love manifested so clearly by the adorable Heart of his Creator, of his Redeemer and his Eternal Benefactor? Ah, one's heart must be of stone not to be moved by such considerations, not to be inflamed with love for this loving Heart, not to desire with all the fervor of his soul that all should love, serve and reverence It, exclaiming in one of the hymns of the Church:

May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

V.

Love is not idle; on the contrary it is essentially active, and its activity is employed not only in loving, that is in desiring the good of the person loved, but also in transforming itself into the person loved, so that between one and the other the greatest possible similarity exists. What signify the expressions "*Alter ego*," "one soul and one heart," and others of the same kind that we use to express mutual love between two persons? Love for the Heart of Jesus consequently must be translated by the imitation of His virtues, which amounts to saying that like a skilful artist inspired by divine grace we must produce in ourselves, under its influence, a striking image of this Divine Model.

The plan and order which St. Ignatius observes to compass this imitation leave nothing to be desired. There exist such union and harmony in the meditations which lead to this end; there are such gradation and dependence in the truths established; they lead the exercitant .so skilfully and cleverly from one practical axiom to another that, going always from the less perfect to the more perfect and never taking a step without having a firm foundation for his feet, the disciple of this great master finds, when he least expects it, that his guide has landed him at the summit of perfection.

Having set ourselves free from the impediments and obstacles opposed to the imitation of Jesus Christ, which is done in the first week, that which we must endeavor above all things to do is to

convince our understanding and persuade our will in order that we may resolutely decide to follow Jesus Christ. This is the first step. Then follows the satisfying ourselves with regard to the state of life in which God requires that we imitate Jesus, for which it is necessary to know on the one hand the intentions of our Divine Master, and on the other the disposition of our own will in order to determine what God requires of us. This is the second step. Then comes the third and most difficult, which is the election of a state of life, which being done, it only remains to continue studying our Divine Exemplar, in order to produce in ourselves the most perfect copy, always making whatever state in life we have elected resemble as closely as possible the characteristics of Jesus Christ, which are humility and love of the cross.

Such is the admirable plan of St. Ignatius. How does he develop it? The principle and foundation of all the first week are directed to destroying in ourselves sin and irregular affections. The meditation of the "Kingdom of Christ" has for its object that each one decide resolutely to imitate Him, to follow Him, that he may not be deaf to His voice, but "prompt and diligent in fulfilling His holy will." In the meditation entitled the "Two Standards" the exercitant is instructed, in order that he may not be deceived in an affair of such transcendant importance, what it is to elect a state of life, and to this end he asks for, "Knowledge of the deceits of the wicked chieftain, and for help to guard against them, and for knowledge of the true life which our Chief and true Leader points out, and for grace to imitate Him." But, as it is not enough to learn the snares of the Evil One, or to know the intentions of Christ unless we on our part know and prepare the disposition of our will, St. Ignatius gives us to this end the meditation of "The Three Classes of Men in order to embrace that which is best." The exercitant thus armed and prepared enters upon the election for which our wise guide offers various times and divers methods, all of which are most admirable, full of prudence and the highest wisdom. Every Christian should endeavor to attain perfection in the state of life he may choose, or in the life he seeks to reform. The summary and compendium of

this are found in the three degrees of humility, which are no other than the three degrees of perfection proper to the Christian life. No one should pretend to reach the second degree before having attained the first, nor aspire to the third without being well grounded in the second.

With these solid principles, well grounded meditations, and most efficacious means of not erring in the affair of the greatest importance in life, are interspersed various meditations on the mysteries of Christ, in which less attention is paid to the chronological order than to the end which St. Ignatius proposes, and the convenience of the exercitant. In all these meditations the Saint insists that we must ask interior knowledge of Jesus that we may better imitate and follow Him.

Need we further detain our readers to prove that this marvellous plan of St. Ignatius may serve us greatly in our imitation of the Sacred Heart of our Divine Master? Is it not patent to all that the *Kingdom of Christ* is no other than the *Kingdom of the Heart of Jesus* in the hearts of men? Can we separate the thought of the good and excellent qualities which distinguish the Divine Captain from the idea of His most perfect Heart? Then again, with regard to His sacred militia and royal standard, does not this placing of *Christ our Lord in aspect fair and beautiful, in a great plain of the country of Jerusalem on a lowly spot, this selecting of so many persons, apostles, disciples, etc., and sending them through the world to spread His doctrine,* reveal to us the humility, the meekness, the unalterable peace, the ardent zeal, the infinite love and the incomparable and enchanting beauty of the Sacred Heart, of this King of heaven and earth? From the depth of this abyss of sanctity comes the pathetic exhortation which, according to St. Ignatius, we must consider as addressed by Jesus Christ to those who desire to enlist under His glorious standard and combat in His army. Poverty of spirit, always, in all states, in all conditions; actual poverty when His Divine Majesty deigns to elect it for us; desire for opprobrium and contempt and all that such desires and such poverty entail, and profound humility are the three characteristics which must distinguish the soldiers of the

Divine Leader Jesus Christ, Whose adorable Heart embraced the most extreme poverty, was steeped in ignominy and opprobrium, humbled Itself to annihilation, *emptied Himself*, according to the striking expression of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

But it is in the third degree of humility, the quintessence of Christian perfection and grand summary of all that could be written on the true and solid imitation of Jesus Christ, that St. Ignatius paints with inimitable skill the true disciple and imitator of the Heart of Jesus, and gives us the touchstone for discerning the gold of solid devotion and distinguishing it from that which is merely sensible and for that reason more deceptive. If we have sometimes deemed it expedient to quote the Saint's own words, it seems here almost indispensable:

"The third degree is the most perfect humility; when, the first and second degree are included, and suppose equal praise and glory to redound to the Divine Majesty, the better to imitate Christ our Lord, and to become actually more like Him, I desire and choose rather poverty with Christ poor, than riches; contempt with Christ contemned, than honors; and when I desire to be esteemed as useless and foolish for Christ's sake, Who was first held to be such, than to be accounted wise and prudent in this world."

What consummate perfection! What solidity of doctrine! What loftiness of aim! What love of Christ! What abnegation of heart! What sublime flight of mind! This is the *ne plus ultra* of the knowledge of the love and of the imitation of Christ and of His divine and at the same time most humble Heart! He who does not see this, who, so far from recognizing it, censures the author of this sublime piece of Christian philosophy, endeavoring to ridicule and even to contradict what he affirms therein, has no knowledge of spiritual things, has not penetrated the profound meaning of these words nor can his pigmy intelligence attain the measure of this giant of the spiritual life.

It is evident that he must be intellectually deficient who does not understand this; it is clear that to desire injury and opprobrium with all the rest of which the Saint speaks, in order to imitate and

more closely resemble Christ, includes in itself the greatest praise and glory to God. But our author speaks hypothetically and nothing more. So that if by an impossibility the same glory and praise were to redound to God by our embracing opprobrium, poverty and the ignominy of the cross, as if we suffered not at all these things, yet the true lover of Jesus Christ would choose them in order to imitate the Divine Model and bear imprinted in his heart a deeper image of this most patient Heart of his Divine Master.

We have finished the humble labor which we attempted with the idea of increasing more and more in our readers devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and of proposing as an efficacious means of strengthening this devotion the practice of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius of Loyola. May the most loving Heart of Jesus, as we earnestly implore, make our poor weak efforts avail to enkindle in hearts the fire of His divine love. And we, on our part, shall not forget that the Heart of Jesus is the fount whence all blessings come, and that these are all the more precious and all the more to be appreciated in proportion to the goodness of the heart whence they proceed as Dante so eloquently says:

. . . l'ovra è tanto più gradita
Dell' operante, quanto piu appresenta
Della bonta del cuore ond'é uscita!

Canto VII.

. . . . the action of the doer is
So much more grateful, as it more presents
The goodness of the heart from which it issues.

Longfellow's Dante.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (April 12 to May 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Buffalo, New York: St. Joseph's Convent (Mother-house of Sisters of St. Joseph), Buffalo; Convent of Mercy, Olean.

Chicago, Illinois: Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Chicago.

Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Mary's Church, Marion.

Cleveland, Ohio: St. Patrick's Church, South Thompson.

Davenport, Iowa: St. Edward's Church, Afton.

Denver, Colorado: St. Joseph's Hospital, Ouray; St. Joseph's Convent and Mercy Hospital (Sisters of Mercy), Durango.

Detroit, Michigan: St. John's Church, Jackson; Sacred Heart Church, Hudson.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. Rose of Lima's Church, Newtown.

Leavenworth, Kansas: St. Benedict's College (Benedictines), Atchison.

Mobile, Alabama: St. Patrick's Church, Mobile.

Monterey and Los Angeles, California: Our Lady of Angels' Church, Los Angeles.

Nashville, Tennessee: St. Genevieve's Church, Dayton.

New Orleans, Louisiana: College of the Immaculate Conception and Holy Family Convent (Sisters of the Holy Family), New Orleans.

New York, New York: St. Boniface's Church, New York.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Our Lady of Mercy Church, Philadelphia.

Scranton, Pennsylvania: Church of the Holy Rosary, Scranton.

St. Augustine, Florida: St. Leo's College (Benedictines), St. Leo's Station.

Syracuse, New York: St. John's Church, New Hartford.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

Diplomas of Affiliation, received from the *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Boston, Massachusetts: Church of the Assumption, East Boston.

Cheyenne, Wyoming: Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, Cheyenne.

Columbus, Ohio: Church of the Assumption, Lancaster.

Concordia, Kansas: St. John Baptist's Church, Clyde.

Covington, Kentucky: Convent of the Good Shepherd (2), Newport.

Denver, Colorado: St. Leo's Church and St. Elizabeth's Church, Denver.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from April 12 to May 12, 1891.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	284,719	11. Masses Heard	180,244
2. Beads	306,492	12. Mortifications	214,171
3. Stations of the Cross	97,566	13. Works of Charity	59,230
4. Holy Communions	55,270	14. Works of Zeal	328,156
5. Spiritual Communions	221,026	15. Prayers	2,843,326
6. Examens of Conscience	92,126	16. Charitable Conversation	51,067
7. Hours of Labor	856,549	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	37,479
8. Hours of Silence	528,697	18. Self-Conquest	65,164
9. Pious Reading	82,448	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	254,814
10. Masses Celebrated	1,033	20. Various Good Works	407,811
Total			6,967,388

The above returns represent four hundred and forty Centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 105,754.

——This is the confidence we have in Him: that, whatsoever we shall ask according to His Will, He heareth us (I. John v. 14).——

OTTER CREEK, PA., APRIL 12.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord for my recent recovery from a dangerous illness in which my life was despaired of by my friends. I was recommended to the prayers of the League last month.

NEW YORK, APRIL 12.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart for the return of my brother to the faith after forty years.

WEST HOBOKEN, N. J., APRIL 15.—A young man dying with pneumonia had been given up by priest and doctor. I placed the Badge of the Sacred Heart on him and had him recommended to the prayers of the League. He recovered.

QUINCY, MASS., APRIL 16.—Thanks for the cure of sick headache. I have suffered severely from headaches, but having petitioned the Sacred Heart for relief, I have been perfectly well for a long time.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, APRIL 18.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a special favor granted my mother for herself and my brother, and also for two special favors granted me.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., APRIL 19.—Sincere thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a friend from a severe illness, through the intercession, as we believe, of Blessed Margaret Mary.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., APRIL 17.—Thanks for a situation obtained.

NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 18.—A subscriber returns thanks for the miraculous prevention of a vessel from sinking. The captain implored the assistance of the Sacred Heart and promised to have thanks returned through the MESSENGER if saved.

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 20.—A Promoter wishes to express her most heartfelt thanks for the conversion to the faith of her only sister for whom she had been praying twenty-one years.

GREENVILLE, APRIL 20.—We desire to give public thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of the father of one of our Sisters who had not approached the Sacraments in twenty years.

NEW YORK, APRIL 21.—Most sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery of my little boy from diphtheria. Also for keeping my little daughter in good health.

ALBANY, N. Y., APRIL 22.—Thanks for the return of my mother to her duty after a lapse of over twenty years.

RED WING, MINN., APRIL 23.—About a year ago, I asked the help of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for my rheumatism which I had for six years. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I am improving ever since. I beg all in want to ask there for help.

BEATTY, PA., APRIL 20.—Special thanksgiving for the return to the Sacraments of a brother who had for years neglected them. Also, for the conversion and baptism of his wife, who has, by the mercy of God, become a full member of Holy Mother Church.

TALULAH, LA., APRIL 25.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart again for a favor obtained. I have succeeded in making a sale which has relieved my condition very much.

NEWARK, N. J., APRIL 26.—Special thanksgiving for the conversion of a young man, who for four years neglected his duties, and was verging on heresy, but now through the League, he has made a mission and is in possession of that peace which he sought in vain in the pleasures of the world.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., APRIL 26.—Thanks are returned for a

very special favor obtained after having placed it on the *Blank*, with a promise to insert it in the MESSENGER if granted.

OMAHA, NEB., APRIL 26.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return of a soul to the Sacraments after a neglect of fifteen years. He had been recommended to the prayers of the Associates for seven months. Also for a situation obtained which had been recommended for two months. Thanks are offered for the establishment of the Holy League in a parish; and for the wonderful recovery of a lady afflicted with painful rheumatism of the heart, who had been anointed for death and given up by the physician; but who began immediately and quickly to recover, after she had placed a Badge of the Holy League upon the heart.

PROVEMONT, MICH., APRIL 27.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the success of a very important undertaking which had been recommended some time ago.

TIFFIN, O., APRIL 27.—Thanks for the restoration of sight of a little eight year old girl who could not bear a ray of light for over four months. We made a novena to the Sacred Heart through St. Joseph for nine days before the feast of March 19th. After the feast she recovered her sight and is rapidly improving.

HOUSTON, TEX., APRIL 28.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for preservation from contagion.

ST. PAUL, APRIL 28.—We received most unexpectedly a donation of one thousand dollars on the first Friday of April. Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart.

NEWARK, N. J., APRIL 30.—A lady desires to return public thanks for the recovery of her child.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 1.—Being in urgent need of money, I put a petition in the "Intention Box" and asked with confidence at the League Shrine that through the Sacred Heart I might receive what I needed. I asked it this morning and to my great relief I received a large sum of money that was owing to me, but which I had not had the slightest hope of receiving at this time.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., MAY 2.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for consent of ecclesiastical superiors to our trying to accomplish a great work for God's greater glory.

MOBILE, ALA., MAY 3.—Special thanks are returned for the conversion to the faith of a friend recommended for some months past to the prayers of the League. Neither persuasion nor affliction seemed to have any effect, as seventeen years had elapsed without his having approached the Sacraments.

——, CAL., MAY 7.—We made a novena to the Sacred Heart to send us a good tenant for our house before a certain time, and the day our novena was finished the house was rented to desirable parties.

MT. ST. MARY'S, MD., MAY 9.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the restoration of my father's health.

TRENTON, N. J., MAY 10.—Thanks for the conversion of a relative who had not been to the Sacraments for thirty years, and had not attended Mass for twenty years.

NAUVOO, ILL., MAY 11.—Please return thanks for a favor bestowed upon a sister of mine. She was in delicate health, unable to teach, and appearances indicated that she would never recover. Being the main support of a widowed mother, we felt it almost necessary that she should be restored to health. She was recommended in the MESSENGER and I promised to publish it to the honor of the Sacred Heart and our heavenly Queen, if she should recover. At present she is in better health than ever before, and at her work every day.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—Thanks for the conversion of a husband who has been a drunkard for years. He failed in business, and brought a great deal of trouble on his family. He was recommended to the prayers of the League and, thanks to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, he has not drunk since.—For the conversion of a man who has been drinking for a great many years and had not been to his duty. Last Sunday he received Holy Communion.—Also for two gentlemen who returned to their duties, confession and Holy Communion; one, after a lapse of fourteen years, the other after twenty-four years.

THE FIRST VOWS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS AT MONTMARTRE.

(From a Design of the Roman Painter, Gagliardi.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VI (XXVI). JULY, 1891. No. 7

THE FIRST MASS.

E. B. S.

BEFORE the altar stands the vested priest,
His face illumined with the spirit's light,
Though conscious, awed by his exalted right
To offer sacrifice. From sin released
Through prayer and fast, his strength by grace increased,
He pours the Wine of love into the chalice bright,
Lifts from the paten Life's Bread pure and white,
Invokes the Presence for the Sacred Feast,

Adores the Lamb of Whom the Saints are fed.
The heavens part, rejoicing Angels see
Uplifted eyes, anointed hands outspread
O'er silent worshippers, while fervently
A blessing falls with peace upon each head.
O miracle sublime! O mystery!

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ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA.

DURING the last twenty-five years we have celebrated many centenaries of great men and of great events. Even at this writing the Catholic world is busy celebrating the memory of one of the great glories of the Society of Jesus,—St. Aloysius Gonzaga. Three centuries ago this young Saint was taken away from earth. How many have been influenced during the long years that have since elapsed by his example and by the charm of his pure life and elevated character! This is not the place to determine how much St. Aloysius owed to the Society to which God directed him, and in which he gave such marvellous examples of solid virtues. Certain it is, however, that in God's Providence the discipline of the religious life of the Jesuit Novitiate and of the Jesuit House of Studies, and the moulding influence of the principles and rules that govern the inner life of the young Jesuit did not a little to make him the wonder of sanctity we know him to be.

St. Aloysius is but one of many. What a host of souls acceptable in God's sight owe their sanctification to the same spiritual discipline and to the man who gave it to the world as a complete and clearly formulated science of the spiritual life! If we are interested in the lives of those who were formed in the school of Saint Ignatius, how can we fail to be interested in Saint Ignatius himself, or allow to pass unnoticed the fact that just four hundred years God gave him to the world.

At the close of the fifteenth century many great personages crowded the world's stage. Some strutted through their brief hour and then sank into oblivion. Others are little more than a memory. Some few however left traces on the world's history and helped to mould the thoughts and the character not of their contemporaries alone, but of all succeeding generations. Who can deny Saint Ignatius a place among these? And when we look a

THE VIGIL OF ARMS AT MONTSERRAT.
(Gagliardi.)

little closely at the history of the past three centuries and see how powerfully and how beneficently Ignatius of Loyola by his life and his writings has under God's Providence influenced the lives of men both in the Church and outside her pale, it is impossible to withhold from him our admiration and difficult indeed not to love him. "Saint Ignatius," as some one wrote not long since, "is not what you would call a popular saint, but it is because his life is so little known."

Saint Ignatius was born in 1491 in the ancient Castle of Loyola situated not far from the little town of Azpeytia in the Basque Province of Guipuscoa in Northern Spain. His childhood was passed with one of his aunts, Doña Maria de Guebara, in the Castle of Arevalo near the town of Avila. His boyhood he spent as a page in the Court of Ferdinand the Catholic. Not until he was twenty-six do we find him in camps. His life during these years had been wholly modeled on the grand, ideal heroes whom the romancers of the day, Amadis de Gaul and others, had grouped around a Charlemagne and a Godfrey de Bouillon.

Like these heroes he devoted himself to the service of a lady, who in his case was high above him in rank; like them he sought only renown, and the applause of the world. To be faithful in love and unconquered on the field and some day to make Europe ring with his exploits—this was his highest ambition. Nor did Ignatius ever wholly divest himself of the habits of thought which accompanied the higher developments of medieval chivalry. We see proof of this in the "Vigil of Arms" which he kept before the Altar of Our Lady at Montserrat, the night before he finally bade farewell to the world and devoted himself to the service of the Eternal King. We see it, too, in the well known meditation on the Kingdom of Christ, in his Book of the Spiritual Exercises, in which all men are invited to range themselves by the side of the Great King and Universal Lord, Jesus Christ, and even to signalize themselves in His service. In the Constitutions, too, which he wrote, we find him bidding his sons to "seek always sincerely to serve and please the Divine Goodness for Itself alone and for the charity and singular benefits wherewith It has prevented us rather than for fear of punishment or hope of reward."

To understand Saint Ignatius rightly this side of his character must be understood. The majority of those who have thought of him at all have formed their judgment of him on the reports of men who sought to defame and discredit him, or they have seen him only through the medium of his work—the Society which he founded, the Constitutions and the Book of Spiritual Exercises which he wrote. To the one he is the crafty, inscrutable, and unscrupulous politician, the type of the ambitious, intolerant, aggressive churchman. To the other he is something a little more than human, a man in whom human affections and whatever savors of frailty or passion had been crushed out by a strong will, strengthened and sustained by grace. But the human element in Saint Ignatius was never crushed, and the crafty, ambitious Ignatius never existed. A man of noble aspirations, of exhaustless energy, and unfaltering determination he ever was, but a man withal gentle and tender and lovable, in whom all that is best in human nature remained unchanged to the end.

When he was stricken down by a cannon-ball at the defence of the citadel of Pampeluna, the victors, moved to generosity by his bravery and spirit, sent him with an escort of honor to his brother's Castle of Loyola. To beguile the tedium of the sick room there he asked for romances; but in his brother's house only two books could be found, the Life of our Lord and the Lives of the Saints. Ignatius read and was converted like another Augustine. An earthly love had hitherto moved and inspired him. This now gave place to the love of the Eternal King, Jesus Christ. No longer were creatures to share with God the affections of his heart. But how exquisitely human was Ignatius even in this change of heart! Chivalry had taught him that the best and most ennobling service was that paid to King and lady love. His reading revealed to him a higher and more ennobling service, that freely given to the Lord of all. It was not in the nature of Ignatius to be content with anything but what was highest and best, and so the resolve was taken to devote himself entirely to the service of Jesus Christ. In the very carrying out of his resolve, too, the human element in his character comes out. The lives of

the Saints he read showed him how others had served the Lord and King. To excel in all things was a passion with him. "Did Dominic do this?" he said to himself as he lay on his sick-

ST. IGNATIUS WRITES THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES.
(Mignard.)

bed, "Then I also will do it. Francis did that. Why should not I? Why should I not do even more?"

Beyond this determination not to be outdone in loyalty and devotedness to his heavenly Suzerain, he had not yet gone. Of the nature of holiness, or of what constituted true and solid virtue, as he often said in later years, he had at this time no conception. In the silence and solitude of the grotto of Manresa all this knowledge was to be revealed to him. Guided by the Spirit of God and taught, as the tradition among his sons based on his own words declares, by the august Mother of God, he conceived and wrote there his Book of the Spiritual Exercises.

In many ways the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius was an epoch-making book. It marked a complete breaking away in method and even in much of the matter treated from the traditional ascetical teaching up to that time. It was the first really scientific manual, in the modern sense of the word scientific, that the world had seen. There was nothing in it that was not based on close and accurate observation. It formulated clear and definite laws. It laid down rules for balancing arguments and motives and thus reaching safe and legitimate conclusions—rules which have not yet been improved upon. In these three particulars it stood almost alone. And in these was its strength. It marked an epoch and a revolution in the life of the Church. For "From St. Benedict's time," as says Cardinal Newman, "there had been a broad line between the world and the Church, and it was very hard to follow sanctity without entering Religion. St. Ignatius and St. Philip, on the contrary, carried out the Church into the world, and aimed at bringing under her light yoke as many men as they could possibly reach. Both of them acted, of course, under Divine guidance; but as they lived at the same time and in the same spot, it is natural to think that, humanly speaking, one must have taken his tradition from the other; and as St. Philip is the younger it is natural to think he gained it from St. Ignatius. As then he learned from Benedict *what to be* and from Dominic *what to do*, so let me consider that from Ignatius he learned *how he was to do it.*"[1]

This is the great service that Saint Ignatius rendered spiritual

[1] Sermons on Various Occasions—"The Mission of St. Philip."

"FRANCIS, WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN IF HE GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD?"
(Gagliardi.)

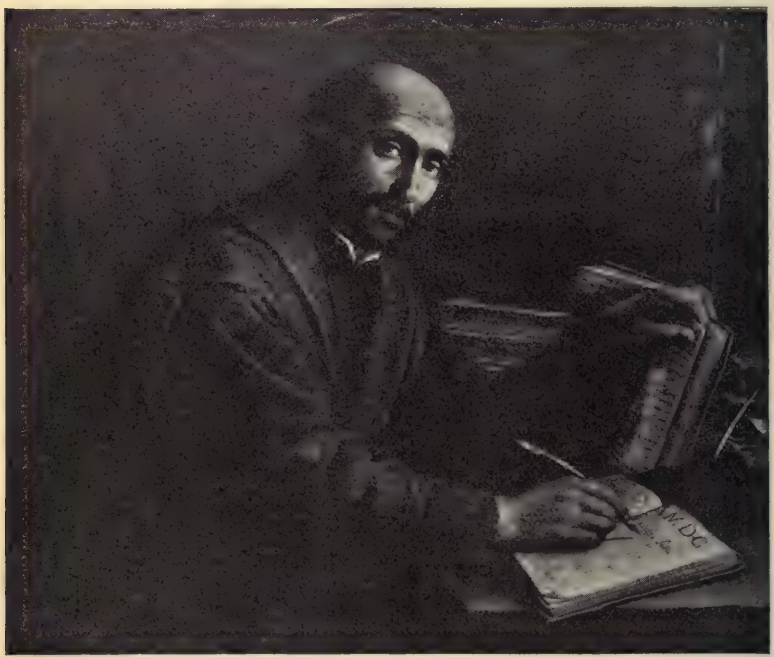
souls—he traced clearly for them the path to perfection and to God, he taught them *how* to serve God. His Book of Spiritual Exercises set before them an ideal and proposed to them a motive than which none could be more powerful. Nor did he stop at this: he gave them grounds for encouragement in times of trial, safeguards in time of danger, cautions against illusions. He enabled the soul to make one step sure before it took a second. And withal, there is hardly a line in the Book which the simplest and least erudite of Christians may not be brought to profit by. It caused to spring up in the Church a new school, which Cardinal Newman in the same sermon thus characterizes: "An earnest enforcement of interior religion, a jealousy of formal ceremonies, an insisting on obedience rather than sacrifice, on mental discipline rather than fasting and hair-shirt, a mortification of the reason, that illumination and freedom of spirit which comes of love, further, a mild and tender rule for the Confessional, frequent confessions, frequent Communions, special devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament—these are peculiarities of a particular school, and St. Ignatius and St. Philip are Masters in it."

This part of the work of Saint Ignatius is too important not to be insisted upon. "Education . . . has its history in Christianity and its doctors or masters in that history," says Cardinal Newman again.[2] "It has had three periods—the ancient, the medieval and the modern; and there are three religious orders respectively which succeed one the other, on its public stage, and represent the teaching given by the Catholic Church during the time of their ascendancy. . . . Now Saint Benedict has had the training of the ancient intellect, Saint Dominic of the medieval and Saint Ignatius of the modern. And in saying this I am in no degree disrespectful to the Augustinians, Carmelites, Franciscans and other great religious families which might be named, or to the Holy Patriarchs who founded them, for I am not reviewing the whole history of Christianity, but selecting a particular aspect of it." Now the whole teaching of Saint Ignatius is contained in the Book of the Spiritual Exercises and the special outcome of that

[2] Historical Sketches, vol. ii. pp. 365, seq.

teaching or its special characteristic is well pointed out a few lines further down in the same passage from the Historical Sketches.

"By common consent the palm of religious prudence, in the Aristotelic sense of that comprehensive word, belongs to the school of religious thought of which St. Ignatius is the founder. That great Society is the classical seat and fountain (that is, in



ST. IGNATIUS WRITES THE CONSTITUTIONS.
(Spanish School.)

religious thought and the conduct of life, for of ecclesiastical politics I speak not), the school of discretion, practical sense, and wise government. Sublimer conceptions, or more profound speculations may have been created or elaborated elsewhere, but whether we consider the illustrious body in its own Constitution or in its rules for instruction and direction we see that it is its very genius to prefer the most excellent prudence to every gift, and to think

little both of poetry and of science unless they happen to be useful."

The Constitutions which Saint Ignatius gave to his Society was without doubt another epoch-making book. Lord Bacon said of it, that it was the most perfect political code that had come from the mind of man. Its influence on the constitutions of modern states most of which have borrowed from it, no one will question. But a higher testimony to its character is the fact that the special features in which it departed from the traditions set by earlier founders of religious orders are to-day incorporated into the rule of almost every religious family in the Church. Now what was Saint Ignatius' mind regarding these Constitutions? The opening paragraph of the Constitutions will tell us.

"Although it be the sovereign wisdom and goodness of God, our Creator and Lord, which is to preserve, govern and advance in His holy service this least Society of Jesus, as it has vouchsafed to begin the same, and on our part, the interior law of love and charity which the Holy Ghost is accustomed to write and imprint on the hearts of men is to help thereunto rather than any exterior constitutions; yet because the sweet disposition of Divine Providence requires the co-operation of His creatures and the Vicar of Christ, our Lord, has so appointed, and the examples of Saints and reason itself teach us so in our Lord, we think it necessary that constitutions should be written which may help us according to the spirit of our Institute, to greater progress in the way of God's service upon which we have entered."

It was the Saint's own conviction, that every essential part of this Rule had been suggested to him from above. One point alone regarding the practice of holy poverty he debated with himself for forty days. The matter was never absent from his thoughts even while he was saying Mass, until finally light from Heaven came to him and the decision he should take was made clear to him. Thus with many tears and fervent prayers were the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus written.

Saint Ignatius as a knight and man of the world, then as a master of the spiritual life, and finally as author of a religious

rule, has much that appeals to our admiration and to our gratitude. Few will read these lines who are not indebted to him. As in the case of St. Philip Neri, already given, they may have learned from other sources *what to be* and *what to do*, but from Ignatius they have learned *how to do it*. They have come under the influence of the practical, enlightened spirit of direction which he gave to the world. The way to heaven has been more easy to trace, the difficulties in the way have been smoothed before them. And yet in spite of this Saint Ignatius, as we have already said, is hardly a popular Saint. Why is this? One reason we might give is that he was the enemy of haziness of every kind. He was intolerant of hazy views and of ill-defined resolutions, of sentiment of any kind as a motive of action. Light and grace from God and a good will in man—these were the elements he counted on to sanctify souls. He took spirituality out of the region of the poetic and the sentimental, and made of it a matter of simple common sense; it ceased to be a cloak or a garment, to be put on or off at will, it became the very soul of every-day life. At night the last waking thought, he directed, should be given to the first great act of the day that was yet to come. The first thought on rising was to be for God, the second to the Particular Examen, that is, to nerving the man for the struggle with fallen nature which begins anew with every recurring day. Then he would have all, not only the religious but the secular and the layman, make daily meditation on the great truths of faith and on the life of our Lord. The mainspring of life was for him a spirit of self-conquest, and a love of orderly living, of a life in which, as in the works of God, all things *should be disposed in measure and number and weight*.[3] The highest aim in life was "to distinguish oneself in every kind of service rendered the Eternal King and Universal Lord."[4] The measure of service was to extend to an entire renunciation of self, of one's own will and one's own interests.

[3] Wisdom, xi. 28.

[4] The Spiritual Exercises. Contemplation on the Kingdom of Christ and De Reformatione Vitae.

THE SAINT RECEIVES FRANCIS BORGIA, DUKE OF GANDIA, INTO THE SOCIETY.
(Gagliardi.)

Now such relentless warfare on self, such tireless vigilance and such lofty aspirations, have much in them to dismay even generous souls, and Ignatius as the living embodiment of his own teaching has been looked on with something of the feeling with which many look on his teaching. But just as happens with the doctrine of the Saint, so does it happen with the Saint himself. A very slight acquaintance with the Exercises brings so much light into souls, calms so many fears, settles so many scruples, opens up such straight and practicable paths to God, that the soul wonders how it could ever have shrunk from *so great a salvation.* So, a very slight acquaintance with Ignatius himself makes us lose sight of the ascetic and the lawgiver in the kindly, compassionate, even tender-hearted man, who, like another Saint—Paul—was ready to be *anathema from Christ for his brethren.*[5]

The conversion of Saint Francis Xavier and the close bond of affection which united that great soul to our Saint is a striking testimony to the lovableness of the man. Francis Xavier was a young Doctor of Philosophy, on whom the world had just begun to smile. He was apparently on the threshold of a great career. Ignatius met him, and though at first repulsed he determined to gain this vessel of election to the cause of Jesus Christ. *What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?*[6] Each time he met Francis he whispered these words to him. To himself they had come home once with such startling vividness that long since he had learned to *count all things to be but loss for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ, his Lord, for Whom he had suffered the loss of all things, and counted them but as dung, that he might gain Christ.*[7]

The tone of sincere conviction with which Ignatius spoke, the patience and the gentle courtesy with which he dealt with him, finally had its effect on Francis. "What shall it profit? Ah, what indeed, though a man gain the whole world for himself; but how greatly shall it profit, if a man gain the whole world for Jesus Christ." Saint Francis' conclusion went further, not than Ignatius' final hopes, but further than what he could reasonably

[5] Romans, ix. 3. [6] St. Mark, viii. 3. [7] Philippians, iii. 8.

expect at the start. Francis did gain a world in the end, but great as he was, in the presence of Ignatius he ceased to be the man of learning, the Apostle of the Indies; he was as a child before his father. A man who could inspire such an attachment could not but be lovable. Countless other traits we could give that would confirm this view of Ignatius. His relations with the wild boy page, Peter Ribadaneira, for instance, and his love and care of his children but especially of the sick, recalling in so many ways his great Model and Master Who, according to the tradition left by St. Peter, when spending the nights in prayer, would come at intervals to the place where the Apostles were sleeping and replace the clothes they had thrown off, or spread his own cloak over them.

"I WILL BE PROPITIOUS TO YOU AT ROME."

In speaking of the conquest Ignatius made of Francis Xavier, we must not forget another Francis whom he also gained to God. In the case of St. Francis Xavier we might suppose that youthful enthusiasm and the ease with which generous young hearts create ideals for themselves in those who win their affection, would have much to do with his attachment for the Saint. But in the case of St. Francis Borgia we have a man who more than most of his fellows had tasted all that the world had to offer. Wealthy, of noble lineage, happily married, and with children worthy of him, high in the counsels of his sovereign and widely experienced; a man too of great holi-

ness and spiritual insight, he was not one to be caught by any but the highest and noblest qualities; and yet he abandoned all things to follow Ignatius.

Space will not allow us to speak of the founding of the Society. One incident in its first beginnings has been a favorite subject with artists, the first vows of Ignatius and his early companions in the crypt of Montmartre. Little probably did Ignatius then dream of the wonderful extension the "least Company of Jesus," as he loved to call it, was destined to take. He foresaw indeed much of the opposition and persecution he and his sons were to meet. He even prayed that they might always share in the contradictions which the holy man Simeon prophesied for their Divine Head, for he knew well that persecution of this kind is an unequivocal sign of the active hostility of the powers of darkness, and that it strengthens weakness and fosters virtue; and in addition he had always before his mind the comforting vision that had been vouchsafed him, when he was on his way to Rome to ask the confirmation of the Society. As he prayed at a wayside shrine, the Blessed Master Himself appeared to him, thorn-crowned and carrying His Cross, and said: "I will be propitious to thee at Rome." As long as Jesus carrying His Cross was favorable to his sons, Ignatius had no fears.

We have tried, imperfectly indeed, to point out one side of the character of Ignatius, which is constantly lost sight of. God's Saints are not without power to influence our lives. This influence is exerted for us if we but ask it. To obtain the help of St. Ignatius we need to know him, and we must not allow ourselves to be influenced by the one-sided and false notions of him that are current. St. Ignatius was above all a gentle, kindly, even indulgent father. He had in a peculiar degree that spirit of sweetness and light that so many are looking for now. He was free from exaggeration of every kind. He was the great Doctor of the prudent and the practical in the spiritual life. And it is under this aspect we should appeal to him, to obtain for us something of the clear knowledge and absorbing love of God which led him to take for his device: *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.*

A SAD CAREER.

A Sequel to "Through Thick and Thin."

By Harry Vincent.

IV.

GERALD was at his desk at his usual hour in the morning. Success had not spoilt him in the least. The fact that he was now in authority and a member of the firm had in no way altered him. He came as early now, and left as late as he had done the first week he was in Mr. Cassidy's employment. He did just as much work and looked into as many things now that he was making three thousand dollars a year as had been his wont when he was only in receipt of thirty dollars a month.

He was sitting in his little sanctum, going carefully through the morning's mail. He was reading the letters a trifle faster than was his custom this morning, as he was expecting Ralston and perhaps Mr. Wolcott. Indeed he was somewhat anxious that the Westerner should turn up. He rather flattered himself that he was going to make Ralston mend his ways, and if he succeeded in doing so, he felt sure it would have an excellent effect on Mr. Wolcott. It appeared to him that after having travelled about three thousand miles, Mr. Wolcott was now almost within reach of Rome, as he had expressed it, and he was sanguine that by aid of a drop of brandy in the form of good advice, and a new pair of boots in the shape of some good example, which the Westerner said had so much effect on him, he would be able successfully to land him on his knees under the great dome of St. Peter's.

At any rate he was going to make a struggle for it in the dogged, persevering way in which he did everything. Gerald Coates was not the man to be stopped in his purpose by difficulties, were they as high as the Adirondacks.

There was a noisy knock on the office door.

On being invited to enter, Mr. Wolcott walked in, planted

himself down in the chair opposite Gerald, laid his umbrella across the desk in front of him, tossed his hat to the back of his head, put his elbow on the table and resting his chin beard on the knuckles of his clenched fist, looked his young friend straight in the face, and asked him through his teeth and his cigar: "Well, sir, what news?"

"Apropos of what?" asked Gerald, carelessly, with a smile on his face, as he still went on opening the mail.

"Apropos of what?" echoed Mr. Wolcott, "apropos of the greatest affair which is at this present time agitating my mind. I am more anxious to learn the result of your experiment with this ill-looking school-fellow of yours than I am to know who the Republicans will nominate for the Presidency at the convention in Cincinnati next month. Tell me first of all if you found the pocketbook, or purse, as you English folk call it."

"No, of course not."

"Then did you discover the old lady who had been robbed?" inquired Wolcott eagerly.

Gerald related to him in full their fruitless attempt to discover the purse where Ralston had thrown it down in his flight from the police and the howling mob, and their subsequent visit to the old lady who with much wailing and lamentation had received from him the amount stolen, together with a sum to cover the value of the purse, which she put carefully into the deep pocket of her dress as she shut herself in her house with many thanks to her kind benefactor and with dire and dread imprecations on the thief.

"Arrant old fraud!" sneered Mr. Wolcott, "she's just as bad herself. She got more money out of you than she lost herself, you may bet your sweet life on that."

"I scarcely think so," answered Gerald. "What astonishes me is that Ralston was fool enough to risk so much for such a paltry sum."

"You needn't talk," said Wolcott; "you risked expulsion from college for a mutton chop and a boiled potato, and you got it, too!"

"Don't remind me of unpleasant things, please."

"I didn't mean to be unkind," said Wolcott, apologetically. "I merely meant to imply that Ralston was just as sure as you were that he wouldn't be caught. And now, tell me what you intend to do with the fellow?"

"I mean to offer him work here."

"What!" cried Ralston, "why, he'll empty the contents of your cash-box into the pockets of his pants before you know where you are."

"Will he?" said Gerald, with an amused smile on his face. "Then I shall have nobody to blame but myself, and I shall consider it my duty to make the amount good myself if he does. But we mustn't look at it in that way: we must give him credit for a desire to amend and turn over a new leaf. After all he's had beastly hard luck. Kicked out of his father's house and never able to get anything better to do than to go to sea as a common seaman, with pay for about twenty-two days at the rate of fifteen dollars a month, with a deduction of fifty cents for a cap and two dollars for a jersey and perhaps a fine of a dollar or so for taking a drop too much grog, or staying away from the ship after hours when she's in port, at the end of the voyage, is not the sort of luck to make a fellow remember the Commandments. I think it was Longfellow who wrote:

> 'Oh, fear not in a world like this,
> And thou shalt know ere long—
> Know how sublime a thing it is,
> To suffer and grow strong!'"

"But that's all very well in poetry," said Mr. Wolcott.

Just at this moment Ralston made his appearance. He shambled rather than walked towards the office, and without removing his hat from his head or his hands from his pockets, he stood in the doorway, without speaking, with a look, half-ashamed, half-defiant on his face.

He was certainly a sorry sight. The habit he had always had of standing with his coat collar up and his shoulders shrugged

as though he were suffering from cold had grown upon him. His thick, straight and jet-black hair was uncut and tossed over his forehead. There was a week's growth of beard on his chin, and it was quite evident his face had not been washed. A seedy-looking suit of clothes, minus the waistcoat, with a red handkerchief to take the place of collar and necktie, completed the picture.

As Gerald looked at him, he could not but make up his mind that his work was cut out for him. He invited him in and placed a chair for him.

For some moments nobody spoke. Then Gerald with a nervous pull at his moustache and an anxious look at Mr. Wolcott said to him:

"Well, Ralston, are you ready to work?"

"Yes, I guess so," was the surly reply.

His manner evidently did not please Gerald, but it would have been madness to lose his temper and speak angrily at this early stage of the game. Accordingly he took no heed of this disrespectful reply.

"All right, then," he replied coolly. "I shall behave towards you in a strictly business manner, and I shall expect you to begin at the bottom round of the ladder."

"What does that mean?" inquired Ralston in the same surly, somewhat defiant, tone of voice.

Again a look of disappointment was noticeable in Gerald's face, and Mr. Wolcott moved angrily in his chair.

"I mean to say," said Gerald, "that I shall treat you as though I had never seen you before, as though I had never been at school with you, and particularly as though I knew nothing of the disagreeable affairs which were brought to light yesterday. I shall treat you precisely as I should treat any one who had been sent to me to apply for a situation. Do you follow me?"

"I suppose you mean," said Ralston, "that you want me to work for nothing."

"No," answered Gerald, testily, "I mean nothing of the sort. As you know nothing, it is only right that, until you learn and can be of real use, you should only receive the salary that

you are worth, as I did when I commenced, and like everybody who is making a beginning, and you must show that you have strength successfully to pull through your first six months or year until your salary can be raised and you are made more acceptable."

"Well, what do you propose to do?" said Ralston.

"I offer you a salary of forty dollars a month: it's ten more than I got when I started."

"And what am I to do for it?" he asked: "pull flour barrels about?"

"Certainly not," replied Gerald. "That is the work of a laborer. You have received an education and are a gentleman and must associate with your equals and learn to use your brain and not your hands."

"What salary does a laborer get?" asked Ralston taking little notice of what Gerald was saying.

"My laborers receive wages. They amount to fifteen dollars a week, and they receive their money every Saturday night."

"Then I'd rather be a workman and get fifteen dollars a week than be a gentleman and only get forty dollars a month."

"That," said Gerald, "is only a temporary arrangement. A gentleman's salary is increased, but a workman's wages are always the same. You must think of the future."

"What care I for the future!" said Ralston. "I'm only thinking of the present, and if I can make more money by being a workman, then I don't care about being a gentleman."

"Very well," answered Gerald, shrugging his shoulders, "as you wish. I have no doubt you will change your mind before long. If you will come down early to-morrow I will set you to work."

"You've tackled a difficult fellow," said Mr. Wolcott, after his departure, "and I'm afraid he'll be too much for you."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Gerald; "it is only a question of a little time."

V.

Much to Gerald's delight and exceedingly to his surprise, Ralston turned up bright and early the following morning. He could not help thinking that it was rather a pity that Mr. Wolcott was not there to observe the vigorous effort the fallen man was determined to make in the difficult task of retracing his steps and turning them in the right direction again, of which Virgil so tersely and with so much meaning wrote:

Hoc opus, hic labor est.

It was quite evident to him that Mr. Wolcott had made up his mind that Ralston had fallen never to rise again, but he was rather of the opinion that the fellow would have changed his ways long ago if it had not been such a struggle to him, and that all he wanted was somebody to help him, to give him a push on, to set him going in the right direction.

But he was sorely troubled about one thing, and that was his preference for living the life of a workman to that of a gentleman, just because for the time being he was to receive a little more compensation in the former capacity than in the latter. It is always a most dangerous sign when a young man, who has received a good education and has spent his childhood and boyhood amongst genteel companions and who ought to be refined, prefers the society of people who have not had his chances and who could never associate with the class of people upon whom he is turning his back. Better to be the ridiculed and despised of the set to which you really belong than be the leader of men who are not your equals. If you cannot be friends with those in your own station of life, then do not have any friends at all.

However, Gerald was not the man to try too much to alter a person's ideas and decisions. Ralston had said he preferred the work of a laborer and he intended to let him do it till he got tired of it and rose to his own level again. He believed firmly in what he had said to Mr. Wolcott: "You will see, it is only a question of a little time."

Accordingly he appointed Ralston storeman. He was to take account of everything that was delivered into the house and

everything that went out. Moreover, he was to sweep the store and wash the windows and dust the desks in the office. Gerald gave him this work on purpose. "He'll get tired of it all the sooner," he thought to himself.

There was one thing which was certainly surprising, and particularly so to Mr. Wolcott. The fellow was by no means idle. He was working every minute of the day, and there were signs of his work in every nook and corner of the building. His tally-book was the pink of perfection and Mr. Wolcott used to say he wouldn't mind eating his hot cakes and syrup off the floor.

So things went on for two or three weeks. Gerald, however, could not get a step further with him, and Mr. Wolcott was getting impatient. It was impossible to get a word out of him from morning till night except when perfectly necessary. Indeed Gerald could not remember having once caught his eye since the morning he had started work.

"When do you sweep the office out?" Gerald asked him one day.

"Always in the morning before you come, or in the daytime whilst you're out. I don't care about disturbing you," was his reply.

It was impossible to get more than one sentence out of him. He always walked off then. So he did on this occasion, and left Gerald wondering.

With Mr. Cassidy, however, he was very different. He sometimes became quite talkative with him, particularly when Gerald was away. There were mornings when Gerald was obliged to spend his time at the custom-house and on the steamship wharves, when their grain was being put on the vessels for shipment. On these mornings Ralston spent a great deal of time with Mr. Cassidy in his office, and the old gentleman who had entered into the case heart and soul was in the habit of encouraging him. Ralston would meet him at the door and follow him into the office and talk to him whilst he was opening the safe and getting his papers and books ready preparatory to looking into his mail. But if he was a little free with Mr. Cassidy he was

just the opposite with Mr. Wolcott, whenever that gentleman made his appearance in the office. The Westerner was still suspicious of him and watched him closely.

As soon as it was time to close the place up in the afternoon, Ralston always went straight home. He was living in a small red brick house on Houston Street near the ferries. Once at home, he rarely went out again in the evenings. Two companions of his lived with him, and they spent all their time together.

They were both older than he was and both exceedingly dissipated-looking. One whom they usually called "Ginger," and who stood about six feet two, and whose red face and bright red hair and side-whiskers gave him anything but a prepossessing appearance seemed to spend most of his time on his back, whilst the other who was short and very thick-set, with exceedingly black hair and eyes and a very dark complexion, was usually at anchor in an apology for an arm-chair which they possessed, hidden by a dense cloud of smoke.

Their invariable salutation to Ralston in the evening was: "Well, any news?" So it was this evening.

"No, none," answered Ralston.

"Pshaw!" said his companions in concert.

"That's all very well," said Ralston, but why don't you fellows do something? You appear to spend all your time here, eating, sleeping and smoking."

"Well if we do," said Ginger, as he rolled over on his side on the bed and looked at Ralston, "and supposing that you do miss a little sleep and a few smokes in the daytime, you make up for it in drink at night-time. I'm a fraud if we haven't chucked you into bed dead drunk every night for the last fortnight."

"Yes, you have," retaliated Ralston, "when you've been sober enough to do it."

"Oh, we're generally sober enough to do it," said Ginger. "Our heads are a bit stronger than yours. And when we do get a trifle off, our tongues are not as long as yours. You must learn to keep your mouth shut whether you're in your cups or not."

"Besides," said "Shorty," as the stout small man was called,

going back to the original subject, "we're waiting for developments from you."

"All in good time," said Ralston. "It takes time. Meanwhile it'll do no harm, if you go out yourselves and do something. I'm getting tired of doing all the work myself."

This sort of thing went on every evening when Ralston made his appearance until they had finished their suppers and sat down to their regular libations which gave rise to good feelings again and generally continued well on till the morning.

But at last there came a change.

Ralston ran upstairs faster than was his custom and banging the door to behind him said: "Boys, I've got it! 'Three times to the right to five, once to the left to ten, and twice to the right to twenty-five,' and it's done."

"Are you sure?" they both asked eagerly.

"Sure!" echoed Ralston, "as sure as I had that purse in my pocket when Coates was looking for it in the street. I've seen the old gentleman do it twice now, so I'm doubly sure. 'Three to the right to five, one to the left to ten, and twice to the right to twenty-five.'"

This was the combination to the safe.

VI.

It was a cold, dreary, winter night.

Outside there was a blinding snowstorm and a biting northwest wind blowing. Old gentlemen as they sat in their warm rooms over their newspapers said they had not seen such a night for twelve years. Never since the fearful storm of '78 when it had snowed incessantly for forty-eight hours and the drifts were six feet high on Broadway.

The streets were deserted. There was not a sound to be heard save the noise of the snow as it beat up against the windows and the creaking of business signs as they swayed to and fro in the wind which kept up an incessant whistle and sigh through the telegraph wires overhead.

It was no night for visiting when cabs and street cars had

stopped running: scarcely the evening for going to the plays, when actors and actresses were unable to make their way to the theatres; it was an evening for everybody who had a home to sit over his fire and spend it peaceably and quietly. On such nights as these tramps creep into their dens and keep out the cold as well as they are able.

When the storm was at its height, three men emerged into the darkness from a small red brick house on Houston Street. They crossed the street, where the snow was already knee-deep, and stood for a moment on the opposite corner.

"You're sure you know the way?" said Ralston.

"Of course we do," answered Ginger, as he buttoned the collar of his overcoat tight round his neck. "You let yourself in, and be ready for us in about half an hour. We're just going to get a drop of something hot first."

"I'd like a drop of something hot, too," said Ralston.

"Don't you be a fool," said Ginger: "go and get your work done first, and then you can have as many drops as you like. But get through quickly. Remember we've got two other places to visit to-night."

With that Ralston turned and walked off in the direction of Gerald's store. As Ginger finished speaking to him, a thought occurred to his mind. Why shouldn't he let himself into the store, open the safe and rob the till and make off before the other two came? Why should they have a share in the spoils, when they hadn't done any of the work? But no, he argued, they're up to this sort of thing, and I'm only a greenhorn at it, and it'll be well to keep in with them for a while, till I learn some of the dodges of the trade.

He went round to the back entrance of the store which was in a dark narrow alley way, and unfrequented at night at the best of times. He quietly opened the door which he had left unlocked and slipped in. Then he groped his way into the office and struck a light.

The opening of the safe was an easy matter and with a little persuasion he soon had the lid of the cash-box off.

"Just my luck!" he said, as he counted out fifty-seven dollars and thirteen cents. "I've struck a bad night. I dare say they had as much as five hundred dollars this night a week ago. Let me see my share of fifty-seven dollars. Three into fifty-seven goes nineteen times. I haven't forgotten all the arithmetic old Bankson taught me yet. Nineteen dollars! well it isn't much, but it's better than nothing."

Just then he heard a noise. He put the light out quickly and listened. Somebody was coming in. He waited anxiously for the signal his pals were to give him on their arrival. At last it came, and he struck another light.

"Blame me if you didn't scare me. Why didn't you signal?"

"We thought we'd got here before you," said Shorty.

"Not much," replied Ralston; "I've been here a quarter of an hour."

"Well, don't let's stand here talking," said Ginger; "I see you've got the safe open. Now let's know what you've got."

"Only fifty-seven dollars and thirteen cents," answered Ralston.

"Is that all?" said Ginger, as he walked over to the safe, and commenced to glance over the papers in the other boxes and pigeon-holes. "Well, let's have a look at it," he continued, turning to Ralston.

"Here you are," he said, as he spread the money out on the desk.

"All right," said Ginger, as he picked it up quietly and deliberately, "we must have a fair division of this. Let me see: four tens, three fives and two ones. Well, Shorty, here's two tens and a five for you, two tens and a five for myself, and you can have the rest, youngster, and we'll pitch the thirteen cents in with it."

Ralston planted his back against the office door.

"Look here," he said, "we're not going to have any of this funny business. You give me my fair share."

"Nonsense," replied Ginger, as he carefully folded the notes

up and put them into the bottom of his pocket. "You're only a kid: you mustn't expect to come in for as much as the old hands. So, stand out of the way and let's leave the place quietly, or we'll all be nabbed."

"I don't care if we are," said Ralston, his face perfectly livid, and his eyes flashing with rage.

Shorty who saw there was going to be a row blew the light out, and seizing him by the waist, lifted him off his feet and threw him out of the doorway. But Ralston had not played cricket and association football at St. Joseph's for nothing. He flew at Ginger and seized him by the throat and held on like a bull dog.

"Hit him over the head and stun him," gasped Ginger.

"He'll not stun me till I've choked out every breath in your body," said Ralston.

So they staggered through the dark storeroom, tumbling against the flour barrels, till they reached the back door again. A gleam of light gave Shorty the opportunity he was waiting for, and a well-aimed blow for Ralston's head forced him to let go his hold on Ginger's throat. He staggered to his feet again and rushed this time at Shorty, but he met him more than half way with a tremendous blow between the eyes which sent him reeling up against a flour barrel.

"You've done for him now," said Ginger, "let's be off:" and they let themselves out noiselessly into the cold stormy night.

Gerald arrived down a little late the next morning on account of the storm. As soon as he entered, the boy walked up to him and said:

"Mr. Coates, thieves broke in last night, sir, and robbed the safe."

"What!" cried Gerald, as he turned sharply round and faced the boy, and looked at him thoughtfully. Then without another word he walked quickly into the office.

The sight that met his gaze soon told the story. The safe was thrown open, the papers were tossed about, the broken money-box was upturned on the desk and close to it were the seven

dollars and thirteen cents, which had given cause to the quarrel the night before.

"All right," said Gerald to the boy, "you may go."

In less than a minute he returned to the office, as pale as death. "Mr. Coates," he gasped out, "Ralston, the storeman, is lying dead at the back of the store."

He followed the boy out quickly to the place.

"Run for a doctor" he shouted, as he threw himself down on his knees and placed his ear to Ralston's heart, and felt his ice-cold hands and brow. "Dead, beyond a doubt," he sighed.

The body was perfectly stiff and the face and hands absolutely colorless. His head was frozen stiff to the floor in a mass of congealed blood which was still oozing from a large wound at the back of the head. The fists were clenched and the legs drawn up as though he had suffered great pain.

Gerald was greatly relieved after the doctor's arrival to hear that life was not yet extinct. Restoratives were administered and he was taken as quickly as possible to the nearest hospital, whither Gerald at once despatched a priest. He remained at the store himself, as he felt that there was nothing he could do at the hospital.

Mr. Wolcott, who now made it a practice of calling every day, arrived soon after and heard the whole story.

"Ha, ha," he said, pointing to the back of the store and then to the safe, "Ralston—safe, you'll see."

"Hush," replied Gerald, "*nil de mortuis nisi bonum.*"

"What!" said Wolcott, "don't swear at me."

"Nothing but good of the dead," said Gerald.

"There's nothing good to be said about him," answered Wolcott; "besides he ain't dead yet."

"He can't live many hours," said Gerald, "if I know anything about a dying man. But, to change the conversation, suppose we go on with our little chat about the Catholic religion which was interrupted so long ago."

"Go slow, go slow," said the Westerner, "I told you I liked good example, and I confess that you have given it to me, but it has

been more than overbalanced by Ralston's rascally behavior. Wait till I find out whether he had anything to do with that safe before we go on with our argument."

"Very well," replied Gerald "if you insist, we'll put it off till some future occasion."

But that future occasion was destined never to come. That very day, scarcely two hours after, he was knocked down and almost instantly killed by a runaway horse on Broadway.

As for poor Ralston, he died that night, with the priest at his side the whole day, with everything ready to administer all the Sacraments to him, with Gerald on his knees by his side praying for him, and they were unable to do anything.

He did not regain consciousness for even a moment, and without a sound, without a sign, he passed into the other world.

All that happened was that the doctor turned to them and whispered: "He's dead."

THE CHILDREN'S PRELATE.

Dr. Thomas Grant,[1] First Bishop of Southwark, England, 1816–1870.

By E. V. N.

DOCTOR THOMAS GRANT, the first Bishop of Southwark, though descended from parents of Irish birth, was born in France, at Ligny-les-Aires, on November 25, 1816.

His father was a non-commissioned officer in the 71st Highlanders, an English regiment that had been present at the memorable and disastrous battle of Waterloo, and had entered France with the allied armies, as stipulated by the combatants. The absence of their eldest son John, who being only five years old had been left with an uncle in London, and per-

[1] *Life of Thomas Grant, First Bishop of Southwark.* By Kathleen O'Meara. Second edition. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

haps the long time between the birth of the sons, led the parents to give Thomas a warm welcome. It may also account in some measure for the unrivalled position he ever afterwards held in the affection of both his parents.

Thomas was very amiable and winning in his ways, and the soldiers petted him enthusiastically. As soon as the babe could walk, they delighted in teaching him how to shoulder a popgun, and fire it off at some pretended victim. The boy became passionately fond of the men, and took delight in playing tricks on them, and when his father would chide him, the soldiers would always take the child's part. One of his favorite amusements was to beat the drum; yet in spite of the charm of these juvenile associations, Thomas never thought of becoming a soldier. When any one asked him, as children generally are, "What will you be when you grow up?" he would always answer: "I should like to be a Bishop!"

In 1824, Sergeant Grant's regiment sailed for North America. John, Thomas, then about three years old, and William accompanied their parents to Canada. Mrs. Grant's health quickly suffered from the severity of the climate, and the nursing of her son John who died of white swelling, the result of an accident, dealt a fatal blow to the sorrowful mother's life. She fell into a rapid decline. Her husband, cherishing the hope that a sea voyage and her native air might check the progress of her malady, set out with her for England. However she died on the passage, and the deep grief of her husband was intensified by the necessity of consigning her remains to the ocean waves.

Thomas who was ten years old could never recall that melancholy scene of the ship's deck without emotion. When the sailors kindly threw sand into the coffin so as to make it sink, the little William, standing by, begged them with tears not "to throw sand on mamma's face, lest they should waken her or hurt her."

After his wife's death the young widower was quartered at Chester, and there faithfully discharged the double duty of father and mother that thus devolved upon him. The first step of Sergeant Grant on settling at Chester was to pay his respects to the

priest, Doctor Briggs, and introduce his interesting boys. They were kindly received, and Thomas asked to be allowed to serve Mass. Dr. Briggs was much pleased with him, and took the trouble to teach the lad the Latin responses.

Though quite unworldly Mr. Grant was a thrifty man, and he as well as his boys attracted attention by their neat dress and regularity at Mass. When asked what he meant to do with his boys, he always replied: "I hope to make them stout Christians." Beyond this he formed no schemes.

Dr. Briggs became tenderly attached to Thomas, and after he had served Mass a few months, he called him up one day, and said:

"Tommy, my lad, would you really like to be a priest?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, I should very much," was the prompt reply, the boy's countenance glowing with a flush of pleasure.

"Then a priest you shall be!" rejoined Dr. Briggs. "Tell your father to come here and talk with me about it."

The pious Sergeant quickly obeyed the welcome summons, and the result was that he agreed to pay twelve pounds a year towards Thomas' maintenance, and his patron at once removed the happy boy to his own residence. Shortly after this the 71st was ordered away from Chester. Thomas made his First Communion under Dr. Briggs' care on Christmas Eve, 1827. In January, 1829, the pious boy entered St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, as a subject of Dr. Briggs. Though now eighteen years old, Thomas was still small and slender, a child in innocence, simplicity and guileless joy.

Sergeant Grant was in many ways superior to the position that he held in the service; he had often been promised promotion, but from one cause or another that promise had not been fulfilled. Shortly after Thomas entered college his father married again. Mrs. Grant was a high-spirited and well-informed woman, possessing a nice little fortune, and her first step was to purchase him a commission. So we shall henceforth know him as Captain Grant.

The college diary of Ushaw shows Thomas at the head of

his class, during the entire course of "Humanities." In 1836 Dr. Briggs decided to send him to Rome; and after a rest of six months and a little tour in Scotland, a day was fixed upon for his departure. The young student's success in Rome was so brilliant, that when a scheme was devised among his fellow-students for offering a lamp to our Lady, Thomas gave eight silver medals, received at the public examinations, as his share. This number doubled that of every other student but one.

Immediately after his ordination Thomas Grant received the degree of D. D., and in a short time after this he was appointed secretary to Cardinal Acton. His Eminence soon took a warm interest in him; and under so consummate a master of canon law, Dr. Grant acquired that proficiency which was destined to gain for him the reputation of the first canon lawyer in the English Church. His intercourse with the venerable prelate was advantageous to him in several respects. Strict method in business habits and devotedness to the poor were bonds of sympathy between the English Cardinal and his bright, unselfish secretary, and soon the official relationship warmed into friendship founded on the deepest mutual esteem. Dr. Grant had spent rather more than three years in the capacity of secretary to Cardinal Acton, when Dr. Baggs, Rector of the English College, was appointed to the Vicariate Apostolic of the Western District, and the young Doctor was nominated to succeed him in that burdensome office. By energetic and skilful administration he soon discharged the heavy debts; and by his gentle rule won the heartfelt affection of the collegians.

But great events in the temporal and spiritual order were operating to restore the hierarchy in England. It is not within the scope of this summary notice, to relate the series of highly interesting events that led to the promulgation of the Apostolic Letters issued in 1850, declaring England to be an ecclesiastical province, with one archbishop and twelve suffragans. This joyful culmination was the prelude to a great change in the life of Dr. Grant. The new dioceses were filled up, and Southwark was assigned to the Rector of the English College. The regret of the

students was great and general, and Dr. Grant sympathized in it. Only obedience could make him overcome his reluctance to accepting the office.

His consecration took place in the chapel of the English College on July 4, the ceremony being performed by Cardinal Fransoni, who had expressed himself willing to sing his *Nunc Dimittis* and die, as soon as the event of which this consecration would be the first-fruit would have come to pass.

II.

Dr. Grant found himself almost a stranger in England, and a complete stranger in his diocese. The difficulties of his charge were very great, for national pride and Protestant prejudice were thoroughly aroused, and the storm was at its height when he took possession of his diocese. He entered at once upon his pastoral duties, and was soon perfectly acquainted with the wants and claims of every corner of the district assigned to his jurisdiction. "In the course of a few years he organized a new diocese, and almost tripled the number of its churches, clergy and religious institutions; and all these he accomplished by prayer, by the influence of his charity, his incessant activity, and his patient endurance." We would call attention to some of the examples and maxims, recorded in the full and authentic record of the life and spirit of Dr. Grant by Miss O'Meara; for "he was a great light in his generation and accomplished great things."

The Orphan Asylum of Norwood, which was to form the chief external monument of Dr. Grant's episcopacy, from the first engaged his warmest interest. The Sisters, who had been invited to England by Cardinal Wiseman, occupied Park Hotel; but though its walls seemed to be elastic, yet the day came when it was impossible to stretch them further. It was at once decided that, that what money would be received, should be applied to the erection of a larger house, for the accommodation of these favorites of our Lord.

The Crimean War however obliged him to turn his attention to furnishing chaplains to the army, and nurses for the wounded

at Scutari; but no sooner was the war ended than Dr. Grant took up vigorously the plan adopted for the new Orphanage, and in 1858 the house was opened. The Bishop had great confidence in children's prayers, and whenever he wished to obtain favors from Heaven he would set them to praying for his pious intention. A timid counsellor having met his confident proposals for rescuing children from the workhouse by the word "impossible," the Bishop exclaimed: "Christ has died for these souls, and they *must* be saved!"

The year 1863, in which he dedicated his diocese to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the two ensuing ones, saw churches and chapels springing up through the diocese with great rapidity, simultaneously with schools. Converts were very numerous, and there was great fervor visible in those approaching the holy Sacraments. Altars to the Sacred Heart rose up in every direction. Viewing the abundant harvest of these two years, Dr. Grant attributed with grateful emotion the visible blessing that had come upon the diocese to the loving protection of the Sacred Heart of our Lord. "Let any one compare," he exclaims, "the present state of our education with the condition of our schools when they were commended to the Sacred Heart, and he will own that only He Who blesses seed-time and harvest can have produced such a wonderful contrast."

In 1856 Captain Grant departed this life at the age of 69, after some years of declining health. The Bishop set out for the North, and arrived in time to soothe the last moments of his venerable parent. It is worthy of remark that Dr. Grant ever treated his stepmother with the most filial respect, thus setting a good example to all who may be placed in similar circumstances.

In 1864, Cardinal Wiseman convened a meeting of his brother prelates to discuss the establishment of a Catholic college within the precincts of the English Universities. Bishop Grant took a prominent part in the meeting, expressed himself strongly before his assembled brethren, and then addressed a letter to his flock, placing before them the dangers which, dazzled by the hope of superficial advantages, they had so readily overlooked. "Faith

is a treasure more precious than silver or gold—a treasure to be watchfully guarded, not lightly compromised for any dross of earthly gain, nor rashly exposed to danger without drawing on its possessor the guilt of criminal imprudence. Could Catholic youth be expected to preserve their faith unmarred and unmolested, where the air is charged with the contagious breath of heresy, and free-thinking?"

Another delusion against which the Bishop raised his voice in earnest warning was that of supposing that Catholics may contract marriage with non-Catholics, without thereby incurring great danger to their own faith, and falling into serious difficulties of conscience.

III.

Dr. Grant was wont to say that the devout observance of the season of the Church was in itself enough to make a saint, and a well-spent Lent he considered one of the most important acts of a Christian life. At the approach of Lent the Bishop would go round to the Poor Schools, and make a solemn appeal to these coadjutors of the priesthood, "the little ones," and explain to them how they might help in the salvation of souls during this season by prayer and offering their acts of obedience. "You must coax your parents to come to the Sacraments at Easter," he would say; "tease them affectionately, give them no peace till they have complied with this duty. It was a happy day for them and the Bishop, when a father or brother, who had been years absent from the Sacraments, came to St. George's, led by a little child, and asked if his Lordship would hear his confession. When a rich harvest blessed the prayers of these innocent apostles at the close of Lent, and the Bishop had been kept standing two hours and a half giving Communion, the little ones would say: "His Lordship's face is shining to-day," and it was hardly a figure of speech, for the joy of his soul shone through his features, and thrilled in the tones of his voice.

In the education of children Dr. Grant preferred illustration rather than dry instruction; and it was wonderful to see how

readily he could produce stories, and improvise figures just to suit the occasion. He could not bear to compress children by rules and forms, so as to make them stiff and shy of showing their real selves to those placed over them. Those among the children that were poorest and least cared for were sure to be the most noticed and caressed. He often deplored the dearth of good and amusing story-books for children in English; but he liked them to be religious as well as moral, and always to end in *temporal* happiness.

It would be a vain attempt to notice fully all the various devotions of our holy religion, as they reigned in the soul of the saintly Bishop. After love of the Holy Eucharist and the filial veneration of the Immaculate Mother, he had a lively faith in the power of the suffering souls of Purgatory, and intense pity for their woes. The Holy Souls were to him a living presence in all his actions, prayers, instructions and works of mercy. He was never tired of adjuring his flock to make devotion to them a practical part of their religion, assuring them that when our turn comes to fill up the scanty measure of our penance in Purgatory, they will put it into the hearts of others to do by us as we had done by them, only more abundantly.

The life of Dr. Grant is barren of great events, and rich in small ones. It is harmonious, for the child foreshadows the youth, and the youth the man, and the ripe manhood abundantly fulfils the pledges of both. His vocation came to him intuitively, like the faith instilled into his heart by a devout ancestry, and almost as early. It is related that an old lady bequeathed to "Little Tommy" a golden cross that had belonged to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be given him when he would be a Bishop; and a young lady gave him a handsome gold chain that she wished he would use to support his future pectoral cross. This was given to him by the students of the English College who piously stole the chain, lest the Rector would give it to the poor, and handed it down for safe-keeping from class to class. Dr. Grant was not an eloquent preacher; but his discourses had excellent effects. His words came from him with unpretending

simplicity, flowing from the light and charity of his soul, and were therefore full of grace. He was a father to the orphan, a brother to the poor, and a friend to all who stood in need of counsel, assistance or direction. It is wonderful to reflect upon his unwavering cheerfulness, amidst so many labors, and so many responsibilities, despite his mental and corporal sufferings.

His first and most constant suffering arose from his extreme delicacy of conscience, sensitive to the slightest breath of wrong that passed over his soul of what seemed to him imperfect.

His second suffering arose from his great horror of evils and scandals by which God was offended, or that other souls might be affected.

The third source of suffering came from an internal malady that gave him intense physical pain, but which he bore with extraordinary patience.

Dr. Grant was summoned to the Vatican Council, and had received the appointment of Latinist of the Council, and member of the Oriental Rite and the Apostolic Missions. The Bishop was delighted to find himself once more in Rome. His health seemed to be improving, and all his friends rejoiced: foremost was the Holy Father, who fondly styled him his "*piccolo santo.*"

But the Angel of Death was hovering near; and on the last day of the month of Mary, Dr. Grant said: "Now, the hand of death is upon me!" From the time that he received the last rites of the Church, he was rapt in God, praying constantly for his diocese, the Holy Father, the Council, and the welfare of the Church. His familiar aspirations were, "*Credo, amo, spero:*" "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul."

It was pre-arranged that the body of the deceased prelate should be taken to Norwood, and interred in the spot that he had himself selected, wishing to have the prayers of the "Sisters of the Faithful Virgin," and their interesting *protegés.* They laid him to rest in the midst of the little ones whom he had resembled so truly and so well: their hymns and their laughter blend with the prayers of those generous souls, who left all things to teach them the loveliness of Jesus and His Divine Heart.

THE DEVOTION OF THE SACRED HEART IN THE PASTORAL MINISTRY.[1]

By the Head Director.

I.

THE cure of souls is often likened to the work of a shepherd whose business it is to lead his flock through "green fields and pastures new." The food which the shepherd of souls is to supply to his flock is, speaking generally, made up of the instruction and exhortation which he presents to their minds, and the administration of the Sacraments which God has intrusted to him for their good. There is nothing essentially new to be given in the nineteenth century any more than in the first; and the Sacraments are quite the same as when they were instituted by Christ Himself. But circumstances vary and the ways of looking at things—the unavoidable ignorance, the negligence and misunderstanding from things around, in fact, the whole temper of minds—change with the different ages. The Holy Ghost Who breathes through the Church's action sees to it that the pastors of her children have always ready to their hand practical and efficacious means for assisting the faithful to lead the Christian life. These means consist largely in a spirit of devotion which makes Christians, in the words of St. Ignatius, in the *Spiritual Exercises* "know our Lord Jesus Christ better, love Him more ardently, and follow Him more closely." This spirit of devotion, though essentially directed to the Person of our Lord, will evidently change its outward form with the different needs which it is intended to meet. After all the developments, which the devotion to the Sacred Heart has taken during the last two centuries, and the solemn pronouncements of the Church concern-

[1] Reprinted with permission from the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, published by Pustet & Co., New York, under the editorship of the Reverend H. J. Heuser, Professor of Exegesis and Scripture, St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.

ing it, it is impossible not to recognize in it the means which the Holy Ghost inspires in the Church of our day for the use of her pastors in their ministry.

From this point of view the devotion to the Sacred Heart may rather be called a universal devotion of general interest to all, the divinely appointed means of better realizing to ourselves the great work of the Incarnation, than a particular devotion of interest only to those spiritually inclined. And if this is true, it ought evidently to become a living factor in the Christian life of a parish.

I believe that the work of this devotion, not only in our great city parishes but in the wide circuits attended by our hard-working missionary priests in country places, is uniformly such as to warrant the description I have given of it.

My only object in the present article is to point out the ordinary means which, from the nature of the case, are to be used if the devotion is to have any real and lasting effect. For this devotion, like any other work of faith, demands a certain amount of attention if it is to be spread and kept up among the faithful. Otherwise the mere learning of the Catechism by the children would serve them for all necessary purposes during their whole lives, and they would need no further instruction or exhortation. Indeed, the Catechism contains all and more than all that it is absolutely necessary to know. For the devotion to the Sacred Heart I ask, then, only that moderate attention and labor which a pastor must give to every part of his ministry if he expects it to be effective of lasting good.

II.

The *devotion* to the Sacred Heart is, of course, distinct from any particular society or organization intended to promote it among the faithful. It would be quite useless to bring in any such society unless pains were taken to make the devotion itself understood. Now this can be done only by the ordinary means which are in the possession of every pastor. These are briefly:

1. To take frequent and regular opportunities of explain-

ing it. If the people do not come to the first Friday sermon, then something must be said on a Sunday, and what is said should be plain and clear. It should make each member of the congregation understand that devotion to the Sacred Heart is to make him know our Saviour Jesus Christ, Who is God and man, with a better acquaintanceship than He may have had heretofore. For example, as "our Friend and Neighbor." The lack of Catholic practices in our ordinary life, such as would be found in a purely Catholic country, and the tide of ideas and tendencies quite apart from religion, which surround us in this busy age, make it very necessary that some such means of bringing Christians into a more real and constant sympathy with our Lord, should be brought to bear upon them. The ideas that centre around the Sacred Heart form, so to speak, so human and sympathetic an aspect of the Divinity that we can easily understand how the Holy Spirit of God has inspired this devotion in the Church of our day. For that matter, our Lord Himself has said: *This is life everlasting that they may know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.*[1]

On the nature of the devotion and its applications, many excellent books have been written which will supply pastors with the needed material for their instructions. This has been the intention of the *Quarterly Sacred Heart Library*, published during the last two years.

2. Instruction mainly enlightens the understanding, and, although it moves the will for a time, it does not fasten down, as it were, a devotion unless accompanied by some practices of piety in which the priest will lead his people. It is not enough to leave the practice of what is said in matter of devotion to the mere private work of each individual. This is one reason of existence for all the many societies which have been approved in the Church, to keep alive her different devotions.

But without any society at all, the devotion to the Sacred Heart offers certain practices which have received the highest approbation of the Church for use among the faithful, and which

[1] St. John, xvii. 3.

demand the public co-operation of the priest. Indeed, these practices form a part of the supernatural revelation of the devotion itself. They consist, mainly, in the observance of the first Friday of each month, in Communion and other public devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart, and in the yearly feast which is often preceded by a solemn *novena*.

Whatever responsibility in organizing the devotion to the Sacred Heart into an association may be given to an assistant priest, it is clear that this primary inculcating of the devotion belongs directly to the pastor in person. He must at least decide what devotions are to be practised in public and how official a character they are to have in the church which is under his charge. Moreover the high repute of the work in his parish will largely depend on the attention he pays to it in person. A few earnest words from himself, an occasional sermon from his own lips, his personal presiding at the more solemn functions, will give an esteem to the devotion which the people are not likely to have otherwise. In fact, this will be apt to make all the difference between a particular devotion applying only to some small element in the parish and a general means of increasing the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ among all the parishioners.

What has thus far been said relates simply to the devotion as considered in itself, and quite apart from any formal association or attempt to organize it in practice.

III.

In most of our churches there already exist Sodalities and Confraternities, some of which are frequently under the invocation of the Sacred Heart and all of which appeal more or less exclusively to a certain class only of the faithful. For a devotion so universal in its scope as that to the Sacred Heart, it is desirable that something may be done which will appeal to every class of the faithful. This is accomplished in a measure, by what we have explained concerning the practice of the devotion on the first Friday and for the Feast, without reference to any definite organization. But it is evident that a simple organization, with

practices elementary enough to reach every Christian, is a great advantage for spreading the devotion to the Sacred Heart and thus obtaining the fruit which it is desired to bring forth in the parish. The League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, from small beginnings has grown into a most fruitful work of this kind in a great number of dioceses throughout the world. On this account it has been called by Leo XIII. "a truly Catholic work." I shall accordingly limit myself to its practices in speaking of the means which a definite organization can offer for bringing the devotion home to the people and making it a lasting reality in their spiritual lives.

The great hold which any devotion is likely to have over the generality of people must come from its satisfying some one or other of their most pressing needs. Now, whether these needs are temporal or spiritual, the most ordinary Christian spontaneously has recourse to prayer, in order that his needs may be satisfied. But a prime doctrine of the Christian faith teaches that, whereas all prayer is efficacious, the prayer of many united together is of multiplied force; and the first revelation and constant progress of devotion to the Sacred Heart have attached a new and special efficacy to prayer in union with this devotion. Prayer, indeed, in union with the Sacred Heart brings our Lord Himself, the Incarnate God, into the circle of those who pray for each other's needs and intentions.

This is the theological basis of the League of the Sacred Heart, which unites all its members in the promise to offer its special practices for the intention of our Lord's Sacred Heart and of the multitude of Christian hearts which have thus come into a special union with Him. This has been developed with great power of thought and fervor of eloquence in the classical work of Father Ramière on *The Apostleship of Prayer*. I need only say here that the marvellous spread of the League finds a natural explanation in the personal sympathy with which it appeals to the people; and the great fruits which it undoubtedly has produced might find a supernatural explanation in the promises made by our Lord to all devotion to His Sacred Heart.

However much a devotion may seem to satisfy the needs of the faithful people, it must also be kept constantly before their minds if it is to prove lasting in its work. For one reason or another, merely public practices of devotion in the Church are not likely to be sufficient for this purpose. Here, too, the great success of the League has been largely due to the method by which it forms devoted helpers ready to the pastor's hand for work among his people. The more regular—I will not say the more fervent, for no special fervor is demanded—among the Associates of the League promise the daily Decade of the Beads in addition to the Morning Offering of all their prayers, good works, and sufferings for the intentions recommended to this Association of Prayer. Thus they naturally fall into bands of fifteen, and the monthly tickets which make known the intentions of the League to them also refer to a Mystery of the Rosary. The head of each band is styled a Promoter—a kind of lay dignity which has been recognized and highly privileged by the Holy Father. It is the business and the interest of Promoters to bring the work of the League to the knowledge of as many Catholics as they prudently can, to secure as many monthly or even weekly Communions as possible, and in general to do the practical exterior work of this Apostleship, under the direction of the priest who is in charge of the Local Centre. Without going into details for which we may refer to the *Handbook* of the work, it is evident that this gives to the parish priest a kind of Conference of St. Vincent de Paul in spirituals. Of course the priest who is directly charged with the work must give an earnest and constant attention to it—a condition which is essential to the success of any associated work among men. But the material details can nearly always be done, in the main, by a secretary who is at the same time a Promoter. It is also necessary that the parish priest should give his official recognition to the work that is going on, and from this the interest taken in it by the whole parish will largely depend. This, however, needs little more than his encouragement and occasional intervention in the solemn functions of the League. Father Ramière, who had seen the work grow up to its present

next to universal state, considered its efficiency depended upon this part of its organization; and I think that the experiences of many parishes in our own country where it has been successfully established point the same moral.

IV.

In whatever way the devotion to the Sacred Heart may be introduced into a parish, it is certain that it will not bear its proper fruit unless much is made of it. It may be impressed upon this or that soul, whom perhaps the Holy Ghost is drawing by this means; but it will not make the generality of the faithful know better the Incarnate Word nor inspire in them that love and obedience toward Him which is the end of this devotion. Where much is made of it, however, it is sure to bring forth much fruit in the true Christian sense, that is, by giving a new impulse to all the good already existing—to frequency of Communion and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament in general, to Sodalities and Rosary Societies, and to that devotion to the Blessed Virgin and Angels and Saints and for the holy souls, which is the rich variety wherewith the Spouse of Christ surrounds herself. It will also help on, as the event has often proved, the practice of charity among the faithful; in fact, the General Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has given a general recommendation in this sense.

Where a prudent organization is made and constantly kept up—without any close or annoying insistence being required—the devotion is sure to act and re-act on the entire life of faith in the community. Men of very ordinary piety thus learn to have recourse to Almighty God by prayer in their most common needs. It is clear how great a defence of the faith this must be in a country where religion is so hidden from view in the common life of man, while everything around naturally leads him to look out for himself and trust to Providence only in extreme cases. Besides this, there is the daily recollection of our Lord Jesus Christ as though He were still wandering to and fro the earth, calling His sheep after Him like the Good Shepherd.

One fact which has been constantly noted in regard to the workings of the League of the Sacred Heart, is the great number of priestly and religious vocations which have come from the midst of its Bands and especially from among the Promoters. It is clear also that the work of the priest along these lines will sooner or later be amply rewarded. There will be more anxiety among his people that piety should flourish, and they will pay less attention to those merely material questions which, in a country where everything is judged by every one, are so apt to divide opinion and cause annoying criticism among those who are otherwise docile Christians.

All this is quite apart from the supernatural blessing which has been promised and is sure to follow: "To Priests I will give the power of touching the most hardened hearts."

THROUGH BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

BOTH the Catholic and secular press have given accounts of the extraordinary and sudden cure wrought on one of the Sisters of the First Visitation Monastery in St. Louis. We have not hitherto taken notice of the accounts given because of a lack of accurate details as to the cure, and a want of authentication of the facts in the case. However, we have now a letter written by one of the Sisters in the convent, who was a witness of the cure and has given the minutest details of what promises to be, very likely, one of the test-miracles in the cause of the canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary. We may say here that a recent issue of *The Ave Maria* published the facts of the cure as furnished by the Reverend Mother of the convent. There is as yet no juridical ecclesiastical authority that has pronounced on the matter, and in giving this account we do not wish to anticipate the decision of the proper authority, but merely relate an event with all its details that is now fairly well known through-

out the United States. The following is the account given by the Sister:

"I have wanted to write you ever since your letter came asking for the facts in regard to Sister Philomena's cure. Concerning what is called the miracle I will tell you briefly of our dear Sister Philomena's condition, and you will see that her cure was a special favor obtained by our Blessed Sister Margaret Mary.

"Sister Philomena has been in our community nearly ten years. During the latter half of this time she has been an almost constant sufferer. She had several attacks of laryngitis in the beginning; from these she recovered sufficiently to be on duty, but was never free from suffering. Later on she had a constant pain in the upper part of the left side of her head, as if something was boring into it, and at irregular periods had copious hemorrhages from the mouth, nose and left ear. The pain in her head, always severe, was sometimes excruciatingly so. Last January she had a very high fever. Her temperature was 112 degrees and even rose on one occasion to 120 degrees. Our doctor, who is not a Catholic, advised us to have the last Sacraments given her. This was done, and for the sixth time from her first illness she was anointed. She was seen by ten or twelve doctors during this time, not one of whom was able to do more than endeavor unsuccessfully to procure her relief. She took whatever they ordered, whenever her stomach would bear the remedies. For some time before her cure she could take none of the remedies and scarcely any food, sometimes for whole days tasting not a single morsel. Her left shoulder, neck and arm were much swollen, and for some days before her cure they were unusually painful. Her face and hand were also swollen. Her sight, which had become much impaired, became very weak; she could scarcely distinguish the Sisters, except by their voices. After Easter her eyes began to bleed, and an oculist was called in. He said he could do nothing for her.

"On Tuesday, April 7, she asked to have a Novena made to our Blessed Sister. We began the Novena after Mass on Wednesday morning. The girls of the Academy began it on Tuesday

night. On Wednesday morning a little vial of water, in which was a relic of our Blessed Sister, was given to Sister Philomena to sip. During the day no relief came. After one o'clock that night, not having slept on account of the intense pain, she took the vial to drink. In the water, as I said, was the relic, but the Sister in drinking emptied the contents of the vial—water, relic and all. There was not water enough to enable her to swallow the relic, so she took some water from a glass that was near the bedside, and felt the relic going down her throat. Wakefulness and pain continued until six o'clock on Thursday morning. The bleeding of the eyes also continued. Shortly after six o'clock she fell into a sound sleep that lasted for about an hour. On awaking she felt that there was something in her left eye, and on applying her finger felt that it pricked. Then with finger and thumb she drew out the object, which proved to be a needle; on the point of the needle was the relic she had swallowed some hours before. After doing this she felt that she was cured, and hastened as soon as possible to the tribune in the chapel, to thank our Lord. She reached there just before Holy Communion. She remained until the end of Mass, and then went during the thanksgiving of the Sisters after Communion to the Reverend Mother, who had been sick for a few days and confined to her room with a heavy cold. She had with her the relic, which she showed to the Mother and at the same time related what had taken place.

"There was no sign of bleeding about the eyes, and the swelling of the face, arm and shoulder had all disappeared. She still continues well, eating, drinking, sleeping, working and following the community exercises like the strongest. The publicity given this cure here in St. Louis has caused a wonderful increase of devotion to our Blessed Sister. Two women have made Novenas with beneficial results,—in fact with prompt cures. We are frequently asked for relics, and the Sisters are obliged to keep some on hand."

These are the facts as given by one who is not inclined to exaggerate in one single detail.

ONLY A CROSS.

By S. A. P.

IT was only a cross, Love's token,
Held by a silken strand—
The pledge of a tryst unbroken;
It lay near a cold, white hand
One day, when the light had faded
From out all the sky and land.

It was only a cross; I touched it
With tender and loving care,
And the thought of its gracious legend
Made death, in that hour, fair.
For the peace of the Father's kingdom,
I read in the dear face there.

It was only a cross; no jewel,
No silver, nor burnished gold,
Flashed from its arms; half-hidden,
It lay 'neath the sombre fold,
Over the heart that had cherished
Its lesson, so sweet and old.

A tiny cross; but it whispered
That day when our hearts were numb,
As we bent over hands that stirred not,
And lips that in death were dumb,
This pledge from the Heart of Jesus,
"Unto her hath My Kingdom Come."

ST. IGNATIUS IN ART.

SAINT IGNATIUS.
(Del Conte.)

BESIDES the portrayal of character which St. Ignatius has left us of himself unconsciously in the *Spiritual Exercises* and in the *Constitutions* of the Society of Jesus, and consciously in the incomplete autobiography dictated to Father Louis Gonzalez, there is no lack of information concerning his virtues in the histories of his life. But of his external appearance accounts are not so full, nor have we a single original portrait of him to help us form to ourselves an entirely accurate idea of his outward semblance and bearing. All attempts made during his lifetime to induce him to allow his portrait to be painted were in vain. Father Bartoli in his "Life of St. Ignatius" speaks of a picture painted by an artist whom a Roman prelate had engaged to watch the Saint while he conversed with him, and then paint his portrait. We have been unable to ascertain anything more of this picture. The engraving on the following page represents the young knight Don Inigo de Loyola before that memorable Whit-Monday, A.D. 1521, when he was wounded at Pampeluna. He is clad in steel corselet and pauldrons, the dress of military officers engaged in active service. The shield encloses the arms of Loyola, two wolves erect peering into a pendant caldron. The original from which the engraving was made is in the former Professed House of the Society in Rome, which is now occupied as a barrack by the Piedmontese.

In the "Vigil of Arms," page 4, the Roman painter Gagliardi,

to whom the League owes its typical picture—the Heart of Jesus Pleading—presents a scene described elsewhere in this number of the MESSENGER. The steel corselet has given place to the coarse rough garment of serge, the sword and belt laid upon the altar

IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA AS A KNIGHT.
(From antique design.)

steps are replaced by the pilgrim's staff and a girdle of rope, and the helmet is laid aside forever.

Two of our engravings illustrate the life led by Ignatius the penitent knight in the cave at Manresa. Learning from what

ST. IGNATIUS AT MANRESA.
(Segers.)

passed within his own soul under the impulse of the good and evil spirits many secrets of the spiritual life, he composed the marvellous Book of the Spiritual Exercises. Not however without direct help from on high was this task executed. The constant tradition of the Society is that the Exercises "were inspired of Heaven and dictated by the Sovereign Queen of Angels."[1]

This is the scene depicted by both painters, though Mignard's picture is the more realistic. The emaciated face, the coarse rough gown, the rope girdle, the discipline, and the rock that serves as writing-desk—all help us to realize something of Manresa. The painting by Segers is rather conventional. The cave has become a large roomy apartment, the cassock and cloak of the Spanish clergy have replaced the coarse gown, the feet are covered, while a kneeling-bench and table have been considerately furnished the Saint. The execution of the original is excellent, especially in color and design and reflects great credit upon the artist, the humble Brother Gerard Segers, whose works adorn many of the Society's churches in Belgium.

Gagliardi's "Conquest of Francis Xavier" is exquisitely artistic. Walking in the corridors of the University, he tells Ignatius of his ambitious plans. The *Quid prodest* troubles his soul to its very depths, and the trouble is reflected in his face; the clenched hand raised to his breast helps to tell of the mental strain. What is the comment of the young philosophers who watch Ignatius and Francis?

The artist seems to have caught the true spirit of "The First Vows at Montmartre." Blessed Peter Faber, the first priest of the Society, has celebrated Holy Mass in the crypt of St. Denis. He turns towards his companions with the Sacred Host raised. We can almost hear the words *Ecce Agnus Dei* that accompany his rapt look of adoration. St. Ignatius kneeling on the altar step bends low in reverence. On his right kneels St. Francis Xavier, while James Laynez is at his left. The youthful Salmeron is next to Xavier, and beside him kneels Simon Rodriguez. Nicholas Bobadilla, destined to outlive all his companions, completes the group.

[1] MESSENGER, April 1891, p. 295.

ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA.
(Rubens.)

"St. Ignatius writing the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus" is a reproduction of a masterpiece preserved in the Ricasoli Palace, Florence. The artist is unknown but the pronounced characteristics of his painting give assurance that he was a countryman of St. Ignatius, or at least trained in the Spanish school. The head is typical and very finely drawn, the eyes have something of that penetrating look whose absence Peter Ribadeneira regretted in the painting executed for him by Sanchez Coëllo. The motto of the Society "A. M. D. G.," and its title, *Societas Jesu*, are written on the open page at the right; on the opposite page, partly hidden by the Saint's hand, is the seal of the Society, the I. H. S., with the cross and nails surrounded with rays of glory.

The picture painted by Rubens for the church of the Society in Antwerp is among the best known paintings of St. Ignatius. An engraving of it was given as a frontispiece to the Philadelphia edition of John Dryden's translation of Father Bouhour's *Life*, published in 1840.

The painting presents a full length figure of the Saint clad in sacerdotal garb as vested for Holy Mass. The vestments are red and embroidered in gold. The chasuble is Spanish, similar to that shown in the engraving of St. Roderick, in the April MESSENGER.

The period in the Saint's life chosen by the artist seems to be that at which he was engaged in writing the Constitutions. During that time especially, he was favored with heavenly visions, as the fragments of his spiritual notes preserved from destruction fully attest. The I. H. S. in the clouds at the left, towards which his tear-stained face is raised, is intended by the artist to recall these ecstasies. Rubens was one of the first to represent St. Ignatius in priestly vestments, and his example has been followed by many painters and engravers since his time. St. Ignatius celebrating Holy Mass or carrying the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession has been a favorite subject for brush and pencil. Appropriately too is the Saint thus represented, for who among modern Saints was more devoted to the Sacred Mysteries, or who has done more to restore the practice of frequent Communion among the faithful?

Those of his sons who have received the priesthood are obliged by rule to confess oftener than once a week, and so to live that they may be fit to offer every day the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

ALTAR OF SAINT IGNATIUS.
(Church of the Gesù, Rome.)

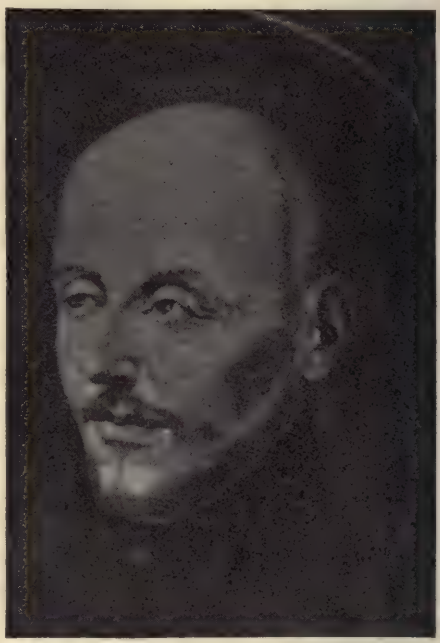
Here too we may recall the vision of Corpus Christi in heaven, in which St. Teresa saw St. Ignatius carrying the ostensorium which

contained the Sacred Host. Although we have not an original portrait of St. Ignatius, for the reason given at the beginning of this paper, yet two of our illustrations represent works that were admitted by his contemporaries to be in some measure at least accurate representations of him. The more familiar of these two pictures is the one painted after the death of the Saint by James del Conte, who had long been his penitent in Rome. This picture presents us with the typical head, "the square, high, powerful brow, the melancholy and determined, rather than stern, countenance, the short black hair, bald on the temples, [the face with] very little beard, and the slight black mustache. 'So majestic' says one of his biographers 'was the aspect of Loyola, that, during the sixteenth century few if any of the books of his Order appeared without the impress of that imperial countenance.'" These heads of St. Ignatius in the beautifully engraved frontispieces prefixed to works of the most varied kinds, the results of the labors of Jesuits in every field of learning, show the influence of del Conte's portrait. A close examination of many volumes in the libraries of the Society at Woodstock, Maryland, and Georgetown, has convinced the present writer that traditional ideas have guided the artists in their work and that these ideas have had their origin for the most part in del Conte's portrait.

And now we come to the *Vera Effigies*, the most celebrated of the portraits of St. Ignatius. Its history in brief is this. Immediately after the Saint's death casts in plaster and in wax were taken of his face and portraits painted from them. One of these casts was sent to Father Peter Ribadeneira who had been a dear disciple of the Saint and for years the youngest of all his children. When Father Ribadeneira received this cast he could not trace in it any resemblance to his beloved Father's face, and turned away from it in indignation. He besought Alonzo Sanchez Coëllo, the Portuguese Titian, to undertake the task of painting a portrait of St. Ignatius, giving him the cast and supplying for its silence by detailed descriptions of his Father.

Difficult as the task must have been, for the artist had never seen the Saint, the result of his work gave great satisfaction to

many of those who had known St. Ignatius intimately during his life. Father Ribadeneira in his "Life of St. Ignatius" declares that this painting resembles him most closely. He admitted, however, that it lacked the lifelike expression which he so much desired to see, but he excused this defect on account of the difficulty of the undertaking to attain perfect success in which "it would have been necessary for the painter to be inspired from on high or to have an Angel guide his pencil." The *Vera Effigies* is now in the possession of the Father Provincial of Spain. Our engraving is from a photograph which the late Father Joseph Prachensky, for many years chaplain to the emigrants at Ward's Island, New York, was instrumental in obtaining.



VERA EFFIGIES.
(From Wax Cast taken after Death.)

The bust in silver and bronze designed by Alonzo Cano seems to have been modelled from Coëllo's painting. Our engraving reproduces the lifelike expression of the face. Cano's work corresponds to the description given us of the Saint by Father Ribadeneira. "His forehead was broad and free from wrinkles, the eyes deep set, their glance penetrating into the heart, the nose aquiline, . . . the whole aspect agreeably grave and gravely agreeable." Profound peace of soul reflected in his face inspired joy in all who looked upon him, while the maturity that dignified all his actions never failed to inspire respect. No one was so

popular with all persons even of the most opposite characters as was St. Ignatius.

He was below medium height indeed, if we are to believe Father John Pien, the Bollandist, for his stature did not exceed sixty inches. The line printed on page 521, vol. 33, of the *Acta Sanctorum* for July, is one-sixth the Saint's height: this line measures but little over nine and five-eighths inches.

Our last engraving presents a view of what may justly be styled an artistic tribute to St. Ignatius. It is the altar dedicated in his honor in the Church of the Gesù at Rome. This altar is according to Moroni, an acknowledged authority in such matters, the most beautiful in Rome or in all Christendom. The design of the altar and shrine is due to Andrew Pozzi, a lay-brother of the Society, who was assisted in the execution of his design by a number of distinguished artists, some of whom owed their conversion from heresy to the prayers of the Saint whose tomb they adorned. In the centre of the arch which surmounts the altar is a white marble group of the Blessed Trinity, the globe of the world —the symbol of omnipotence—is made of the largest and most beautiful single piece of *lapis lazuli* hitherto known to exist. In the great niche beneath the arch stands the statue cast by Canova, to replace the silver statue that had been melted down by Pope Pius VI. at the end of the last century, when he was forced to pay the enormous tribute levied on Rome by the Directory during the French Revolution. The head and chasuble only of the present statue are of silver, the rest is covered with metal gilt.

In front of the statue and completely covering the entire niche is a great painting of the Saint, due to the brush of Brother Pozzi. By an ingenious mechanical arrangement this picture is removed on great festivals and the statue presented to view. Beneath the table of the altar is the rich casket that enshrines the relics of St. Ignatius. It is of gilded bronze, and adorned with precious stones. A masterpiece of the sculptor's art in low relief depicting the Saints of the Society, the sons whom God has given Ignatius, encircles the casket. The four great columns that support the entablature are covered with *lapis lazuli* and gilded

bronze. The pedestals of these columns, as well as the pediment and entablature, are of verd-antique. The plinths of the columns and the space above the table of the altar are adorned with exquisite bronze casts in low relief, representing events in the life of St. Ignatius and miracles wrought by him.

SILVER AND BRONZE BUST OF THE SAINT.
(Alonzo Cano.)

Space will not permit us to describe other tributes of art to the Founder of the Society of Jesus. Enough however has been said to show that the spell of his name and his glorious deeds have not been altogether forgotten.

THOUGHTS ABOUT ST. PETER.

I.

WHENEVER I think of St. Peter I always look upon him as the man who stands highest in dignity of all the sons of Adam, ever since the race began. And by this I do not mean to lessen dear St. Joseph's glory, or to imply that in the adornments of personal holiness Peter was his equal. But it must be borne in mind that, whereas Joseph was the faithful guardian of the living Son of God through His infancy and youth, Peter was the one chosen by Him to stand before the world, after the Lord Himself had left it, as the plenipotentiary of his Master, empowered to speak in His name and to decide with His authority. Hence, his dignity of position, due to his official character rather than to any merit of his, singles him out, in the annals of human history, as the man of men authorized to act as the visible representative and spokesman of the invisible Son of God.

Surely a solemn moment it was when our Blessed Lord, at Cesarea Philippi, under the shadows of storied Hermon, asked His disciples what were the opinions afloat among the people about Him!

He clearly meant to ask what were the guesses or the beliefs of men about His *official character:* for, as a matter of simple fact, He was known everywhere *personally,* throughout Galilee and Judea, as Jesus of Nāzareth. Wherefore, we find in the answers such names as Elias, or John the Baptist, or one of the Prophets. Their answers, as St. Leo very aptly remarks, "were human as long as they were the answers of human reason, unilluminated by Divine light. At last, when the glimmerings of earthly conjecture were spoken, he whose apostleship is the first in dignity, was the first to confess his Lord. *And Simon Peter*

answered and said: Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."[1] That is to say, Peter recognized the Anointed of God, the Desired of the Nations, the *Messiah*. He proclaimed the true character and office which belonged to Jesus of Nazareth. Nor was this accuracy on Peter's part due to any keenness of observation or brightness of understanding which he possessed beyond the others. The Lord Himself tells him that it was owing to the enlightening grace—the lifting of the veil—which the Father in Heaven had, of His bounty, bestowed.

Peter, then, having, by divine illumination, caught the full meaning of the office which Jesus the Son of God had come on earth to discharge, our Lord speaks back to Peter to tell him of *his* official character which, up to that time, he could not have dreamed of. The words are clear and graphic in their simple meaning; and it is passing strange that there should be any human mind so obtuse as not to understand them. Perhaps it is a perversity of will which misdirects the aim of the understanding! Howsoever it may be, this seems to be the plain statement of the case. Peter had said: *Thou art the Christ;* and for this he had been commended and called blessed. Then our Lord speaks: *And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church.*[2] How could He have said in a clearer way: Even as My Father hath revealed unto thee that I am the Christ, even so, I now make known unto thee that thou art the *Rock—Cephas*, Πετρος, *petra*—the name I have already given you to signify the *office* to which I have assigned you.

The language is, of course, metaphorical, but none the less truthful, since our Lord would not deal in metaphor either to mystify or to mislead those who are eager for the truth. How, then, are we to gather the full meaning of His words? Just in this way. He was about to found what He called His Church, or the Kingdom of God upon earth. The idea and the words in which it is conveyed, are taken from the common notion of a building. If therefore we ask what is the best foundation for a building, common sense replies: a solid rock. How was Peter

[1] St. Matthew, xvi. 16. [2] Ib., 18.

such a rock? Is it the flesh and bones of the man we are to look to as furnishing the solidity? Manifestly not: for they were like the flesh and bones of other men destined to crumble into dust and ashes. We must pass from the metaphor to that which it illustrates, and then we find the meaning to be: Even as the solid rock is the sure foundation of a building, so also is that faith of thine and its profession the foundation of My Church. Peter believing and professing his belief is the foundation of the Church of Jesus Christ; and it is only by union with Peter in that same faith and in that same confession thereof that any one can have assurance of being in the Church of Jesus Christ. Peter's clearness of idea and strength of profession had come from God. As St. Leo says, it is just as if our Lord had said to him: "Upon this strength of thine, whereof I am the Strength, I will build My eternal temple, and upon the truth of thy confession of Me I will make to rise My glorious Church whose spires shall pierce to heaven."

Somewhat in the same strain does St. Augustine speak of this official dignity conferred upon the blessed Apostle. "It was the Lord Himself," says he, "Who called Peter the foundation of the Church: and therefore it is right that the Church should reverence this foundation upon which her mighty structure riseth. Justly is it written in the Psalm: *Let them exalt him in the congregation of the people and praise him in the assembly of the elders.* Blessed be God, Who hath commanded that the Blessed Apostle Peter should be exalted in the congregation! Worthy to be honored by the Church is that foundation from which her goodly towers rise, pointing to heaven!"

These are but two out of a host of witnesses who might be summoned, from the far past, to give evidence of the lofty esteem in which the name and the office of Peter were held by the Christian Church, in days gone by. He had no competitor in fame, and the splendor of his glory among Christians had no cloud to dim its lustre! But why was it thus? Was there anything in the man himself which fitted him for such sublime honors, or which rendered him more worthy than others to receive them?

The answer must be *yes;* although, by human standards judged, and measured by the laws of worldly wisdom, it would be emphatically *no.* For it is undeniably true that of the chosen twelve, Peter who denied his Master was almost as low as Judas who first betrayed Him; and mankind seldom pardons such an act of disloyalty. Still, it must be borne in mind that the divine benevolence of our Lord had something far higher and nobler in view than the mere punishing of culprits or the branding of the disloyal. He wished to arouse in the very weakest of men a spirit of hope, and to show to every fickle offender that there is still in him a power which, at the divine bidding, may render him capable of rising above his lowly estate and of striving to place himself among the elect of God. Wherefore He chose Peter, the impulsive, the loving, the loyal, the blundering, the presumptuous, the valiant, the cowardly, the unfaithful, the *Repentant,* to be the foundation of His Church, because, by that Church's ministration, He wished to save from perdition such fickle, wavering, cowardly and unsteady sons of Adam as we have found ourselves to be. Peter's example gives us courage and, at the same time, extols the divine tenderness of Him Who raised Peter to such a height of dignity, for our instruction.

The character of the man, as we find it portrayed in the Gospel history, furnishes a splendid illustration of the combat between nature and grace; and it shows, moreover, how grace victorious acts towards the human nature it has conquered. It does not obliterate or destroy: it simply directs and controls. It does not take men and fit them into one mould and then force them out mechanically, impressed with the same shape and doomed to act with the same automatic precision. Nothing of the sort. The grace of God benignly takes the individual as he is and, by enlightening his understanding and moving his will, leads him to show himself, in his own individuality, a better man, though the same man; a holier man, though not another man.

Peter's character and impulsive nature show themselves at his very first meeting with our Lord. It was on the Sea of Tiberias, the theatre of several subsequent characteristic exploits.

They had been fishing all night and had taken nothing, when a stranger appeared and told them how to cast their nets. At once Peter spoke up and told him of their ill-success. But he added, as if in respectful recognition of the kindly interest displayed: "at thy word I will let down the net." The result was an immense haul of fish; and, whilst the others were busy in gathering them into the boat, Peter had thrown himself at the knees of his benefactor—who was no other than Jesus—and said: *Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O Lord.*[3] It was the beginning of his great faith: the work of grace was not as yet complete. The invitation to follow Jesus and to engage in the work of *fishing for men* was accepted with ready cheerfulness and an abandonment of all things which before had engaged his thoughts or his cares. He loved our Lord with that enthusiastic or impulsive affection which, as a rule, sets sober thought aside and makes the one who is under its spell imagine that he can dare and do things far above his strength. It has a natural tendency to give rise to presumption, inasmuch as it takes no heed of difficulties and does not easily brook opposition. This trait of Peter's devotedness is illustrated in the well-known incident of the walking upon the water. The disciples had been ordered by their Master *to go up into the ship, that they might go before Him over the water to Bethsaida.*[4] Accordingly they started and very soon discovered that wind and wave were against them. *But the boat in the midst of the sea was tossed with the waves: for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night, He came to them walking upon the sea. And they seeing Him walking upon the sea were troubled, saying: It is an apparition. And they cried out for fear. And immediately Jesus spoke to them, saying: Be of good heart: it is I, fear ye not. And Peter making answer said: Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee upon the waters.*[5] This seems to be a direct challenge to our Lord to put His disciple's love and confidence in Him to a severe test. *And He said: Come. And Peter going down out of the boat, walked upon the water to come to Jesus. But seeing the wind strong, he was afraid: and when he began to sink,*

[3] St. Luke, v. [4] St. Mark, vi. 45. [5] St. Matthew, xiv. 24, etc.

he cried out, saying: Lord save me. And immediately Jesus stretching forth His hand took hold of him, and said to him: O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?[6] The fact was that Peter presumed upon his own strength and found that it was a very unsafe reliance for such a wonderful work as walking upon water. How very different was his conduct at a later day. His love of Jesus was not less but far greater, yet experience and divine grace had trained its impulses to work by safer methods. Wishing to pass from the boat to our Lord he plunged into the water and swam like an ordinary man. The bitter memory of what had taken place in the house of the High Priest was an abiding exhortation to him and a warning against trust in self. He was, in a sublime degree, that which he urged others to become: *children of obedience, not fashioned according to the former desires of your ignorance.*[7]

And is it not a beautiful manifestation of Christian spirit that we see in the writings of St. Peter? He is so helpful and comforting; gives such a lofty idea of the dignity of being a Christian; speaks with such fatherly warning of the dangers which surround the follower of Christ, and everywhere shows forth so much mercy, hope and love.

THE READER.

*

Protestants are forever asserting that the Bible, interpreted by each individual, is the only guide in matters of belief. We need no other proof of the falsehood of such teaching than the discordant tenets of its apostles. While professing that the Bible is their only guide and that there are certain essential truths that all readers of Holy Scripture easily perceive, there seems to be—excepting perhaps the necessity of faith—no one truth that all admit. The sublime dogma of our Lord's Divinity some deny

[6] Ib. 29, etc. [7] I. Peter, i. 14.

and others question, while many clearly prove by their words and writings that they have but a very imperfect idea of it. Each individual has his own views and shapes his own creed accordingly, denying to-day what yesterday he held as true.

There can be no common belief unless there be a divinely-constituted power to control minds and enforce agreement. This we learn from the Bible, for St. Peter assures us that in the Scripture *there are some things hard to be understood which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own perdition.* That there is question here of essential truths the words, *wrest to perdition,* indicate, for no man can wrest to his perdition a truth so indifferent as to be unnecessary for the salvation of his soul. There must then be an interpreter of Holy Scripture, and there is none other than the Church. She has always claimed this exclusive privilege, and her claim is a proof that it is hers. Holy Scripture attests that her claims are solidly grounded, for they are founded on the word of God. This prerogative the Son of God solemnly conferred on her, for He commissioned her to teach all nations, to make known to them all truth, promising His special assistance and hurling an anathema of eternal reprobation against those who would not believe. Reverently did she take up the sacred deposit entrusted to her keeping and with Christ's special guidance she has borne it down through the ages. All the truths she then received she declares to the world to-day. We must listen to her and believe what she teaches if we wish to be saved, for she is the repository of the divine word and the truths she proposes constitute the creed absolutely requisite for salvation.

With Protestants then we hold that the Bible is the word of God, but to know what books are a part of Scripture, what passages are revealed, what explanation must be given to certain texts, we must turn to the Church whose office it is to teach all truth. The Bible is a rule of faith, but not the only one; Tradition is a guide, for Christ bade His Apostles and their divinely-constituted successors to teach and not to write; and to their teaching we must look for our belief, and they have ever taught that both Tradition and Holy Writ contain the revealed word of God.

* *

The celebration of the Tercentenary of St. Aloysius was generally observed in our American churches, and in many places the novena or triduum recommended by the Holy Father preceded the feast. Some cities, like our own city of Philadelphia, gathered the various societies of young men into the Cathedral where heart and mind were refreshed with devotional exercises and instructed by the discourses of noted preachers. In some dioceses the commemoration of the Tercentenary was of episcopal regulation and was made the subject of a special circular letter.

* * *

The Circular Letter of the Right Reverend John A. Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, printed in the *Catholic Columbian*, was particularly applicable in its directness and eloquent in its fervor, as may be seen by this extract:

"Aloysius Gonzaga, having in a short life of three and twenty years *fulfilled the long time* of the Holy Scripture, has now for three centuries stood before the world as a lovely pattern of chaste innocence, a noble specimen of devoted love for God and self-sacrificing charity for man, and a glorious example of saintly courage and constancy; in short, a perfect model of a blameless character and an heroic type of young Christian manliness. During the Novena or Triduum, which you will celebrate in your church in anticipation of his Feast, and which you will invite old and young to join in, you will, I trust, make St. Aloysius known to your flock in a series of attractive and instructive sermons. His life will reveal the reasons and motives, which have moved many Sovereign Pontiffs to propose him as the Model of Youth, the Patron of innocence, the Protector of school-children, the Defender of all Christian students and the faithful Fosterer of all those Catholic principles, which the young of both sexes stand in special need of in these perilous times, and which will be impressed upon their characters and lives by the happy influence of his patronage and the faithful imitation of his example. Not only school-children but all the sodalities and societies of men and women, old and young, should be urged to celebrate this Feast and to do the things which are prescribed for the gaining of the Indulgences. Parents also should join with their children in honoring this Angelic Protector of Youth; for surely Catholic fathers and mothers have a special interest in securing the patronage of one, whose example and intercession are so important to their children."

* * * *

The Tercentenary has added considerably to Aloysian literature. Benziger Brothers, of Einsiedeln, Switzerland, have issued a splendid *Life of St. Aloysius*, based on the first biography of the Saint by Father Cepari. Its editor is Father P. Michel, S. J., who has annotated the work and added many unpublished letters and documents. It is beautifully and profusely illustrated. It was published simultaneously in French, German, Italian, Spanish and English. The popularity of the *Life* written by the rhetoricians of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, and edited by Father J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J., their professor, is shown by the extraordinary demand for it. Within two months from its issue it reached the tenth edition. Both these biographies should be within easy reach of our young men and women. We may add that the smaller *Life* published by the MESSENGER has had its share of readers, for it has reached its thirtieth thousand.

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The library of Saints' biographies has been still further enriched by the Paris publishers, Plon, Nourrit et Cie., who have issued, for the fourth centenary of his birth, a *Life of St. Ignatius*. Father C. Clair, S. J., is the author. He follows closely the text of the Saint's first biographer, the Spanish Father Ribadeneira. The book is richly illustrated with cuts, etchings and heliogravures, after designs from the artists Rubens, Mignard, Cano, Seghers, Wierx, and others. Some of these we have reproduced in this number of the MESSENGER. Unfortunately, the work is for French readers only.

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The Catholic press has well employed the space in its columns by printing in full the Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father on the Condition of Labor. Nothing proves so convincingly the unerring guidance of the Father of the faithful as this latest pronouncement of Pope Leo XIII. on the question of labor which is uppermost in a multitude of minds to-day. Every one who can read should read this Encyclical Letter. Benziger Brothers, New York, have issued it in a convenient and cheap form.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR JULY, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

CHRISTIAN DOCTORS.

I.

"Where there are three doctors, there are two atheists," say the Italians. And the truth is, the medical profession more than any other, seems to expose its members to the danger of moral and religious shipwreck. Constant familiarity with human misery and weakness blunts their sense of awe and reverence. The two great mysteries of life, birth to-day and death to-morrow; the entrance into the world of a living soul and its final passage into eternity, cease after awhile to impress the man of the test tube and the scalpel. These events are for him merely occasions to display his skill and experience. They do not speak to him of God, and the immortality of souls, of the nothingness of man and the greatness of the Creator. Or if they do he feels inclined to put these thoughts out of his head, as likely to disturb his judgment and weaken his nerves. Chemistry he knows, and the effects of some few drugs on the human compound, the use of the knife he is familiar with, but the influence of faith, and of prayer on his own skill and on his patient's condition, the possibility of help and suggestion from supernatural sources he rarely thinks of. These are not merely negligeable quantities in his practice, they are entirely outside his life. And this is true of many who nevertheless practise their religion. What must be the result in the case of doctors who have no faith, whose entire training has been in materialistic and infidel hands?

II.

Now though it be true, to borrow the rule laid down by Saint Ignatius of Loyola for the conduct of life, that "in all things we must act as if God did not exist, and as if we were entirely dependent on ourselves," we should not forget the second part of the same rule, that we must at the same time "act as if everything depended on God, and as if we were for nothing in the work we have in hand." *All healing is from God,* says the Wise man,[1] . . . *The Most High hath created medicines out of the earth.* . . . *The virtue of these things is come to the knowledge of men and the Most High hath given this knowledge to men that He may be honored in His wonders. The Lord created the Physician.* To ignore God then in the practice of the healing art, to shut one's eyes to the continual intervention of His special Providence is folly.

III.

Where this spirit goes farther and becomes as it were a system, influencing the views of the physician, and ruling his practice, it is not only folly; it becomes a clear menace to society and to religion. What sense of responsibility can we expect in a doctor, who practically denies the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the dignity of human nature? Pain is, in his view, a pure and unadulterated evil. To alleviate pain is with him a first principle. Does it cost innocent life to do this? What matters it that a soul is hurried into eternity without Baptism, and so shall never see God? Will it cause a sinner who has spent long years far from God, to sink into a stupor from which only the searching light that surrounds the tribunal of the Eternal Judge will arouse him? What matters it? The man dies peacefully and quietly. The animal has been ministered to. The immortal soul has been damned perhaps: but the doctor goes his way satisfied. Perhaps it is question of gaining quick results, of satisfying a patient at any cost. Stimulants, disguised perhaps, but deadly still, will effect this. What matters it, that the patient, for the sake of immediate relief, is inducted into habits which

[1] Ecclesiasticus, xxxviii.

will finally cloud his life and cause him to sink into a dishonored grave? This is only one side of the evil which doctors, whose responsibilities sit lightly on them, may inflict on the world. What might we not add on the influence of such men on public and private morality?

IV.

Greatly then do we need to pray for Christian Doctors. We need men not inferior in attainments to the best; men who can speak with authority to their professional brethren. We need them to leaven the mass. Already in one of our large cities a movement has been set on foot among the Catholic physicians, to induce promising Catholic young men to take up the study of medicine. God grant that this action of theirs may prove successful. The good they will do is incalculable; for great as is the power of the medical faculty for evil, greater far is its influence for good.

Indeed it is not without deep significance that our Blessed Lord is called the Physician of Souls or that He pointed out the parallelism between His work among men and that of the doctor. "*They that are whole,*" He said to the carping Pharisees, "*need not the physician, but they that are sick.*[2] The physician and the priest stand side by side. Birth, life and often enough a happy death, depend much on the skill and, the conscience of the doctor, and let us hasten to add, on his friendship with God. Heavier responsibilities were never laid on human shoulders.

And if we take him out of the sick-room and put him in the laboratory, what service may he not render the cause of truth, that is of Jesus Christ. To watch the tactics of the open enemies of religion and revelation; to follow them step by step in the researches and experiments on which they rely to disprove and dethrone God; to point out their fallacies and mispresentations of facts; to put himself in the van of discovery and to force the world to see that truth cannot be opposed to truth, that the God Who *created medicines out of the earth* and *gave the knowledge of them* to men, is the same God Who *at sundry times and in divers*

[2] St. Luke, v. 31.

manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets; and last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by His Son, Whom He hath appointed heir of all things.[4] One and the same is the God of Science and the God of Revelation and between these two there can be no conflict.

Let us then, Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart, pray, fervently during this month that in view of the pressing needs of the world and of souls and in view of the interests of the Church, God may raise up a generation of truly learned and truly Christian Doctors.

OFFERING FOR THE INTENTIONS OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship and especially for the increase of learned and practically Christian Doctors. *Amen.*

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS.

THE Apostleship of Prayer, as organized and approved in the Church, is best known by the name of the League of the Sacred Heart—the title chosen for it by Father Ramière and used in the Briefs of the Sovereign Pontiffs (28 May, 1879; 24 August, 1884).

The practice of the First Degree, the daily Morning Offering, is an essential condition for gaining the Indulgences and privileges, or for sharing in the Mutual Prayer, by the Associates.

The Bands of the Second Degree are essential to the organization of the League in a Local Centre by the Promoters.

Where religious communities become Centres of the League, it is necessary that each member should be admitted singly.

A full explanation of the very simple but effective working of the League is found in the authorized *Handbook.*

[4] Hebrews, i. 1.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (May 12 to June 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Alton, Illinois: Ursuline Convent, Decatur.

Boston, Massachusetts: House of the Angel Guardian (Brothers of Charity), Boston.

Brooklyn, New York: Church of the Holy Rosary and St. Matthew's Church, Brooklyn.

Chicago, Illinois: Nativity Church and St. Bernard's Church, Chicago; St. Patrick's Church, St. Charles; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Morris.

Cleveland, Ohio: Church of the Immaculate Conception, Bellevue; Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Defiance.

Columbus, Ohio: St. Paul's Church, Athens; St. Genevieve's Church, Calmoutier; Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, Black Creek; St. Peter's Church, Millersburg; St. George's Church, Coshocton.

Davenport, Iowa: Academy of Our Lady of Lourdes (Sisters of Charity), Burlington.

Grand Rapids, Michigan: St. Mary's Church, Hemlock.

Helena, Montana: St. Xavier's Mission, Fort Custer.

Lincoln, Nebraska: Church of St. John Baptist, Plattsmouth.

Little Rock, Arkansas: St. Andrew's Cathedral, Little Rock.

Louisville, Kentucky: St. Peter's Church, Louisville.

Monterey and Los Angeles, California: Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Santa Barbara.

Newark, New Jersey: Church of St. Rose of Lima, Newark (Roseville).

New Orleans, Louisiana: Church of St. Maurice, New Orleans.

New York, New York: St. John's Church, Goshen; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Tompkin's Cove.

Peoria, Illinois: St. Joseph's Church, Loda.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Novitiate of "St. Michel" (Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament), Torresdale.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Sacred Heart Church, Emsworth; St. John's Church, Johnstown; Holy Trinity Church, Huntingdon; St. Paul's Church, Butler.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Louis' Cathedral, St. Louis; St. Vincent's Church, Cape Girardeau; St. Joseph's Asylum (Sisters of St. Joseph), St. Louis.

Scranton, Pennsylvania: St. Joseph's Church, Minooka.

Sioux Falls, S. Dakota: St. Peter's Church, Standing Rock Agency; St. Barbara's Church, Centerville.

Vincennes, Indiana: St. Augustine's Church, Leopold; St. Patrick's School (Sisters of Providence), Terre Haute.

Wheeling, West Virginia: St. Joseph's Church, Huntington.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from May 12 to June 12, 1891.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	1,018,599	11. Masses Heard	135,869
2. Beads	285,262	12. Mortifications	227,568
3. Stations of the Cross	49,186	13. Works of Charity	102,881
4. Holy Communions	71,793	14. Works of Zeal	1,256,399
5. Spiritual Communions	292,763	15. Prayers	5,173,020
6. Examens of Conscience	213,142	16. Charitable Conversation	35,903
7. Hours of Labor	410,045	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	148,986
8. Hours of Silence	218,776	18. Self-Conquest	105,708
9. Pious Reading	158,193	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	260,110
10. Masses Celebrated	2,130	20. Various Good Works	511,257
Total			10,713,590

The above returns represent five hundred and sixty-one Centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 105,754.

—*The Lord hath done great things for us; we are become joyful* (Psalm cxxv. 3).—

NEWBURGH, N. Y., MAY 12.—My brother, who had ruined a happy home by drink, has reformed.

NEW YORK, MAY 14.—Thanks for the grace of a happy death granted to our father. He was stricken down with apoplexy, but recovered consciousness for five or six hours and received all the last Sacraments. He was recommended to the prayers of the League for the past two years, and we feel it is through those prayers that the Sacred Heart has granted him that greatest of all graces.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., MAY 16.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a journey made in safety.

BALTIMORE, MD., MAY 18.—Thanks for a knowledge of my vocation and for having successfully passed my examinations.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, MAY 16.—Very grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart for a special favor obtained through the intercession of St. Joseph as "Friend of the Sacred Heart."

SYRACUSE, N. Y., MAY 19.—Thanks for a *great* favor. This favor was almost a miracle.

STAMFORD, CONN., MAY 24.—Thanks for a favor granted one day after I promised to have it published in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 20.—A Promoter desires to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a lady whose case was thought incurable by several physicians.

GLENDIVE, MONTANA, MAY 21.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the recovery from sickness of a family.

VICKSBURG, MISS., MAY 23.—Many thanks to the Sacred Heart for spiritual and temporal favors—especially for overcoming my temper.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY 25.—The young man for whom I offered thanksgiving for restored health, has been again prostrated, but greater thanks to the Sacred Heart, for the first time in thirteen years he made his confession and is now reconciled perfectly to God's Holy Will. A happy death is begged for him.

HIGH BRIDGE, N. Y., MAY 28.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for success of an operation performed on the 12th inst.

MOLINE, ILL., MAY 27.—A year ago I gave in, among other intentions, one for the conversion of my mother to the Faith. Mother was born in Wales, of Protestant parents, and her childhood was past where Catholics are almost unknown. She has been a member of several Protestant denominations. I am very grateful to say that, after the intention being repeated a year, mother was converted and received into Holy Church.

HASTINGS, NEB., MAY 19.—A special thanksgiving for the conversion of one of our pupils. She was baptized when a child but had never been instructed, in fact hardly knew she was a Catholic. She was unwilling to be instructed, so the badge was given her with injunction to say one our Father and Hail Mary every day. She herself told me that it was the only thing that changed her. She made her first Holy Communion on the 17th with all possible fervor.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY 21.—Special thanksgiving for a young man who has been recommended to the Sacred Heart since the League was established in Los Angeles. He recently went to Holy Communion for the first time in eighteen years. His con-

version is a real miracle of grace. He was a very immoral man and also a member of a Secret Society.

PATERSON, N. J., MAY 25.—A young man on whose bond I went for his honesty went off with some money. I expected to have it to pay which to me would have been a very serious matter as I could not afford it. On Friday I promised, on the Monday following I was informed that a relative of his would refund to me any money I would have to pay for him. The young man is back to the city. His affairs I understand are all settled with the concern and I am satisfied I have heard the last of the claim.

MARTIN'S FERRY, O., MAY 25.—There are three favors for which we return our sincere thanks. This town and school were preserved through the prayers of the Holy League, from the diseases which proved so fatal all around us. We wanted an organ for our Sodalities and school. There was not a ray of hope of getting one. About three months ago, I sent this intention to the Holy League, and to our great joy we got an organ the first of our dear Mother's month. A music class was recommended to the Holy League last February. It has increased rapidly since.

SHREVEPORT, LA., MAY 25.—Special thanks for the conversion of a lady, who with her two youngest children, recently received the sacrament of baptism. They had been recommended monthly for more than a year. Also, for the conversion of a gentleman who was baptized and made his first Communion, after having been recommended for seven or eight months to the prayers of the Holy League.

——, MINN., MAY 27.—I desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the grace of having made a good confession and Communion after an absence of several years from my religious duties. I had become more bitter than Voltaire against the Church from reading infidel books. In a single moment Almighty God literally smote me in the dust by taking from me a child whom I idolized. Since then I have found no consolation in life only in the practice of my religious duties. I have reason to believe that the favor I asked of the Sacred Heart has been granted me.

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS., MAY 28.—Special thanks for the preservation of the community and the pupils from *la grippe* during the whole session, although it was raging all around us.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., MAY 29.—Thanks for the conversion of several Protestants, and lukewarm Catholics. Among the latter was one who had not approached the Communion railing for twenty-three years, and another who had been a Freemason and had neglected his religious duties for twenty-four years.

YONKERS, N. Y., JUNE 5.—My sister was sick for two years, and could find no relief. For the last five months I have recommended her to the prayers of the League, and she is now steadily improving, so that we soon expect her complete restoration to health. My niece was taken suddenly ill one night lately and we all thought her at the point of death; I placed a Badge on her forehead and implored the help of the Sacred Heart, and almost immediately she became better. For these two signal favors, I desire to render my sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart, and I trust my experience may encourage others to a confiding faith in the love and mercy of God.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA., JUNE 5.—Special thanks are returned the Sacred Heart for having averted a great flood here when everyone was convinced that a flood was inevitable. The two rivers which hem our town in, were already flowing over the streets and were still rising and the rain falling in torrents, when in our distress we called upon the Sacred Heart, promising that if aid was vouchsafed to us, we would publish His mercy in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. Immediately our prayer was heard, for the rain ceased at once and our preparations for moving to the hillside were stopped. The rivers returned to their beds more rapidly than they are known ever to have done before.

BALTIMORE, MD., JUNE 5.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return to the faith and happy death of a relative.

PITTSBURGH, PA., JUNE 6.—Sincere thanks for the entire amendment of a friend who was addicted to drunkenness.

BOSTON, JUNE 7.—In March a young man was told, by his

physician, not to think of going South, as he could not stand a long journey, his lungs were in such a condition. I put an intention in the League box for his recovery, and promised to write to the MESSENGER if he recovered. In a few days he felt better, and went South, where he has improved in health ever since, and expects to return to his family in a short time. I asked for his recovery through the intercession of St. Aloysius.

UTICA, N. Y., JUNE 9.—Thanks for the conversion of a brother who had not attended church nor approached the Sacraments in two years. He made his Easter duty, and received employment the next day, having been idle about a year.

CHICAGO, JUNE 8.—A thanksgiving for the recovery of my sister from a severe illness and also for a successful operation performed on my niece. All the doctors had given up the case of my niece.

WILKINSBURG, PA., JUNE 11.—A man who had not approached the Sacraments for more than twenty-five years, joined the League, the first degree; his two sons joined the third degree at the same time. He has been recommended to the prayers of the Associates by them and others. He made his Easter and has received Holy Communion twice since, the last time on the feast of the Sacred Heart.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—Thanks for the gaining of a law-suit, a raise in salary, cure of a person of unsound mind, and reform of a woman who drank.—Also, for the restoration of five people to health, three reconciliations, three spiritual favors, one temporal, and the happy death of a Promoter, all recommended for four months.—For the conversion of a young man recommended last month.—Special thanks to the Sacred Heart for a vocation that had been prayed for during years.—Conversion of the parents of one of our pupils, which has been the means of securing a priest for a district never before visited by a priest.—For a good resolution kept.—For my brother's conversion.—For employment obtained in a very unexpected way.—For the complete restoration of failing eye-sight. It had been frequently recommended to the prayers of the League.

THE ASSUMPTION.

(From a photograph after Furn.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VI (XXVI). AUGUST, 1891. No. 8

MARY.

By Helen Grace Smith.

ABOVE all dreams that mortals e'er have dreamed,
Above all sense of beauty or delight,
Thou, love of loves, most dear hast ever seemed,
Thou star forever shining through our night!

O mystery of loving! Deep inwound
Within the deep recesses of our heart,
We hold thee close, for closely thou art bound
To us with bands no time, no death can part.

For that same death that pierced thy Mother's soul,
And laid thy wounded Son upon thy knee,
That death hath made thee ours, and now the whole
Of life, with love, is consecrate to thee.

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And for His sake, Who chose thee above all
To be His Mother; He Whose baby brow
And tender cheek felt thy soft kisses fall,
For His sweet sake, we love and praise thee now.

We love and praise thee, trusting in thy care,
For, though we lose all else, thou still art near,
To help and comfort with thy promise fair
Of love enduring through all doubt and fear.

Of love so great that thou didst give thine own,
Thy Child for us, Who was thine all to give,
So, give we unto thee our hearts alone
For love of Him, Who died that we might live.

THE HOSPICE OF MT. CARMEL AT NIAGARA FALLS.

By the Rev. Philip A. Best, O.C.C.

I.

CARMEL—"the garden of God"—rich in its growth of oaks, pines and olives, is the name of the Mount often alluded to in the imagery of the Prophets, and renowned in the history of the Jewish people, among whom it was proverbial as a place abounding in all good things. Mount Carmel is likewise the prolific soil in which the great Prophet Elias planted that vine which as yet has never ceased to bloom, whose branches have

CARMELITE MONASTERY, NIAGARA FALLS.
(Present building.)

spread throughout the world, and whose members still denote their birthplace by their time-honored name—the Carmelites. 930 B. C. to A. D. 1891 would be the terminating points of their chronology if the history of the Carmelites were published.

This is no mere assertion. It is clear to every student of Bible history that the claim for such antiquity is a justifiable one. The Carmelites do not claim to have existed as an *Order* from the days of the Prophets, since they were not recognized as such until two thousand and sixty-seven years after their patriarch St. Elias. Then, at the first general chapter held on Mount Carmel in 1141, St. Berthold was elected the first general of the Order.

CARMELITE COAT-OF-ARMS.

What the religious of the Order of Mt. Carmel claim, is that the disciples of St. Elias persevered on Mt. Carmel, and put into practice the rule of life laid down for them by the holy Prophet, and that their successors imitated them, and continued to lead the same life until with the sanction of Holy Church they became an Order, compact and organized. Proofs are plenty. The claim was disputed in 1374. After a careful examination of the question, the famous University of Cambridge, England, conceded to the Carmelites their just claim, and declared that they were justified in styling themselves "the successors of the holy Prophet Elias."

One more proof will suffice. Popes Sixtus IV., Julius II., Gregory XIII. and Clement VIII., in their Bulls, declared that "the sacred Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, which now flourishes in God's Church, and the members of it, are the lawful successors of the Holy Prophets Elias and Eliseus." Besides, Pope Benedict XIII. allowed Father Gaspar Pizzolanti, the Father General of the order in 1722, to erect in St. Peter's Church in Rome a statue of St. Elias bearing the inscription, "Founder and Patriarch of Carmelites," which to-day occupies

the first place among the statues of the founders of religious orders.

The most prominent feature in the history of the Carmelites is the close relation which they bear to the Blessed Virgin. It is a tradition among them that their Order was founded in honor of the Immaculate Virgin long before she had appeared in this world.

The habitation of the hermits being but three miles from the house of St. Anne, it is said that the Blessed Virgin, accompanied by her mother, frequently visited these sons of the Prophets, who were very much devoted to her. Knowing her future greatness, they had great veneration for her, and looked up to her as the mother of their congregation.

More than this. During the lifetime of the Blessed Virgin, in the year 38, these same religious built the first chapel ever erected in her honor. On account of this intense devotion to their Queen they were generally known as the "Brothers of the Blessed Virgin Mary." The Holy Virgin showed in a wonderful manner how pleased she was with this title used by her brethren. In 1317 the Carmelites had a Convent at Chester, England. They assumed their usual title of "Brothers of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel." Many took offence at this, and treated the friars with contempt. Mary was not slow in coming to the defence of her favorite Order. A scourge, in the shape of a pestilence, fell upon their enemies.

The Abbot of St. Bamburg, then governor of the city, ordered a solemn procession in order to appease the divine wrath. The Carmelites joined the procession, and whilst passing a statue of the Blessed Virgin bowed their heads in veneration, saluting it with an *Ave Maria*. As they did so, the statue bowed its head, stretched forth its finger and pointing to the Carmelites repeated thrice in a distinct voice: "Behold, these my brethren!" The Church approved of this honored title and encouraged the faithful to use it when addressing those to whom it belonged.

The crowning proof of Mary's love for her favorite Order was given when, in the person of St. Simon Stock, she bequeathed

CARMELITE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF PEACE.

to her children what she herself called "the sign of my confraternity," the Brown Scapular.

During St. Simon's time many persecutions had been raised against the holy Order; some opposed its privileges, others disliked the title it enjoyed. St. Simon invoked the Blessed Virgin to come to the assistance of the Order, and begged her to give some special mark of her protection. As he was praying in the oratory of the Convent at Cambridge on July 16, 1251, the glorious Queen appeared to him, holding the holy Scapular in her hands, and said to him:

"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the covenant of peace and everlasting alliance."

Having said these words she left the sacred habit in his hands and disappeared. It is unnecessary to explain this promise of the Blessed Virgin contained in the above words. Nor need I speak of the propagation of the Scapular among the faithful, the miracles wrought by it, or the numerous Indulgences attached to it. Let it suffice to refer the reader to the ably written series of articles on "The Meaning of the Scapular," which appeared in the MESSENGER in 1889.

The chief end of the Carmelite order was, and is, the cultivation of the life of prayer—a life interior, hidden and contemplative. At the request of the Sovereign Pontiffs the Carmelites joined the active to the contemplative life, but only where necessity and the utility of the neighbor demanded it. Although they are now in the Latin Church and are ranked among the great mendicant orders, they still retain the Oriental customs in their liturgy. In the celebration of Mass and recitation of the Divine Office, they conform to the ancient rite of the Church of Jerusalem.

Their habit is distinctly Oriental. It is of brown wool, and comprises a tunic and cincture. Over this, subsequent to St. Simon Stock's time, they wear the Scapular, similar in form to

the one worn by St. Simon, and of which the small Scapular worn by the faithful is an imitation: the habit is completed by a cowl of similar material. In addition to this, these religious have also a white cloak, which is an imitation of the cloak of the Prophet Elias, and is worn on particular and solemn occasions, such as in choir on great festivals, in processions, when giving missions, etc. Hence it is that they are distinguished among the other regulars as the *White Friars*.

Parochial duties are not the calling of the Carmelite Order. Necessity, as in a missionary country like our own, may for a time demand their services in that direction, but it is only for a time. The province of the Order is to give missions and retreats, to direct souls called to a higher state of perfection, and to sanctify its own members.

As regards their Rule, the Carmelites can be said to have had three: The first began with the order itself. It was unwritten. It was simply an imitation of the lives of the Prophets in which the religious persevered until the time of the Apostles. Then they embraced the Evangelical Counsels. The Carmelites obtained their second rule from John, Bishop of Jerusalem, in the year 400. This rule was a compendium of the sayings and practices of the old Fathers of the desert. The third and principal rule is that drawn up for them by St. Albert, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, A.D. 1151.

This last rule, somewhat modified by the Popes to suit different times and countries, is the one observed by the Carmelites of the present day.

This rule is interpreted by the constitutions. The latter prescribe everything for the working of the order in general and give in detail the duties of the individual members. They rarely dispense or allow a curtailing of the time appointed for mental prayer, and frequently call attention to the fact that the first office of the Carmelite is interior prayer, and that the duties of Martha must not absorb those of Mary. Every order has its peculiar spirit and that of the Carmelites is the spirit of prayer. Their devotion to Mary shows itself even in the smallest things; for instance, if a

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Carmelite writes a book or letter, you will invariably find that it starts with the name "*Maria.*" Even answering a knock at the door of his cell the monk of Mt. Carmel will instinctively reply with an *Ave Maria.*

Having spoken of the rule and its spirit, it may not be out of place to remark here that during divers reformations other constitutions have been framed, for example, those of the Discalced Carmelites. Those who still adhere to the old observance are usually known as the Calced (Shod) Carmelites: hence the meaning of the letters the Fathers are accustomed to attach to their names, "O. C. C." (Order of Calced Carmelites).

The Rule of the Order of Mount Carmel has produced many great Saints: witness Sts. John of the Cross, Andrew Corsini, Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, Teresa and many others. Witness, too, the many Martyrs during the persecutions in the East. "It is as easy to count the stars of heaven, as it is to number the Saints of the Order of Mount Carmel," says Trithemius, a Jesuit writer, who wrote a work entitled: *De laudibus Ordinis Carmelitani.*

The vine of Carmel has spread in various directions. The Order has had as many as 37 provinces which covered Europe as a network. Persecution has destroyed many houses. Gasquet in his famous book, *Henry the VIII. and the English Monasteries,* gives the names of fifty flourishing convents belonging to the Carmelites at the time of the suppression in England.

A new offshoot from the old trunk of the Order was, a quarter of a century back, transplanted to American soil. During these twenty-five years Carmelites have come from different European Provinces. They settled wherever their services were most needed: their life was more that of missionaries than that of regulars, and each house was independent of the other. In 1881 at the request of the scattered religious a union was made and the different houses were formed into a Commissariate, the Rev. Anastasius J. Smits being appointed Commissary General.

At the general chapter held in Rome in 1889, the American Commissariate was formed into a "Province," the Very Rev. Pius

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R. Mayer being made first Provincial. The new Province is known as the "Province of the most Pure Heart of Mary." It embraces six houses; viz., the Priory of St. Cecilia, Englewood, N. J., Holy Trinity Convent, Pittsburgh, Pa., Convent of St. John, including scholasticate and novitiate, New Baltimore, Pa., Priory of St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Kansas, and Monastery of Mount Carmel, Scipio, Kansas. The sixth is that at Niagara Falls, the only Canadian house of the Carmelites.

The Carmelites are about to build a "Hospice," and have wisely chosen Niagara Falls as the most suitable spot on which to erect it. The word "Hospice" explains itself. Monasteries have been renowned for their hospitality, and Mount Carmel was, and is, no exception. From the day on which St. John the Baptist sought its shelter while fleeing from his persecutors till now, it has never lost its reputation as an asylum wherein were found not only rest and food for the weary body, but peace and solace for the troubled soul. How many would wish to withdraw from their distracting surroundings and seek refuge in such a haven of rest! But distance, expense and want of time prevent it. The want of such an institution in this country has been deplored. We have retreat-houses, but a Hospice is something more. It too is a retreat-house, but possesses many other advantages peculiar to itself.

"All of us, priests and people, want a Carmel in London," said Father Faber, and what the great Oratorian said of the busy metropolis of his country can be said of America. The Hospice of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls will soon be a reality, and the hope of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons (in his beautiful letter approving the undertaking) that such an institution will "contribute to the diffusion of religion in the Western Hemisphere" will soon be accomplished.

To reproduce in this country a faithful copy of the Hospice of Mt. Carmel proper, three things are needed; viz., the monks, the locality and a house. As regards the first, let it suffice to say that the religious now at Niagara Falls are identical with the Order outlined in the foregoing sketch. We re-echo the popular

verdict when we affirm that no better locality could have been thought of than the one selected. If there is any place where nature more lavishly unfolds its beauty and grandeur, or a place where the hand of the Creator is more manifest, it is surely Niagara Falls "where," to use the words of Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, "nature itself invites to solemn thought, and serious

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reflections, and where in very deed one hears *The voice of the Lord upon the waters.*" But nowhere are the religious thoughts suggested by the great cataract and its surroundings better expressed than in the beautiful Pastoral Letter of the late saintly Archbishop of Toronto, Dr. Lynch. His Grace says:

"We have for many years searched for a fervent congregation of men to found a monastery and church worthy of the place and its destination. Enthusiastic pilgrims of nature's grandeur come here to enjoy its beauty; others, alas! to drown remorse. We desired to have a religious house where those pilgrims would be attracted to adore nature's God in spirit and in truth, and who would there find, in solitude and rest, how great and good God is.

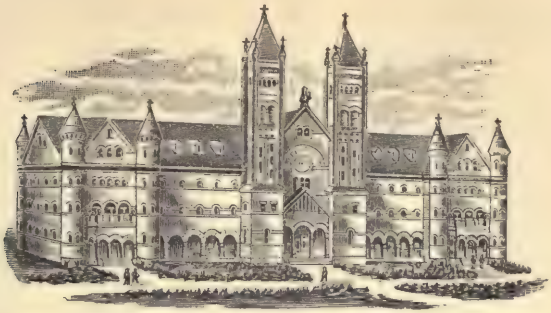
"The Fathers of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the most ancient in the Church and dear to the heart of our Blessed Mother, have commenced this good work. Our Holy Father Pius IX. has been graciously pleased to confer upon the present little church Plenary Indulgences and other favors granted to the most ancient pilgrimages of the old world. The Fathers also propose, when a suitable house is built, to receive prelates and clergy of the church as well as laity to make retreats: and to provide priests, worn out in the service of their Divine Master, with a home where they can quietly prepare for eternity."

The building to be erected by the Carmelites will in many respects rival their mother-house in Palestine. Besides the natural beauty of the place, the extensive grounds in the immediate vicinity of the house will be artistically adorned. In addition to this, it must be remembered that between the grounds of the monastery and the Falls is the Park, which is kept in order by the Ontario Government.

At stated periods retreats will be given by the Fathers. These spiritual exercises will be adapted to all classes—clergy and the laity of both sexes, not excluding non-Catholics.

The Hospice of Mount Carmel will be of easy access from all parts of the country. It is but an hour's ride by rail from Buffalo, N. Y. Niagara Falls is also the terminal point of the great trunk-lines, the New York Central, the Erie, West Shore, Lehigh Valley and Grand Trunk. The Michigan Central brings its passengers almost to the doors of the monastery. Its station, "Falls View," is but a stone's throw from the Hospice.

Who will defray the expense of such an undertaking? The best answer to this question is to ask, Who will not help such a noble work? Surely no one devoted to Our Lady of the Scapular. All those contributing receive a certificate entitling them to a



PROPOSED HOSPICE.

perpetual share in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which is twice a week offered for them, but a monthly Mass is celebrated for those who collect the donations of others.

The names of special benefactors will be engraved on marble tablets to be placed in the halls of the Hospice.

On the obverse side of the certificate is the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which is a true copy of the famous representation which, according to tradition, was painted by St. Luke. In the 12th century, the original picture was brought from Mt. Carmel to Naples by the religious of the Carmelite Order when forced by the rapacity of the Mohammedans to leave the peaceful solitude of their mystic mount by the sea, and seek refuge in less hostile lands. For upwards of a century the same painting hung over the high altar of the church of the Carmelite Friars in Naples. During the jubilee of the year 1500, it was borne processionally in the great pilgrimage to Rome.

Throngs of sick, lame, etc., lined the pathway of the pilgrims to the very gates of the Eternal City, and all along marvellous cures and miracles marked the glorious passage of the favored Madonna. The tale of these marvels preceded their arrival and reached the ears of the Sovereign Pontiff. The Pope met the pilgrims, and carried the picture himself at the head of the procession to St. Peter's. Every day His Holiness blessed numberless crowds with the picture and granted many Indulgences to the recitation of prayers made before it. The picture

sent to benefactors is an exact reproduction of this marvellous picture of the 12th century.

In conclusion, those who in any way help the work at Niagara Falls should not forget that in becoming benefactors they spiritually benefit themselves. Not only in this life do they share in the great works of the Order, but, what is of more importance, after death they will be assisted by its suffrages.

When, perhaps, their friends shall have forgotten them, they will still be remembered at the Hospice of Mount Carmel, at Niagara Falls, where as unceasingly as the roll of the mighty waters, the praises of her brethren shall ascend, like the spray-cloud, to the throne of Mary for their benefactors.

CONFIDENCE.

By M. T. M.

STRIVE on! nor stop to pause
When nature struggle's strong;
Bear all—the nails, and hard-pressed thorns;
It won't be long!

That cruel word, and stinging scorn;
Bear all, misunderstood,
For His sweet sake;
It won't be long!

Strive on! He soon will give thee rest;
Pause not;
Leave all to Him: thou dost not understand.
He only knoweth best!

AN ONLY SON.

By B. A.

I.

IF any one had asked the boys at St. Jude's Episcopal School who was the most popular among them, the chances are ten to one that they would have said "Dod" Stevenson. Stevenson's name was George, but schoolboys have a dialect quite their own, you know, and no one ever thought of calling him anything but "Dod."

Dod's good humor was imperturbable; he befriended all the little fellows when thrashed by the big bullies of the school, and, even when he was in disgrace, the teachers liked him. For all that, Dod was quite famous as the ringleader in every schoolboy prank, so, of course, he was the most popular boy in the school.

The Reverend Mr. Beckwith was the principal of the establishment, and the Reverend Mr. Beckwith couldn't make head or tail of Dod. For all that, the worthy gentleman, who was stern and relentless with most delinquents, always bore a soft spot in his heart for a certain boy with a freckled face, very long arms and legs and a brown curly crop, and who, it may be remarked, tried him very sorely too.

So early one November morning, when Mr. Beckwith sent for him to come to his private room, Dod was on the lookout for a "wigging." He ran over in his mind the last list of his misdemeanors, and bravely presented himself at Mr. Beckwith's door. When he came out, about a quarter of an hour later, his face was very grave, and Roger Kenrick, Dod's "chum," who had been hanging anxiously about the door, asked him:

"What's up?"

"I'm going home," said Dod, succinctly.

"Whe-ew! what you been doing, old man?" said Kenrick, following him to his room.

"Nothing. Father's sent for me. Mother died last night, Roger."

"I'm awfully sorry, old fellow," said Kenrick sympathetically. "Anything I can do for you?—help pack your trunk —or——"

"No, thanks," said Dod briskly, and Kenrick left him to himself.

Dod commenced to pack his trunk in his usual unceremonious fashion, pitching in a heterogeneous collection, and ending off with the Bible, and his Prayer-book and Hymnal bound together. They were the last things his mother had given him. Once he caught himself whistling over his work and stopped with rather a sense of guilt. The fact was this: the present Mrs. Stevenson was only Dod's stepmother, and he had never known her well enough to love her. It is true he had known no other mother since he was ten years old, but he had spent almost all of his boy-life at the Episcopal school, and during the summer vacations he was left to take care of himself a good deal. For Mrs. Stevenson was an invalid, and then Dod, with all his pranks, had the reputation of being a "safe" boy.

Mr. Stevenson met his son at the station. The sight of his father made Dod feel worse than anything else. He looked sad and careworn and put Dod in an agony by embracing him in the depot, to which however, be it said to his credit, the latter submitted with very good grace.

"Your mother died suddenly, George," said Mr. Stevenson, as they got into the carriage, "otherwise I would have certainly seen that you got home in time. Her last words were for you."

Dod bowed his head. He didn't know exactly what to say.

The house was dark and dismal. The servants moved about noiselessly, the blinds were drawn, and the silence of death seemed to be in every room.

The day after the funeral, Mr. Stevenson remained closeted for a long time with Mr. Corcoran, his confidential friend. Old Joseph Corcoran was a plain man, but he had a deal of common sense and solid goodness, two qualifications which, taken together,

go toward forming a good member of society, no matter to what class he may belong.

Corcoran was a little man with stooping shoulders. His hair was iron-gray, and he wore spectacles which appeared to be a source of constant annoyance to him, as they wouldn't stay on his nose for any time worth mentioning, and when pushed over his forehead in a moment of heated conversation, they were apt to fly off at any minute owing to the excessive baldness of his head.

James Stevenson ordered a bottle of wine as an accompaniment to conversation, and he thought it worth while to inform his friend as to its vintage and its price per bottle. He was about the age of his *vis-à-vis*, but showed fewer marks of care. He had the appearance of a man who lived well.

"Joseph," Mr. Stevenson was saying, bringing his fist down emphatically upon the table, "the facts are simply these: I am a man of position; I have plenty of money, sir, plenty of money, and my son ought to have and *shall* have everything that his situation requires."

"Very true," said Joseph, looking at the table as though he expected it to explode under Mr. Stevenson's emphatic blow. "Very true, sir."

"The question under discussion is this," Stevenson continued, checking off the two points on his fingers—"shall George go to college, or shall he go into business with me?"

"I don't know as I can advise you there," said Corcoran, diffidently.

"Why not? I have great confidence in your judgment, Joseph. Why, man, you have a son of your own."

"Well, unfortunately, the point under discussion is one I shall not be in a condition to consider in regard to Joe," said Corcoran.

"Oh, the circumstances are different, my dear Joseph, of course," said Mr. Stevenson, patronizingly, "the circumstances are quite different. But who knows? Some day you may be able—However, we were speaking of George."

"As you ask my opinion, I should think that George would have some say in the matter himself," observed Corcoran, bluntly.

Mr. Stevenson did not appear to have looked upon that side of the subject before.

"Very true," he said. "I think he wants to go immediately into business. George is very energetic, you know."

"Well, a college education is not absolutely necessary," remarked Corcoran, broadly, seeing that he was expected to say something.

"No," agreed Stevenson, lighting a fresh cigar, "and otherwise I'm sure I've given George every advantage."

The other was silent.

"I flatter myself my son has had a good education," Stevenson continued. "I don't think I need reproach myself on that score."

Corcoran glanced at him irresolutely several times, and opened and shut his mouth as often without speaking. Then he looked his friend full in the face.

"Have you *nothing* to reproach yourself with, James?" he asked.

Stevenson moved uneasily in his chair. "I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Yes, you do. You remember perfectly well the promise you made the day George's own mother died. She made you give her your word when you were on your knees at her bedside, to bring the baby up a Catholic. Why, you told me of it yourself at the time, James. Did you ever know that she asked me once to look after George and help you to keep your word? You remember it all, Jim, but you won't acknowledge it."

"I wasn't able to keep such a promise as that, Joseph," Stevenson replied, carelessly. "I don't know the first thing about church and all that sort of thing. Leave that for the women. I could no more imagine myself teaching George his religion than I can imagine teaching him Choctaw."

"I assure you there's nothing difficult about it," observed Corcoran, dryly.

"Oh, it gives a man a certain prestige to belong to the Episcopal Church," said Stevenson, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "Don't know why, I'm sure, but the fact remains. And social standing certainly counts, and no mistake. *You're* a smart sort of a fellow, if you *didn't* have a college education, Joseph," added Stevenson, impulsively.

A faint flush came to Corcoran's face. He rose abruptly. "We've been friends a long while, Jim," he said, a little nervously, "ever since we went as boys together to St. Francis' parochial school. That was thirty-five years ago. I should like George to know my boy in the same way."

Stevenson held out his hand cordially. "Certainly, that's right," he said. "Send Joe up to see him, Corcoran."

Dod opened his windows with a sigh of relief after the funeral. His room was very much as he had left it at the close of the last holidays. There was the old battered writing-desk against the wall, the set of book-shelves with their usual complement of *Jules Verne* and *Oliver Optic*, the old picture over the mantel—ah, yes! Dod gave a long look at *that*.

It was a three-quarter painting of our Lord, with extended hands, expressive not so much of blessing as of invitation. The subject was treated in much the usual style, but the face was quite a masterpiece in its way. Generally speaking, it is difficult to find a head of our Lord, which is gentle without being effeminate, or beautiful without having too little of the Divine about it.

Dod remembered how, as a little boy, he had often stood before the picture, only half-realizing Whom it portrayed, and imagined that those eyes were turned tenderly upon him, and those hands extended to invite him nearer. His father had told him once that the painting had belonged to George's own mother, so perhaps the sense of awe it always awakened arose from the connection in his boyish mind between the dead mother and the strange face in the picture. What had always been a source of childish wonder to Dod, however, was the Heart that shone through the folds of our Saviour's robe,—a human heart with a wreath of thorns about it.

For lack of something better to do, Dod ransacked the old writing-desk, laughed over reminiscences of his boyhood, and destroyed some dozens or so of Roger Kenrick's letters, written from the country and dating from the age when Sunday-fishing and bird-nesting were the rule. Dod burned them in the empty fireplace. They were the last link between his boyish years and the years to come. The pile was a large one and the smoke curled up and half obscured the picture from his sight. Did the Divine Face above seem to shine down upon him with a tenderer light than before?

Dod and his father had had a satisfactory talk, and it had been decided that Dod should go into business. George's future, George's place in society, and George's friends being subjects of the greatest importance, it was to be supposed that everything else would be forgotten. This being the case, Mr. Stevenson must not be blamed if a little matter of which he had intended to speak to his son quite slipped his mind until the moment when the soup was being removed from the dinner-table. His powers of speech then being otherwise unemployed, Mr. Stevenson said:

"Did you ever know, George, that your mother,—your own mother,—was a Catholic?"

"Yes, sir. I had been told so," replied Dod.

"Well, I suppose I'm one myself, although I allowed Lucy to raise you according to her ideas. Did you ever feel a desire to follow your mother's religion?"

"I don't know as I ever thought much about it," said Dod. "I guess I'll do as I am." And that was all the result of Joseph Corcoran's remarks.

II.

"I want a hundred dollars," said Agnes, and as Agnes' wishes were generally very mild ones, the family were inclined to laugh at this outburst.

"Your request is small, to say the least of it," said Joe, raising his near-sighted eyes from his book. "You wouldn't know what to do with the money if you had it."

"Wouldn't I, though? I'd make father get a new overcoat, and take music-lessons."

"I guess your crazy. Father don't know the Moonlight Sonata from the National Air."

"Good gracious, Joe, I meant I would take the music-lessons myself."

"Oh! What would you get mother?"

"A new black silk and the 'Eureka clothes-wringer.' Mrs. Kennedy says it saves half the ordinary labor," said Mrs. Corcoran, promptly, with a view to the stern necessities of life.

"I guess I'd buy a lot of books," put in Joe.

"I'm sure I don't know why you spend all your spare time poring over books, Joe," his mother observed. "I suppose you get the liking for it from your father. *I* was never the one to waste my time over any extra reading. It always seemed to me that one could get along well enough with the ordinary amount of knowledge."

Agnes looked down at her work to hide the laughter in her face.

"You seem to be unusually studious this evening, Joe, considering to-morrow's Saturday," she remarked, demurely.

Joe gave a tremendous wink behind his Rhetoric, but Agnes wasn't looking.

"I won't have time to study to-morrow, I've got an engagement," said he, looking at the ceiling.

Mrs. Corcoran pricked up her ears.

"I *hope* you aren't going to play foot-ball again, Joseph," she said. "You'll be killed some day. I know you will."

"Rob Mason mashed his fingers to a jelly last time," Agnes observed, wickedly.

"Oh, well, Mason's always getting hurt," put in her brother.

"*I* think it's daring Providence to play such a game," Mrs. Corcoran remarked severely. As the kettle was heard singing on the kitchen stove just then, she left the room, leaving Joe to regard his sister with wrath in his eye.

"Now you've done it," said he, with an air calculated to carry remorse to Agnes' heart. But she only laughed.

"I couldn't help it, Joe, really I couldn't," she said. "Your face looked so funny, and you know you'll go to the game *anyway*, so what's the use of talking?"

"There's no use in telling mother, though. Go sing us a tune, Agnes, that'll sweeten her up."

So Agnes sat down to the old piano and went over one or two of the little songs she sang so well. Fortunately for Agnes, she had never known a "method." Being natural in everything she did, she simply sang the way the Lord intended her to sing, and the chances are that it may have been an improvement on the Italian agonies of most parlor prima donnas.

Joe's admiration of Agnes was simply unbounded, and when she sang!—well, in his estimation, Patti herself might pause to listen.

"Say, Sis," he said, when she had finished, "if I had that hundred dollars, you'd have the best fandango professor that Italy could ship over."

"Oh, then you mean to import one specially for the purpose," laughed Agnes, looking, for all that, just as pleased as though Joe's wishes could be realized.

She had reached the middle of her prettiest song when Mr. Corcoran's voice came from the door-way.

"That's right, sing away, Agnes. I've brought you an audience worth having this time." Behind him was Dod Stevenson.

Dod was made to feel at home immediately.

"This is my sister," said Joe, introducing Agnes in much the same tone as he might have indicated a prize work of art.

"We'll have some music after tea," said Mr. Corcoran. "I met George and brought him home to supper, Lizzie."

"That's right," said Mrs. Corcoran, hospitably. Outside the parlor-door, however, that lady arrested her lord and master by the coat-button.

"Joseph," she said, "what possessed you to go and bring him home to tea?"

"Why? Didn't I do right?"

"Didn't you do right? Do you know there isn't a pound of meat in the house?"

"Good gracious, Lizzie, is *that* all? Well, I guess he can eat what we have ourselves."

Mrs. Corcoran folded her arms calmly.

"Well, Mr. Corcoran," she said, "I should *think* you'd have more pride." Joseph laughed.

"Say, George," he called, "come here and listen to what my wife says." (George appeared at the kitchen door.) "She's blowing me up for not letting her know you were coming. She says there's no meat for supper."

"We'll suppose it's a fast-day and that I'm a Roman Catholic, Mrs. Corcoran," declared Dod, promptly.

"Can't we help get tea?" said Joe: "Dod, you can cut the bread."

Thereupon, with much laughter, Dod was provided with the loaf and bread-knife. The supper-table was a jolly one. Mrs. Corcoran laughed more than she had done for a month, for Joe and Agnes were in extraordinary spirits, and Dod was the life of the party. It was the first glimpse of real home-life the latter had ever seen.

During the eight or nine months which passed after his first visit to the Corcorans, Dod learned to prize Joe's friendship; and Roger Kenrick having started into business in the city, Dod planned a meeting between him and Joe.

The three friends were in Stevenson's rooms. As he introduced the two men, Dod could not help noticing the comparison between them. Corcoran was tall and awkward, with thin, irregular features, sandy hair, and the strained, eager expression peculiar to near-sighted persons. Kenrick was dressed faultlessly, and he had much more pleasing features than Corcoran, although they lacked the latter's intelligence. Having spent six months in England, he had returned afflicted with a drawl and a monocle.

"Joe," Dod said, "this is the Roger Kenrick you've heard me speak of so often."

"Glad to see you, sir." said Joe, heartily. "Yes, Stevenson has spoken of you scores of times."

Kenrick made some commonplace remark, giving Corcoran a quick but exhaustive survey as he did so.

During dinner Kenrick vouchsafed to be amusing. A half-year's sojourn abroad is common enough nowadays, but as Stevenson and Corcoran had not had that experience, Kenrick felt privileged to expatiate on the subject. He had been thoroughly Anglicanized.

"Things are done so very differently across the 'pond,' you know," as he facetiously remarked.

"There's nothing like going abroad now and then," said the elder Stevenson, refilling his wine-glass. "Gives a man prestige. George, you ought to take a trip next summer. People are going to the Italian lakes a good deal just now. You might go there. Money is no object,—no object at all. I've plenty of that."

Dod looked uncomfortable. His father's speeches jarred on him sometimes.

"Have some champagne, Corcoran," he said, quickly, but Joe's first glass was not emptied yet.

Kenrick wasn't particular about having his refilled. "He could drink as much without showing it as any man," he said.

The tongue of Stevenson, Sr., became loosened as the evening proceeded. Kenrick copied the old man in everything he did, in the quantity he drank, in the tone of his conversation, even in the matter of his opinions.

When they rose from the table, he took Dod aside. "Er—Stevenson, who's your friend?" he said.

"One of the nicest fellows I know," began Dod, eagerly.

"He's a cad," interrupted Kenrick.

Stevenson reddened with anger, but disdained to reply.

"Look here, Roger," he said, "I'll send for a cab and have you taken home. You can't walk."

"All right," said Kenrick, stupidly.

(*To be continued.*)

JUNE LILIES.

By Eliza Allen Starr.

LILY of the field,
So radiant in thy grace,
Close to my Lord's dear Heart
Thy glowing cup I place;
Fresh with that nectared dew
The first, white dawn distils,
Before the day has smiled
Above the placid hills.

O Month of bloom, the world
By thee is steeped in bliss,
And wins, like Jesus' brow,
A Virgin Mother's kiss:
For she that month must love
And in its joy take part,
Which hymns, in strains so sweet,
Her own Son's loving Heart.

Bright lilies of the field,
Like living tongues of flame,
The ardors of His Heart
Your petaled charms proclaim.
And from the lush June grass
Of meadow-lands, we bear
Your gorgeous blooms, to aid
The ardors of our prayer.

A HEROINE IN REAL LIFE.

The Wife of Lieut.-Col. Garesché.

By M. L. Meany.

BERNADETTE, the little handmaid of Our Lady of Lourdes, it is related, did not like those biographies of Saints which represented them as faultless. She desired to be told of their struggles against natural defects, their falls and uprisings; "for, after all, things must have happened thus," she wisely argued. "Their saintliness could not always go on so smoothly, and as it were on wheels. They certainly had their nature, their share of the consequences of original sin, their own disposition, just as I, who have so bad a disposition. The contemplation of their complete and total triumph teaches me nothing. It is by seeing how they struggled that I could know how to do the same. . . . They are so celestial, those saintly characters, as to be rather discouraging to us, who are so far from that state. They should be described as beings like *us*, that we may learn how to become like *them*."

Who has not felt this want, without venturing to put it into words? The life of a Saint "teaches" *us* "nothing." Brave little Sister Bernard, who was not afraid or ashamed to acknowledge it! The very year after her frank avowal was printed in Rome (1887), America gave to Catholics what seems a full rejoinder, in the pages of Col. Garesché's *Biography*,[1] showing the soul-struggles of the wife of the lamented young hero.

Printed for private circulation only, this handsome volume of 500 pages has all the interest of a family history. It introduces the readers to countless persons; has scenes and incidents of war and peace, joy and sorrow; its events are of the most varied character, from the elevated regions of mystical theology to the

[1] *Biography of Lieut.-Col. Julius P. Garesché, Assist. Adjutant-General, U. S. Army.* By his Son. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1887.

common-place of lukewarmness and the fretfulness of worldliness —but it is through all a charming romance in real life, a love-tale of absorbing interest. The love, however, is of the pure Catholic type; a passion no less holy than fervent and strong. The hero and heroine (such they were in every sense), first met when Julius was at his parents' home on leave of absence from his post in Mexico. It was New Year's Eve. If the young lady was at first sight prepossessed in favor of the "tall, handsome young man of twenty-seven years," with his many graces of mind and body, he was even more charmed with her whom his mother had long wished to embrace as daughter.

"It was Mariquitta's first winter in society. Exceedingly beautiful, of a gay and happy disposition, and highly gifted in mind and heart, as well as in personal attractions, she was receiving a great deal of attention and was eagerly sought after by the young gentlemen of St. Louis. Warmly attached to her own family, she did not feel that same almost idolizing love for Julius as he from the very first felt for her, and which remained the same through all his after-life, even to the moment of his death. His was an intense and absorbing love from the very beginning; hers, love that increased only after marriage. And then it became more and more ardent, until it, too, amounted almost to idolatry. . . . Their courtship was of short duration. Scarcely six weeks elapsed between their first acquaintance and the nuptial ceremony in the old St. Louis Cathedral, celebrated by Bishop, now Archbishop, Kenrick. On the 19th of February, 1849, the tall, manly, handsome soldier clasped hands and joined souls with the lovely, fair being, who stood by his side like a flower bending on its slender stalk."

The young officer's time of leave passed all too quickly, and the third day of May beheld their departure for his distant post at Point Isabel. His happiness was complete. But the bride was a victim to filial affection. Her first letter to her parents foreshadowed a time of temptation.

"It is just the hour I parted from you yesterday for perhaps an indefinite time. My heart is rent at the thought of our last

adieus, and I offer to God all my grief that He may soften yours, and give you complete rest of mind and body. If anything could dissipate the bitterness of my thoughts, it is certainly the proofs of affection that *my Jules* has given me from the moment of our separation. I feel deeply grateful to him, and I love him with all my heart. But can I ever forget you, my dear Parents? The recollection of your tender love and all that you have done for me will never leave me! Oh! no, I feel that even now the thought of you will always be present to my mind, and that my most ardent desire will be to find myself once more among you. As I was telling Jules this morning, I would give anything on earth to possess the gift of seeing and knowing everything that happens to you each hour of the day. . . . I suffered so much that I hope my prayers and the offering of my grief have been granted through the motive that I had. O my dear, very dear Parents, how can I ever console myself for our separation? I feel my courage sinking when I think that every moment takes me farther and farther from you.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Yesterday I said the office of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for you all. I shall say it every day for your intention. My next letter will be for my dear little Sisters."

If this letter seems incredible from one who had so lately received the nuptial benediction that was to strengthen her for forgetting the old state of life and pressing forward to the duties of the new, what shall be thought of this reminiscence of her wedding day, written from Point Isabel, May 19th?

"Three months ago to-day I pronounced the terrible *Yes* which forces me now to be so far from you. On the 19th of February at this hour I was desolate and overwhelmed with grief. I had not as yet started for the church, but I had already received your blessing, and I felt, O my beloved Parents, that in this blessing you told me good-bye and confided me to God; because only He can now console and help me to bear the cruel pains which our separation causes me. I wish no longer to speak of

this, for I am not understood; I concentrate in myself all my affections for you. I know that you are praying for me; for I feel strong and altogether resigned. I will draw from prayer, from correspondence, and from study the necessary helps to accept Point Isabel with patience, and I can there be almost happy when I shall know you are at your ease and in good health. Dear, dear Parents, if my loneliness and deep sorrow could count in heaven and gain for you the happiness which I so ardently desire; if you could enjoy all the happiness, which, without cessation, I beg of God, I could endure all, even our separation. I would say to myself, they are happy, and I would be consoled."

Then, with an abrupt transition to her daily life, the poor child-bride of nineteen, shows what *sensible piety* she has been taught, and her good resolutions to practise it:

"We are since the day of our arrival at Captain Hunt's. He and his wife are very kind to me, but I cannot get accustomed to their table. Bread is not known in this house: it is replaced by a species of cake which I like beyond measure, but the first mouthful of which made me sick. When I am keeping house I can procure for almost nothing different things from the West Indies, such as crabs, crawfish, little fish, good lemons, and even melons. I wish to become a gastronomist, to enjoy occupying myself in the kitchen, and above all never to be idle, otherwise melancholy would rapidly gain on me. Nevertheless, yesterday I was gay, and I hope frequently to be so when I receive good news from you."

The cares of housekeeping, and even the devoted love which she gradually conceived for her husband, did not altogether banish the young wife's melancholy. She still longed for home, and as he could not obtain leave, she was sent to St. Louis, where her health, which had suffered much in the climate of Texas, was partly restored. Julius was to join her later on. But a great trial was in the way. He was unjustly placed under arrest by his commanding officer, on a charge not only unjust, but frivolous. Unable to join his wife and pining for a sight of the "baby-boy" born to him in St. Louis, he wrote her so touching an appeal, that

in spite of her parents' remonstrances, she started on the journey, only to place a dying child in his arms. Eight days of alternate hope and fear followed. Even the doctor had conceived hope. A novena had been begun in thanksgiving for little Julio's recovery, when the last agony came on. It endured *five hours*. "We even tried to obtain a miracle in his behalf, by Father Telmon's advice, who was with us in his last moments," thus the afflicted father wrote to the grandparents: "we gave him to God, we consecrated him to the priesthood, and giving him a teaspoonful of holy water we awaited the result, whilst the priest went to say his Mass for him. On my knees at the foot of the bed I united my intention with the priest's, and scarcely had I finished my prayers for the Elevation, when my boy died."

"My first thought on seeing my son die," wrote the sorrow-stricken mother, "was the hope I would soon follow him; but Julius' despair changed my sentiments. When I saw him at my feet begging my pardon and acknowledging his being the cause of the fearful misfortune that overwhelmed me, I could no longer blame him, and I felt I was still needed on this earth. On Monday for a moment I thought him saved and before the picture of the Sacred Heart I wept tears of gratitude, thanking God for the immense favor I thought He had granted me. Those were the last tears I shed.

"I was near my child in his agony, I held him in my arms in his last moments, yet I did not see him die, for I left the room but for a moment, and when I returned I found nothing but a little corpse. That sight did not bring forth a single tear. Jules was sobbing near me, but I no longer felt anything. I dressed my child myself . . . A moment afterwards I leant over to look at him, he was so disfigured that I felt my strength failing, and allowed myself to be carried into the adjoining room. Since, I have not seen him! he is gone forever! They gave me a strong dose of laudanum and ether, and, in the evening when I awoke, I learned that my child was no longer in the house, that he had been buried in the church, at the foot of the Communion Table. I have no longer any courage, my life seems a terrible void."

In various letters the poor mother refers to these soul-struggles, which were sanctifying her all unknown to herself.

Nov. 4th. . . . "Jules does all he can to distract me; Miss Bennet and the officers pay me every attention. Every day I take a drive or a horse-back ride. At times I feel entirely well, but whenever the thought of my darling comes, it brings back the nervous headache. Jules was frightened by my thinness the day of my arrival. He thinks I have since improved a great deal: all that see me are of the same opinion. Therefore, my dear Parents, you need not worry yourselves about me."

Nov. 9th. . . . "I went to Communion on the morning I left St. Louis; you, my dear Parents, blessed me and my child, grandfather also; these benedictions made me feel strong, and yet God did not listen to you, He has taken away my son, I have no longer a child. My beautiful little Julio is under ground, under that damp and cold ground. Ah! if I knew he would have found his death here, who could have induced me to leave Limours! Ah! Limours, dear Limours, how my heart was broken in leaving you!

"—— He [Julius] could no longer reason, he was almost crazy; would you believe, my dear Parents, he was so glad to have me that the death of his child does not afflict him? He suffered only on account of my own sufferings; he continually tells me that now he is perfectly happy, that he did not think he could have such great happiness, that he is intoxicated with delight. You can have no idea what effect his words produce on me. They cut me to the heart, and at times render me indignant. Ah! indeed, it is not thus I loved my son! The affection that I bear you, my husband and my sisters is certainly strong, yet that which I bore my Julio was a hundred times stronger. It was adoration—worship. I loved him too dearly. God has punished me; but the punishment was too great, it has crushed me and has closed my heart against all that is sweet and consoling. I no longer know how to pray; in fact I had prayed so, so hard on my knees, holding my dying son in my arms, I cried to Heaven to spare him. Anyhow he would have died in coming here; for, in

spite of every effort, Jules could not find a wet-nurse. God wished this beautiful little angel, He did not find me worthy of keeping him. . . . Ah! nevertheless, my child, if you have left me, do not forget me; God must leave you the thought of your poor desolate mother! One consolation for me is that he can now pray for you, and that he can now render you all you did for me. I never cease recommending you to him, I tell him to remember how you loved him, all you did for him."

Nov. 14th. [To her sister]. . . . "will you believe it, you who have seen me with my Julio and who know whether I loved him, whether anything else could occupy my mind, how my passionate love rendered me sometimes ridiculous; will you believe that since the death of this little idolized angel, I laugh, I talk, I amuse myself just as if I had never known the happiness of being a mother, and that this happiness has been taken away from me? I only feel about me an indefinable emptiness and I cannot find what is missing."

There is no need to quote more of the proofs how the earnest Christian soul was carrying out the purpose she no doubt formed, when, in the first anguish of her bereavement, she felt that she "was still needed on earth" by her husband. As he wrote to her parents in those early days of loneliness, "he was himself astonished at his success in making her laugh." We have her own acknowledgment that she was provoked at his apparent indifference to their loss, yet she never faltered outwardly in duty's path, whatever the anguish of her heart that missed her babe at every instant. She was learning to carry her cross.

"And, nevertheless, He had no pity for my affliction, He took from me my child without listening to my supplications and promises. When I go to church I see before me my poor little darling laid out, and then buried in the cold ground, all decomposed and worm-eaten, and then I say to myself, 'What more can I ask of God?'" Thus Mariquitta wrote on Dec. 13th. Would she, like many struggling souls, find light spring from the deepest darkness?

December 25, 1850.

"My dear Parents:

"My Christmas passed more gaily than I would have imagined; I went to the midnight Mass and received Communion. About mid-day we had an elaborate egg-nog which a dozen persons honored. Every one was gay, and in the evening we attended a little supper at one of the young officer's quarters, and another about 9 or 10 o'clock at Miss Bennett's."

It seems strange to find a Christmas letter from a mourner opening so sensibly and gaily. The Holy Infant had brought her for a Christmas gift, along with Himself, that unpretending yet sublime spirit of *conformity* which distinguishes Saints. She could pass easily from the holiest theme to the trifling matters of every-day life. Four days later, in continuing her letter (which, like most of her letters home, was a journal), she explains this sudden change.

"—The death of my child was indeed a cruel blow to me; but I now deeply reproach myself with the little submission I showed; for it was a blessing of God to choose my beautiful little angel rather than one of you, or my husband, or one of my sisters. I sincerely regret all the feelings of doubt and despair that I allowed myself to be carried away with; since Christmas day all those feelings have disappeared, as if by enchantment, and I now feel ashamed of my want of courage when God is so merciful to me. Pardon me, my dear Parents, for the profound sorrow that my letters must have caused you; but truly up to Christmas day I was not mistress of myself; my sorrow overspread me so that I allowed myself to be drawn away by all sorts of horrible thoughts which rendered me perfectly miserable, removing me every day farther and farther from God. Finally, on Christmas night, the Infant Jesus blessed my Communion, and, though I did not yet experience a sensible fervor, I felt myself altogether changed. I love to imagine my Julio happy, for up to the present time I could not believe in his happiness: I see him, beautiful, joyous, with Joseph and Leontine,[2] praying for his poor Mother,

[2] An infant brother and a young aunt, the memory of whom she cherished.

for you, and for all those who loved him so dearly. I do not wish any more to despair of being one day re-united to him and I am going to endeavor to become as pious, as fervent, as I have been impious since my misfortune. Ah! truly, I was not worthy of keeping my angel, he was too pure for me, and it is necessary that I should become good, so that God will no longer take away the angels that he may send me. I intend going to Communion again on New Year's day, so as to commence the day well; it seems sad to pass this day far from you: but the hope of returning soon to Limours gives me a superb courage. Ah! what a happiness, and how I long already to arrive!"

There was surely what is termed a radical change in Mrs. Garesché. She was gay, congenial with all, ready for every social duty, enjoyed a ball, and playfully wrote '*home:*' "One can obtain at Brownsville everything requisite to arrange a very pretty toilet, and I am so spoilt that I have only to mention anything that I desire and I have it immediately. Decidedly I was created and placed in the world to be nursed and spoilt. It is a vocation that is not at all disagreeable to me."

Was she less pious? We have her husband's testimony on this:

"Formerly she would not hear of pious reading nor of the Beads; now each day she regularly says with me, when there occurs nothing to hinder us, the Beads twice, and allows me also to read to her a chapter of the *Imitation*. Moreover, she is gayer, more playful, and God blesses our household."

Numberless proofs might be quoted of the always "onward" course of that lovely and eventful life, which was worthy of the wife of the incomparable Garesché. The book, while almost unequalled for spiritual reading, is as "good as a novel" in worldly interest. In both hero and heroine it depicts the work of "becoming a Saint" in a style that would meet the longings of Sister Mary Bernard for minute and practical information.

MID-SUMMER FEASTS OF OUR LADY.

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.
(Segers.)

THERE stands in every Catholic Church a statue of the Mother of God, and as the eye glances from the Sacred Tabernacle to the altar where the Blessed Virgin's image is enshrined, there rises imperceptibly to the lips with a little thrill of exultation the old cry of the Crusaders, "God and Our Lady!"

No less surely is this a device for us in the nineteenth century because it has been transferred from their banners to our hearts, than it was to the warriors of the Middle Ages, who fought so well and were so reckless of life and blood by reason of the motto which spurred them on. Just as we look for the sanctuary-lamp always burning before the Blessed Sacrament, so do we seek for some representation of our Blessed Lady. Thus it has ever been since one of those Seven Last Words of our Saviour on the Cross—*Behold thy son*—bound us so fast to Mother and Son that nothing save loss of faith can sever the tie.

It cannot be said that this indifferent age has grown wearied of the Mother of our Lord; rather, and thank God for it! it has also been called the age of our Lady; and to her children the

praises of this Mother are ever sweet, no matter how unceasingly repeated! Then, be they rich or poor, wise or ignorant, old or young, every word recalling her graciousness, her goodness, and her favors, comes as a balm to the heart and as a fresh pledge of God's love. It must always be God *and* our Lady. Where she is not allowed to be He refuses to go; and the Church ever wise knew the needs of men as well as the influence of Mary when it made the prayer repeated by lisping children and tottering age, in joy and in sorrow — "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

"THERE SHALL COME FORTH A ROD OUT OF THE ROOT OF JESSE."
(Carl Müller.)

There is no period or phase in our Lady's life that is not known to one or other of her clients. The Church eagerly cherishes every tradition connected with the Mother of God, because everything relating to her is precious beyond estimation. So, too,

art has followed in the steps of devotion. Every period of life, from the time Mary knelt in her tender and beautiful maidenhood at the feet of St. Anne, listening in hushed reverence to the prophetic sayings of Scripture, to the moment of her glorious Assumption, is represented in painting and sculpture. Artists, ancient and modern, the master as well as the novice, have essayed with all their skill to reproduce, in one form or another, some scene from our Lady's life. Nor was it a mere material scene that they aimed at bringing upon their canvas: they strove to represent under sensible forms the ideal beauty of the Virgin Mother as conveyed by some feast or mystery celebrated in the Church. This is the true aim of the artist, and where this object was ever kept before his artistic vision, his production, though not always fully successful, yet was never an absolute failure. This seems to be the reason why every representation of our Lady by the Christian artist, no matter to what school or nationality he may belong, has something worthy of admiration in it.

August mid-summer comes with its quota of festivals, reminding us each in its own way of our Advocate in heaven. On the first Sunday of the month falls the feast of "Our Lady of Pity," the very sound of which is comfort to those bending wearily under the weight of woes.

This is a favorite title with the French, nearly every diocese having its own special feast of Our Lady of Pity. This fact may account for the choice of this subject by the popular artist, Bouguereau, whose painting we reproduce on the following page. The artist represents an afflicted, broken-hearted mother throwing herself in her wretchedness and misery upon the knees of the divine Mother, whose countenance shows deepest sympathetic love and whose eyes look in pleading pity and mercy to her Divine Son in heaven. Instinctively the words of St. Bernard's *Memorare* rise to the lips as one gazes on the picture: "Never was it known, dearest Mother, that any one ever had recourse to thy protection without obtaining relief."

The devotional titles of the Blessed Virgin touch the fancy even when they do not reach the heart, and poets without belief in

her power have exquisitely written of her charms. Those, however, who look deeper forget the poetry in the appalling fact that it is because of a heart *pierced with a sword* that we have these tender names.

OUR LADY OF PITY.
(Bouguereau.)

On August 5, is commemorated our Lady of the Snow, which is connected with the Basilica of Saint Mary Major in Rome.

The old manuscripts have it, that about the middle of the fourth century a wealthy Roman and his wife having no children wished to devote their riches in some way to our Blessed Lady, but they found it difficult to decide on the best manner of carrying their purpose into execution. Praying to Heaven for some special token of guidance, they both dreamed the same night that the Blessed Virgin bade them build a church to her honor upon that part of the Esquiline Hill which they should find on the morrow covered with snow. This was the night of the fourth of August, just at that season when the heat of an Italian summer is almost unbearable. The good Roman, however, nothing doubting of the reality of the vision, hastened to communicate it to Pope Liberius, when to his surprise he found that the Pope had received the same revelation in a similar way.

The Pope then accompanied by several of his clergy and by this John, at whose expense the church was to be built, started forth for the Esquiline where everything appeared as had been foretold to them. Not only was the ground covered with snow, despite the heat of the summer, but the strange phenomenon was confined within certain limits: it covered a piece of ground in form and size necessary for a church, and no more.

Such is the ancient story of the foundation of this Basilica, and the Romans have a very pretty mode of perpetuating its memory. A shower of blossoms of the jasmine is made to fall from the roof of the church during the celebration of the first Vespers and again during the High Mass, and allowed to remain upon the pavement until the feast is ended. Thus, pious traditions live among the Romans and are as familiar to them as household words. As for the church itself, it is famous all the world over and noted for its large and elaborate mosaics representing various subjects, historical and symbolical; for its roof enriched with the first gold from Peru, and a picture of the Madonna set in a frame of *lapis lazuli* and precious stones.

Perhaps a word here about this picture may not be amiss. The artist is said to be St. Luke the Evangelist. The supposition is that it was brought by the Empress St. Helena from Jerusalem

to Rome, where it has always been reverenced with singular devotion by the faithful. St. Gregory the Great was bearing this picture in solemn procession from St. Mary Major's to St. Peter's, to appease God's wrath and to beg Him in His mercy to stay the plague which was depopulating the city, when lifting his eyes he saw, over the Mausoleum of Hadrian, the Archangel Michael sheathing his sword, thereby declaring that the plague had ceased. The last occasion on which it was used in procession was in 1837 for the same purpose —to implore the Mother of God to intercede with her Divine Son to remove from them the plague of cholera.

THE MADONNA OF ST. LUKE.
(In Basilica of St. Mary Major.)

August 15, the Assumption of Our Lady into Heaven, called by her devoted clients of the fair Emerald Isle, "Ladyday in Harvest" in contradistinction to the 25th of March, which they term "Ladyday in Spring," is a feast of joy and gladness for every Catholic. This is the culmination of all our devotions to her, for it is the consummation of the mysteries of that ever-wonderful life which was filled to the brim with the deepest joy and the most bitter sorrow. Tradition says the death of the Blessed Virgin occurred about three o'clock on a Friday afternoon in the presence of a number of the disciples, and was signalized by many miracles. The sun was obscured and not only were the sick healed, demoniacs delivered and the afflicted consoled and strengthened, but a still greater number of Jews and Gentiles being enlightened confessed the true

ASSUMPTION AND CORONATION.
(Raphael.)

faith and begged for baptism. There is also a pretty legendary tradition, which says that the souls then in Purgatory were released that they might accompany their Mother to heaven. After the precious body was buried, heavenly music was heard about the tomb, and the Apostles agreed to watch night and day whilst the celestial harmonies lasted. When these ceased, the cause was not suspected, for they still believed themselves in possession of their treasure. Thomas, always late at the scenes of the Resurrection, had not been present, either at the death or the funeral of the Blessed Virgin, but arrived the third day afterwards, and was inconsolable at being deprived of the happiness of seeing his cherished Mother for the last time. Begging his brother Apostles to open the holy tomb, the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre and, marvel of marvels! the sacred body was not there, but had been translated into heaven like her Divine Son's. Thus Thomas' pious curiosity served to substantiate the Assumption of the Mother, as his doubts, finally dispelled, had contributed so much to prove the Resurrection of the Son.

If God shows Himself so wonderful in His Saints that the heart of St. Francis de Sales exhales to this day the perfume of violets, it is not surprising that He should have manifested Himself much more great and admirable towards His own Mother. With what honor Jesus must have received into the celestial courts His well-beloved and what must have been the greeting of Angels and Saints! *Go forth, O daughter of Sion, and see your Queen whom the stars of morning praise, and whom the children of the Most High bless. Who is this that cometh up from the desert as a column of smoke, composed of every perfume? Who is this that seems like the aurora more beautiful than the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army in battle array? Who is this that cometh up from the desert leaning on her Beloved and overflowing with delights?* Who is this in whom the Divinity Itself has found greater complacency than in all other creatures, and whom He has raised above all to the throne of His inaccessible light and majesty?

The meek and lowly Virgin who had suffered from the

hardships of poverty, the persecutions of Herod; who had seen her Divine Infant in want, shivering with cold; who had heard Him reviled by the Pharisees, had walked with Him to Calvary

QUEEN OF HEAVEN.
(Segers.)

and stood at the foot of the Cross; who, after His sacrifice was completed, had lived long years on earth without her Child—yes, surely, this glorious Assumption of Mary was the triumph of her

profound humility. No wonder the old masters chose it continually, never wearying of so fair a subject; for many of their famous canvases and renowned frescoes, whose colors have stood the test of time and exposure, are commemorative of this feast of the Assumption or of the Coronation.

Yet with all their subtlety of coloring, with their inimitable touch, with all their delicacy of conception, how far short they fall of Solomon's magnificent word-painting quoted above. When we think of our Lady vested in this dazzling glory, we are tempted to ask, "Can she, will she, deign to be the refuge of poor sinners?" Doubting heart, on that day was she not crowned Queen of Earth as well as of Heaven, Queen of Men as of Angels, and given as only a God of love could give to be the Patroness and Friend, to be the Advocate with her Son Who wills that all graces to His banished children should be received through His beautiful Mother? She knows our needs and listens to our prayers; she not only pleads for us in general but each in particular, and the prayer of Mary is more efficacious than that of all the Angels and Saints combined. What God could refuse to all His court, He would at once grant to her who calls Him Son. In all our difficulties may we ever seek her aid and powerful protection.

"Let him cease to extol thy clemency, O Holy Virgin," cries out the devoted St. Bernard, "whoever invoked thy aid in his necessities and found it to fail him."

THOUGHTS ABOUT ST. PETER.

II.

THE difficulty of training a strong human character in the ways of Christian holiness has never been more fully illustrated than in the case of St. Peter. First of all, no pupil ever had so skilful or so painstaking a master; and secondly, no master ever had a more thorough-going, impulsive, earnest or devoted disciple than Peter. His strength had not been under-

mined by sensuality, and the bias of passion had not overthrown the supremacy of reason. His loyalty and devotedness amounted to enthusiasm; and the natural clearness of his understanding led him to be not only quick to reach conclusions and to utter convictions, but also somewhat prone to undervalue the force of the difficulties which confronted him. He knew but one love, had given his adherence to one Leader: he spurned or made light of everything which might stand in the way to hinder his following.

This, surely, is not the way of holiness which Christ taught: neither is it at all akin to the spirit which Peter himself, in the after-time, strove with so much earnestness to develop in his flock. Taught by his own sad experience and by the grace which the Holy Ghost imparted, Peter had undergone a very notable change. Wherefore, he says to those whom he addresses: *Converse in FEAR during the time of your sojourning.*[1]

This was the advice of Peter, the Christian Pontiff, the spokesman of Jesus Christ. We turn now to see what one could have learned from Peter, before his Christian education had been completed. Trust in self, carelessness of danger, presumption, daring, reckless disregard of solemn warning—these are the traits displayed in the disciple, before his noviciate had come to its happy end!

Our Blessed Lord had shown him, from the very beginning, special marks of favor, intending through him to teach mankind in general, how the *natural* must be lopped and pruned and guided, so that the *supernatural* may attain its fruitful results.

Peter, with the two brothers James and John, had been a witness of the power, the glory and the humiliation of Jesus, in the raising of the daughter of Jairus, the Transfiguration, and the Agony in Gethsemani. On one of these occasions, whilst the others were steeped in wonderment and well-nigh bewildered by the magnificence of the scene, Peter's loving impulse led him to offer his services as chief organizer of a permanent tableau.

[1] I. Peter, i. 17.

Lord, said he, *it is good for us to be here. Let us make here three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses and one for Elias.*[2] Alluding to this suggestion St. Mark—possibly with a little touch of *naïveté*,—since no one knew Peter better or loved him more than he did, observes: *For he knew not what he said; for they were struck with fear.*[3] To say something, even under circumstances when the others deemed silence and thoughtfulness to be the most reverent manner of behavior, was an impulse which Peter seemed unable to resist. And sometimes he brought upon himself, by this too great readiness of speech, the heavy censure of our Lord.

Thus, on that greatest of all occasions in his life as a disciple, when he had been declared *blessed* by his Master, his impetuous nature misled him sadly. Could it have been that the high honor so lately conferred on him tempted him to imagine that a man in his position was entitled to express an opinion, and that such opinion ought not to be without influence? Certainly this is a phase of self-esteem with which we are not entirely unacquainted. Just give a man a little official eminence above his fellows; and full soon you will be able to see that he is a-trying to *look* his position, to *talk* it, to *be* it, in fact, to such an extent that the position will have seemed to have absorbed the man. The conscious dignity is oppressive, but never off duty: it aims at swaying the minds of others by its own superlative magnificence. It is not, however, Christian: it is only the kings of the Gentiles that lord it over their subjects.

If, therefore, Peter felt elated over the praise bestowed on him, and the sublime height of dignity to which his Master had just raised him, the glow of his enthusiasm must have been chilled by the manner in which our Lord rejected his confidential advice. Two of the Evangelists make mention of the case almost in the same words. The Christ had been openly proclaimed by Peter, and the others had heard what supremacy had been conferred upon him immediately after his profession of faith. *From that time*, says St. Matthew, *Jesus began to show to His disciples that He*

[2] St. Matthew, xvii. 4. [3] St. Mark, ix. 5.

must go to Jerusalem, and suffer many things from the ancients, and scribes, and chief priests, and be put to death, and the third day rise again.[4]

Surely the Son of the living God might fairly be presumed to know whereof He spoke; and the duty of those who heard Him was to listen in sorrowful but reverent silence. One of them, however, seems to have been of a different mind. *And Peter taking Him, began to rebuke Him, saying: Lord, be it far from Thee, this shall not be unto Thee.*[5] It was not the Father in heaven Who had revealed this knowledge to him and led him into the dangerous field of prophecy. It was the natural, impulsive love of the old unenlightened Peter which prompted this utterance; and, as a matter of course, our Lord knew this well. *Who turning said to Peter: Go behind Me, Satan, thou art a scandal unto Me: because thou savorest not the things that are of God, but the things that are of men.*[6]

Verily an awful contrast is this sweeping rejection to the solemn words of loving commendation: *Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona!* How are they to be reconciled? Just this way: Peter acts in a dual character, in one of which he is taught of God, whilst in the other he follows the lower promptings of flesh and blood. Indeed he may well be called a representative man, a genuine type of human nature, sometimes safe in the guidance of supernatural grace but anon rebelling and sinking to the lower plane of human views as against divine.

Here it is worth while observing that the character and conduct of Peter are a sample of what is to be found among Christians throughout all time. They profess a sublime faith and a great readiness to adhere to all which that faith implies. They may be zealous and intrepid and may even show an heroic submissiveness to all the irksome consequences which their faith may lead to. But somehow or other, when the unpleasant results come, their logic seems to fail them, and they can reason serenely from premises that are not supplied by faith, but simply by their natural liking or disliking. Wherefore, our Blessed Lord chose to illus-

[4] xvi. 21. [5] ib. 22. [6] ib. 23.

trate in Peter what is sure to be the outcome of such a method of procedure. Every man who leans upon a weak staff ought to be prepared to find it breaking, and to have its splinters pierce the hand that trusted it.

Peter was very slow to learn mistrust of his own strength: he thought that what he clearly saw *ought* to be, surely *would* be. Hence we find him little by little growing presumptuous. He could not realize the possibility of any disloyalty on his part. And this, even after the solemn warning of his Divine Master. *Watch ye and pray*, said He, *that you enter not into temptation.*[7]

Be it remarked here, moreover, that our Lord, on this solemn occasion, spoke with special directness to Peter, because Peter had been so earnest and so vehement in the expression of his readiness to dare every danger and endure any kind of suffering for the sake of Him he loved. But, when Jesus was in agony Peter was sleeping—as were, also, James and John. Still, their drowsiness seems not to have signified anything to our Blessed Saviour: for we find the Evangelist, inspired of God, recording the event with very special application to Peter. *And He cometh, and findeth them sleeping. And He saith to* PETER: *Simon, sleepest THOU?*[8]

Reasonably enough had He said so; for Peter had been the most enthusiastic of the eleven in the profession of his great attachment to his Master and of his valiant purpose to stand by Him faithfully in every contingency that might arise. He felt as if he knew his own mind and could trust to his determination. It is in such manner men do when they are not entirely and submissively under the grace of Jesus Christ.

Peter, like them, deemed his natural affection and the devotedness which sprang from it a sufficient guarantee of fidelity and an approving badge of entire success. The plain Gospel records show how wofully he was at fault. And they teach, moreover, that in the service of Jesus Christ, a clear and conscientious mistrust of self are the only stepping stones by which one may arise to an appreciation of the higher truths of Christian teaching and

[7] St. Mark, xiv. 38. [8] ib. 37.

to a holier manifestation of Christian behavior in the details of every-day life.

It has been elsewhere[9] observed that the mercy of Jesus led Him to bear almost every kind of suffering, in order that His followers, in the midst of their distresses might be able to find comfort and encouragement in the thought that He had been in similar plight. In like manner, the example of Peter shows in how many various ways the weaknesses and eccentricities of human nature offer difficulties to grace and seem to render a supernatural victory hopeless. It shows, moreover, how the all-enduring love of the Saviour is sure to conquer, in the end, whenever pride and obstinacy are not in the ascendency. Peter committed many faults, forgot many lessons, disregarded many warnings: but he was never hard-headed or proud. He had been told to watch and pray; and he did neither. He rushed among the enemies of Jesus, trusting to his own strength and love, at a time when he had deliberately torn down the bulwarks of both by presumption and neglect of prayer. Behold him, O man, whoever you may be, who trust to your own strength of will! A servant maid sees him and recognizes him as one of the disciples of Jesus. Whereupon, he denied with vehemence and profanity, that he knew the man; and this denial he three times repeated. Poor, dear, loving disciple, how low you have fallen! Yet, in all fairness would I shield thee from one impeachment too often hurled against thee by speakers without duly reflecting on the matter!

It is often said that the disciple, with all his boasted strength, denied his Master at the word of a weak woman. The fact is, that the weak woman had all the strength and all the influence of one who, in a crowd, should cry out against a running man: "Stop, thief!" Her recognition of Peter drew towards him the keen hatred of High-priests and Pharisees and the savage brutality of the Roman soldiery. These were the terrors before which Peter shrank and fell.

[9] See July MESSENGER, page 541.

BLESSED MARGARET MARY'S BI-CENTENARY AT PARAY-LE-MONIAL.[1]

ON Sunday, September 7, 1890, at night-fall, the bells of the old Benedictine Church, now the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, sent forth a joyous peal, immediately re-echoed by all the church bells of the city. This was to announce the opening of the extraordinary "Jubilee granted by His Holiness Leo XIII. to the Parish and City of Paray-le-Monial, to celebrate the Second Centenary of the Death of Blessed Margaret Mary."

The Visitation Community of Paray were on that day celebrating the two hundred and second anniversary of the blessing of the first chapel ever erected in honor of the Sacred Heart. This chapel was built in their garden and blessed September 7, 1688, two years before the death of Blessed Margaret Mary.

In accordance with the plan determined upon by the Bishop of Autun, the Jubilee services were begun on the evening of September 8 by retreats at the Basilica and at the convent. The days assigned for the Basilica were Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and for the Visitation Chapel Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

On Thursday night, the church remained open all night and the Masses were begun at midnight. About one hundred and fifty Masses were offered on this Friday.

Holy Communion was given continuously from midnight until a late hour in the morning. The crowd was so great that as soon as the pilgrims received Holy Communion they withdrew through the sacristy to allow those who followed to approach the altar-rails.

About half past one P.M. the procession of the Blessed Sacrament began. The route was from the Basilica to the "Enclosure" of the Visitation. All joined in chanting the *Magnificat.*

When they reached the Enclosure a signal was given to notify

[1] Extract from the *Memorial* of the Jubilee celebration for the Bi-centenary of the Death of Blessed Margaret Mary, sent by the Sisters of Paray-le-Monial to all the Convents of the Visitation Order.

the Sisters to retire within the monastery. The doors and windows were all closed.

The first repository in the Enclosure was at the infirmary under the room in which Blessed Margaret Mary died. The second was at the Chapel of the Sacred Heart. The third was at the Hazelwood Thicket, and the fourth at the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes.

It was nearly four o'clock when the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris who carried the Blessed Sacrament entered the Enclosure. He was preceded by a long file of priests in choir costume, all carrying lighted candles and singing the *Laudate, Pueri, Dominum.* The Bishops followed immediately after.

The Blessed Sacrament was placed on the altar of the repository. The *Tantum Ergo* was sung. Then all, Bishops, priests and pilgrims, knelt to receive the benediction. As soon as the *Laudate Dominum* was sung, the procession moved to the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, which was entered only by the Cardinal, the Bishops and a few of the priests. Thence they proceeded to the Hazelwood Thicket and then to the Grotto of Lourdes. The *Magnificat* was chanted as the procession left the Enclosure. Solemn benediction was given by the Cardinal in the convent chapel on Friday, September 19.

The second week of the Jubilee was called the "Salesian" week, from the fact that the confessors of all the Visitation convents throughout the world were invited to Paray. The greater number of them accepted the invitation. The Masses were begun at midnight and about one hundred and forty were celebrated. Shortly before high Mass at the Basilica, the confessors of the Visitation convents and other priests came to bear away the body of Blessed Margaret Mary from the convent chapel.

The procession formed, after the sermon, to bring back the relics to the chapel, was headed by former pupils of the Visitation deputed from the different convents. In advance of the clergy were the vigorous mountaineers of Savoy bearing aloft a blue velvet banner on which was inscribed: "Confraternity of Our Lady of Compassion, founded by St. Francis of Sales, A.D. 1602."

The confessors of the different Visitation convents said that this had been to them a rest on Mount Thabor. Before leaving the sanctuary they renewed the act of consecration made during the Holy Hour the previous night in all the convents of the Visitation throughout the world. In the morning the reliquary containing the brain of Blessed Margaret Mary was taken to the parlor where they could at leisure enjoy the consolation of venerating it. This sacred relic is preserved in the Oratory of Blessed Margaret Mary, the room in which she died.

Above the Shrine of Blessed Margaret Mary was suspended an enormous crown of lilies and violets, the offering of the Sisters of the First Monastery of the Visitation at Marseilles, emblematic of the forty-three thousand acts of humility presented to our Blessed Sister in honor of her glorious centenary. Other convents of the Visitation united in similar practices; each offering a golden crown of good works for the same intention.

On Friday, September 26, the Basilica and the Visitation chapel remained open all night. The Masses were again begun at midnight. The last of the two hundred said in the chapel ended at a quarter before one o'clock P.M. The processions with the sacred body were repeated each Friday.

Sunday, October 12, was a day of triumph for Paray-le-Monial, for on that day the Shrine of our Blessed Sister was borne in procession through all the streets of the city. The chapels of the different communities were magnificently adorned to receive the welcome visit. Enthusiasm and fervor were everywhere manifested. Paray had been favored by our Blessed one.

After three hours' march through the city the procession reached the Visitation Chapel, and the holy Shrine was replaced beneath the crown of lilies and violets during the chanting of the *Veni, Sponsa Christi, accipe coronam.*

On Thursday evening, October 16, the eve of the Second Centenary of Blessed Margaret Mary's death, immediately after the exercises of the month of the Rosary, all lay persons were requested to withdraw, as the chapel that evening was reserved exclusively for the clergy. His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons

and ten or eleven Bishops were among the priests who filled the chapel. The Rev. Father Tissot, Superior General of the Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales, ascended the pulpit. He waited until the priests concluded the *Miserere*, then after invoking our Lady of Sorrows and the Virgin of Paray—*Beata Margarita Maria, ora pro nobis*—he said: "Since we are here to make the Holy Hour in the spirit of our Blessed Sister, let us hear how our Divine Master taught her to make it." He then read the passage of her life recounting the admirable vision in which our Lord told His servant, that on every Thursday night He would make her participate in the mortal sadness which He endured in the Garden of Olives. Father Tissot added: "Wishing to make of our Blessed Sister, the apostle of His Sacred Heart, it pleased our Saviour to plunge her into the bitterest sea of the sorrows of His Passion, the sadness of His Adorable Heart. And now, sweet Blessed Sister, exult for joy! Behold your chapel filled with priests who have come inspired by your devotion to offer to the Heart of your Well-Beloved the homage of their reparation. O Heart of Jesus, Thou art no longer alone, for to-day, at least, Thou hast consolers!"

Then the meditation began. It was divided into three points, each answering to one of the following questions: What is the Victim of sorrow; what are the torments He endures; Who are the executioners?

"The Victim is the Heart of a Man-God: it is the Heart of a man—it is the Heart of a God—it is the Heart of a Priest—it is the Heart of a Pontiff. All of these reasons for the sorrows of the Adorable Victim are more poignant, more delicate, more immense."

At the end of this first point, saluting this holy Victim under the title-name of "O Saving Victim," the Rev. Father desired the priests to sing the *O Salutaris Hostia*. Oh! how thrilling these priestly voices were! Then, because Jesus had endured in His Heart, with a divine intensity, all the sorrows of His mystical Body—the Church—and above all those of the head of the Church, the Father filled with filial compassion prayed for the

Pope, and all sang: *Oremus pro Pontifice nostro Leone. Dominus conservet eum et vivificet eum.*

"The torments. From Holy Thursday evening until Good Friday evening, the Eternal Father did not for an instant lay aside His wrath. He overwhelmed His Son without mercy. Jesus the Innocent, the Holy One, is treated not only as a sinner but even as sin itself. This ignominious robe of sin enveloped His divine flesh. It was an ocean of iniquity which submerged Him in its loathsome depths. Behold one of His torments! But He endured others, the thought of His Mother buried in grief. The terror seizing the Holy Victim became so great, that His Heart hesitated. But, to the *transeat* succeeds the *non Mea voluntas, sed Tua fiat!* Who are the executioners! Ah! we need not go far to find them. Each one of us must say *Mea culpa! Mea culpa*, and, because we are priests *Mea maxima culpa!* Did not our Lord say to the Blessed Sister that the sins of His chosen ones, those who are consecrated to Him, made Him suffer most?"

Love and repentance filled the silent assembly. Tears flowed from every eye and in concluding the Holy Hour the Rev. Father made an offering of all these tears to the Heart of the Divine Priest as the most precious reparation. His closing words were: "Oh, Divine Heart of Jesus, remember that this night have been shed for Thee the tears which Thou lovest most, the tears of Thy priests." The *Parce, Domine*, was sung three times.

The Basilica and the Visitation Chapel remained open all that night. The great pilgrimage from Lyons spent the night in adoration in the two Chapels. Immediately after the Sisters had finished Matins, the pilgrims sang the *Adoro Te*, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed and the holy vigil was begun. The community, according to their rule, withdrew. During the night, the pilgrims prayed and sang, with increasing fervor. From eleven to twelve the Holy Hour was made aloud by the Vicar-General of Autun. He commented on the anthem, *O Sacrum Convivium*—the Holy Hour of the Eucharist.

The Masses began at midnight.

The faithful were so eager to be purified in the sacred tribunal

of Penance that all the confessionals were crowded; and as they were not sufficient, it was necessary to improvise new ones for the women, but the men knelt anywhere at the priest's feet to confess their sins and to receive absolution. Who will count the number of Holy Communions? For over twelve hours continuously the Bread of Angels became the Bread of travellers and pilgrims. As soon as they had communicated they hastened to give place to others.

In the two churches it was a holy Pasch incessantly renewed. From half-past six till half-past seven all the altars of the Sisters' chapel were reserved for the Bishops. We cannot tell all the prayers, all the acts of confidence and abandonment that were offered to our Lord, both within and without the Enclosure to obtain fine weather for this great day. The heavens seemed to be holding us in suspense. Suddenly, a bright light would fill us with hope; then a dark cloud would overshadow the sky: nevertheless, preparations were continued.

Three or four Masses were celebrated in the open air, in the Enclosure of the Chaplains, on improvised altars under awnings. But for this arrangement, thousands of pilgrims would have been deprived of the consolation of assisting at the holy Sacrifice, so difficult was it to enter, either the Basilica or the chapel. The streets were densely crowded, and our own chapel had never been so thronged. The Blessed Sacrament remained exposed only until 8 o'clock A.M., for on this day all eyes wished to contemplate the Shrine of the Blessed Sister, and our worthy Bishop was unwilling to deprive the faithful of that favor.

At half-past eight A.M. the pilgrims of Nevers arrived. Hardly had they entered the chapel ere their worthy Bishop exhorted them not to lose a moment of the precious time spent in Paray, and above all, within these holy walls. "Paray-le-Monial! Oh, this is truly the house of the Lord of which the Prophet speaks! Happy are those who tread this sanctified soil."

A little before ten o'clock the episcopal cortége reached the interior of the Basilica, when the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons and fourteen Bishops took their places.

The grand Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Nevers. At the gospel, the Bishop of Coutance made the souls of his hearers thrill with hope pointing out to them the divine remedy for all the evils from which our country suffers at the present time. Four or five large cathedrals would have been insufficient to contain the thousands of pilgrims striving to get into the Basilica.

It is believed that the total number of pilgrims in Paray on October 17 was not less than forty thousand; between fifteen hundred and two thousand of these were priests and religious. Nearly fifteen hundred Masses were celebrated from midnight to mid-day in the churches and chapels of Paray.

While the Bishops and some of the clergy were dining at Bethany, the mother-house of the chaplains of the Sacred Heart, Bishop Perraud arose and read the following telegram:

"On this happy occasion of your Centenary Feast, the Bishops of Ireland, assembled at Dublin, desire to join with you in hastening the canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary.

"THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN."

The answer sent was as follows:

"Cardinal Foulon, Archbishop of Lyons, the Bishop of Autun and thirteen other French Bishops, united at Paray for the Second Centenary of Blessed Margaret Mary, profoundly touched with the sentiments expressed by the Bishops of Ireland, offer them their best wishes for themselves and for their country.

"THE BISHOP OF AUTUN."

The following dispatch was sent to the Holy Father:

"Cardinal Foulon, Archbishop of Lyons, the Bishop of Autun and thirteen other French Bishops, united at Paray-le-Monial, on the occasion of the Bi-centenary of Blessed Margaret Mary, place at the feet of Your Holiness, the homage of their

religious and filial veneration. They echo the sentiments of the pilgrims who have come to Paray to gain the Indulgence of the Jubilee; and they offer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus fervent prayers for the successor of St. Peter, while humbly soliciting him to bless themselves and their dioceses and all France.

"CARDINAL FOULON,
"Archbishop of Lyons."

The hour for the processions arrived and, notwithstanding the clouds, began its march. The pilgrims from Arles sang their harmonious canticles in *provençal*, while those from Normandy put their whole souls into the repetition of their dear refrain:

Cease! The Heart of Jesus is here!

The lay pilgrims were two hours entering and leaving the Enclosure before the clergy crossed its threshold chanting the *Credo*, then—*fiat voluntas tua!*—a thick cloud discharged itself in torrents on this multitude. The Blessed Sacrament was providentially under the awning which sheltered the entrance, thus sparing the Bishops this inundation. The Blessed Sacrament borne by His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, was preceded and followed by an imposing file of Bishops, Vicars-General and other ecclesiastical dignitaries.

The number of Masses celebrated at Paray-le-Monial from the opening of the Jubilee, September 8, until its close, November 1, 1890, was six thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven, of which, three thousand three hundred and seventy were offered in the Visitation Chapel, one thousand seven hundred at the Basilica, and the rest in other chapels of the city. The number of Communions given during the jubilee was fifty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty, of which twenty-six thousand were given in the Visitation Chapel.

During these days of blessing about one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims came to Paray, the "City of the Sacred Heart," to offer the homage of their prayers and veneration to Blessed Margaret Mary.

THE READER.

*

The *Reader* feels the assurance that he will be thanked if he gives the MESSENGER readers a share in the delight he himself had when perusing the letter which he received from Miss Eliza Allen Starr accompanying her poem, "June Lilies," printed in a preceding form of this issue. Those who have heard this delightful and gracious lady in private interview or in her public lectures will readily understand the delicate charm of thought and cadenced rhythm of words in all her writings. The *Reader* wonders how many of our Catholics have read her *Songs of a Lifetime*, or *Pilgrims and Shrines*, or *Christian Art in our own Age*—works of sterling worth, full of beauty, Catholic thought and feeling and instruction. And yet how often it is said, thoughtlessly we charitably hope (though *unknowingly* would be the proper word), that we have no books by Catholic authors!

In explaining why her poem reached us too late for June, Miss Starr says: "The inspiration would not come until the *lilies* came, and not until I saw them on my altar, or you would have had the little poem for the June number of the MESSENGER. As it is, if you will accept this for another issue, perhaps it will still serve for the honor of the Sacred Heart. . . . Allow me to say how much I admire the June MESSENGER, and how it brings back my own visits to the Gesù in Rome, to the room itself of St. Aloysius and his 'true picture.' Then, 'The Home and Family' brings the Saint so near to us; 'The Dalmatic,' too, and the illustrations—all these articles concerning the sanctuary are so much needed. A great many pages go by me unread, but such pages catch my eye, hold my attention: for there is always a feeling of their great educational value; educating all classes and all ages. The people of this dear country are so ignorant in these matters, because so few have an opportunity to learn them unconsciously, as in other countries: and the unconscious education is so much higher than all others, becoming a part of the very being and essence of existence. Is it not so?"

* *

A letter, dated June 24, on a different subject but of quite as much interest to our readers, has come to us from an old friend of the MESSENGER, Father de Augustinis, S.J., late professor of theology in Woodstock College, Maryland, and now holding a like position in the Roman College of the Eternal City. He writes:

"To the greater glory of God, and in honor of St. Aloysius, as well as for the edification of all, I cannot forbear writing to you a line or two concerning the Tercentenary Feast which we are celebrating here in Rome, and in which the whole Catholic world is joining. It is truly a solemn and most wonderful triumph. It is already a week and a half now that this celebration has been going on, and the fervor and enthusiasm are growing more and more intense. The crowds of people visiting the Church of St. Ignatius to kneel at the altar of St. Aloysius have surpassed all expectation, and all come with the greatest respect and piety. On June 21, the crowd was so numerous, their veneration for the hallowed spot so great, and their earnestness in prayer so remarkable, that it was really astonishing. On the morning of the same day, in Saint Ignatius' Church alone, there were more than 13,000 Communions, and in nearly all the other churches of Rome, I am told, the Communions were very numerous. Doubtless, you have read in the papers of the magnificence of the ornamentation, the gorgeous drapery, the profusion of lights, etc. But what is most important of all is the great number of sinners converted, together with the evident desire manifested by many to lead a pious life. Many houses were illuminated on the evening of the 20th, and many more on the 21st.

"Pamphlets, books, papers without number, bearing on the Tercentenary, are on all sides. But a most interesting feature of this celebration is the *Albums* containing the names of children. Volume after volume arrives from every part of Europe. In England the Protestants even were anxious to give their signatures. From Germany, chiefly from Austria, and from other parts of Europe, the *Lists* are very numerous. This very day a gigantic volume arrived from Croatia: I never saw the like: it is a masterpiece of art and taste and piety. It contains—mark this! —100,000 signatures of little children.

"All over Italy, in every city, in every town, the enthusiasm to honor St. Aloysius is astonishing and touching. May God be blessed! The United States, I am sure, will join their word of faith in this universal concert of true believers."

* * *

Those who have broken away from the one true Church are responsible for the uncertainty of belief prevalent in the Christian world to-day. They have cut many loose from the moorings of early faith who have drifted far into skepticism and unbelief. The substitution of reason, with its ignorance and prejudice, for an infallible guide in the doctrine of faith has wrought havoc where it was intended to purify and ennoble.

Nowhere does this appear more alarming than in the hosts that, accepting its cardinal principle, have been logically forced to deny Christ's Divinity. In the days when our Saviour went about doing good, many regarded Him as a mere human prodigy, and to-day liberty of thought fosters that belief in the minds of many. A living writer who, like members of all unstable creeds, has passed through a series of religious changes says: "Every age has more or less resemblance to that of some particular Apostle. I cannot help thinking that this century has Thomas for its model. How do you suppose the other Apostles felt when that experimental philosopher explored the wounds of the Being Who to them was Divine, with his inquisitive forefinger? In our time that inquisitive forefinger has multiplied itself into ten thousand implements of research, challenging all mysteries and sifting through a prism the light that comes from the throne of the Eternal."

Some sects make the denial of Christ's Divinity a tenet of their faith. Unitarianism is such a sect. In the court of Pilate Christ was stripped and clothed in the garb of a mock king, and to-day the Unitarian strips Him in men's minds of all save His humanity and holds Him up to the world as a weakling like ourselves. Nor is this the only sect that encourages so blasphemous a belief. The Church of England, while not openly teaching it, at least tolerates it. For years this church remained most like our own, followed us in our prayers and ably defended the doctrine of the Godhead and Incarnation. But the cry of the "Bible

and nothing but the Bible" has been heard within her pale and many of her best minds belong to the Broad Church Party, or in other words, to the rationalistic school of the Church of England. The denial of Christ's Divinity is no bar to promotion, and Cardinal Wiseman tells us that this heresy "has stalked abroad in open day and in high places of the church and we never see, nor have we seen, the church exert herself to dispel the error."

Around us we see daily the practical spirit of this denial. And what better proof can we have of this than their opposition to the devotion we pay the Mother of God? "She is a mere creature," they tell us. "True," we answer, "but she is the Mother of God." Cardinal Newman touched the heart of the difficulty when he said: "The divine Maternity of Mary is the real test of orthodoxy."

Of Christ's Divinity we find evident proofs in the New Testament. Page after page records miracles, miracles wrought to prove He was Divine. He converted water into wine; a multitude sit down on the mountain-side to a repast that His power had prepared from a few loaves and fishes. How many lives He brightened by miraculously taking off them the weight of sickness or the heavier burden of sin! His word gave life to the dead, He foretold His own death and rose in majesty from the tomb. These miracles were performed in proof of His mission, and He cited them as witnesses of His Divinity.

But there is another testimony more potent than these wondrous facts, and that testimony came from His own lips. His voice was raised to prove His Divinity and to convince the world that He was God. The High-priest said to Him: *I adjure Thee by the living God that Thou tell us if Thou be the Christ the Son of God. Jesus saith to him: Thou hast said it.* Here is an open avowal of His Divinity, for His enemies regarded the solemn declaration as a blasphemy and judged Him worthy of death.

Yet the unbeliever, in the words of the writer already quoted, still cries out: "Pity us, dear Lord, pity us! The peace in believing that belonged to other ages is not for us. Again Thy wounds are opened that we may know whether it is the blood of one like ourselves which flows from them, or whether it is a Divinity bleeding for His creatures."

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR AUGUST, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

SOCIAL PEACE.

BY social peace is here meant the peace of society, that is, a state of harmony and good feeling between the different orders in society, between the rich and the poor more especially, and between labor and capital. To those who are acquainted with the contents of the Encyclical of the Holy Father on the condition of workingmen, it is not necessary to insist on the great need there is of praying for this state of good feeling. As the Holy Father points out, everything is now tending to bring about a speedy and disastrous rupture of social peace. What horrors are likely to accompany and follow such a rupture, we may learn from the history of the French Revolution of 1789, of the Paris Commune of 1871, and of the succession of social upheavals in France and Italy which have drawn the attention of the world on these countries so often during the intervening years.

I.

Every sign of the times seems to proclaim that we are on the eve of a great social revolution. Outside of the Church religion has apparently lost all hold on the working classes. Religious or moral restraints, then, can hardly be counted on to restrain men at the present crisis. The greed and luxury of the rich, their callous indifference to the needs and grievances of the poor, add to the gravity of the situation. Blind and vicious theorists and, side by side with them, not a few earnest and honest seekers after truth, have thoroughly rehearsed the tale of the rights and grievances of the poor man and the laborer, and the duties and shortcomings of

the rich man and the employers. The workingmen moreover are organized. National prejudices and barriers are disappearing as it becomes clearer that success in the great movement, which is now rapidly maturing, depends on international action. Capital will soon have ranged against it an army such as the world has not yet seen, cool, determined, perfectly disciplined up to the point at least of being able to destroy and devastate, if not to reconstruct. And little or nothing is being done in the way of preparations to avert the catastrophe.

We are now passing through the lull before the storm. The May strikes and labor demonstrations, here and in Europe, which passed off as a rule so quietly were but a sort of dress-parade, a preliminary test of the strength and efficiency of the great labor army against the day not far distant, if the leaders are to be credited, when the old order will finally disappear and the new order rise triumphant on the ruins.

II.

What is the programme of the new order of things? Of this we are not left in doubt. After the horrors of a revolution such as the world has not yet seen, socialism or communism in politics and naturalism in religion—these are what we have to expect. Under the new order, men shall be free from every yoke and existing evil. Poverty shall be no more, nor inequality of any kind, and every form of superstition shall disappear. In other words, the promise held out to men is in another form: *You shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.*[1]

Not all to whom this prospect is held out are deceived by it. But to the masses who cannot look ahead very far, and on whom existing burdens press hard, any programme that promises more liberty, more comfort, more pleasure, is a welcome one. And once engaged in the actual struggle for their rights, real and fancied, who will answer that even the honest and upright will not be carried away by the intoxication of the moment?

[1] Genesis, iii. 5.

III.

Now the duty of Associates at this time is very plain. Our hope and aim is the speedy establishment of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ on earth—*Thy Kingdom Come!* Our great arm against the enemies of Christ, visible and invisible, is prayer. Here in our country, the very great evils we have pointed out may not seem to be so imminent. In other lands they are imminent. Experience of the past proves this. The threats and boasts of the Socialist leaders in France and Belgium and Germany leave little doubt of it. The venerable voice of the Holy Father is raised to warn us that the storm is fast approaching. Let us then pray that this storm may be dispersed.

The remedy is in a return of the nation to God. There would be little to fear for the world or for society to-day, if the spirit of the Sacred Heart ruled the hearts of men. In the first place, classes and divisions in society would be as if they were not. For then there *would be neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free,* for *Christ would be all and in all.*[2] In the second place, charity would then rule, *and charity is patient, is kind; charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up.*[3] Then would forbearance and considerateness mark the conduct of the rich towards the poor, and patience, self-respect and acquiescence in the dispositions of God's fatherly providence be the characteristics of the poor.

But as things are now, the poor forget the lessons of the Cave of Bethlehem and of the carpenter's bench at Nazareth. They listen to the vaporings of wicked or deluded agitators and hope from them the remedy for their woes, whereas there is but One Who could say: *Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you. Take up My yoke upon you and learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart and you shall find rest for your souls. For My yoke is sweet and My burden light.*[4] The rich on the other hand forget the words of the Apostle so very applicable to them: *Who distinguisheth thee? Or what hast thou that thou hast not received? And if thou hast received, why dost*

[2] Colossians, iii. 11. [3] I. Corinthians, xiii. [4] St. Matthew, xi. 28.

thou glory as if thou hadst not received.[5] They turn a deaf ear to the terrible denunciations of the Lord: *Wo to you that are rich for you have your consolation. Wo to you that are filled for you shall hunger. Wo to you that now laugh for you shall mourn and weep.*[6] They are heedless of the injunction: *Make unto you friends of the mammon of iniquity;*[7] that is, use wisely and as God's righteous stewards the wealth He has given you. *Thou shalt not refuse the hire of the needy and the poor whether he be thy brother or a stranger that dwelleth with thee in the land and is within thy gates; but thou shalt pay him the price of his labor the same day before the going down of the sun, because he is poor and with it maintaineth his life: lest he cry against thee to the Lord and it be reputed to thee for a sin.*[8] And remember always that *alms delivereth from death and the same is that which purgeth away sins and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting.*[9]

We should have everything to hope for, if these truths were practically believed. And believed they must be if the world is to be saved. *He hath given to every one of us commandment concerning our neighbor,*[10] says the Wise man, and Christ Himself has said: *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and thy whole soul and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like to this, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets.*[11] When will the world open its eyes to this truth? The united and fervent prayers of our Associates can do much to hasten this happy day.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular that social peace may be established. *Amen.*

[5] I. Corinthians, iv. 7. [6] St. Luke, vi. 24, 25. [7] Ibid. xvi. 9.
[8] Deuteronomy, xxiv. 14. [9] Tobias, xii. 9. [10] Ecclesiasticus, xvii. 12.
[11] St. Matthew, xi. 28.

THE LEAGUE AND TEMPERANCE.

"The Heroic Offering."

INTEMPERANCE is a sin. Reparation should be made for sin. These are the Christian principles underlying the work begun by Father Cullen, the Irish Head-Director of the League, and now proposed to our American Associates in the *Children's Manual* recently published by the American Head-Director.

That intemperance is a sin, no Catholic can deny. That it is a sin productive of other sins, no one, who is at all observant, will hesitate to acknowledge. That it is a sin bringing with it inevitable ruin to body and soul, to homes, and families, and communities, sad experience too often testifies. Who can count the blighted lives, the ruined homes, the broken hearts due to this sin? Who will number the immortal souls lost through the sin of intemperance?

But it is not our design, in advocating the practice of the *Heroic Offering*, to enlarge upon the temporal evils resulting from this sin; we wish to look upon another aspect of the evil, to consider it in its bearing upon the spiritual life of souls. This consideration will appeal with special force to those of our Associates who have learned, by the practice of the Third Degree of the League, the true spirit of reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

We do not wish in any way to exaggerate the harm done to souls by this sin; nor is there any need of exaggeration, for the plain and simple truth is sufficiently terrible. No priest of God whose life has been passed in ministering to souls can think of the ruin wrought in his flock by intemperance without shuddering at the thought. No father or mother whose boy, led away by evil companions and neglecting prayer and the Sacraments, fell a victim to this vice and sank into an untimely grave need be told that intemperance is destructive to souls.

Our contention is not that intemperance is the only sin, nor do we claim that it is the worst sin committed, but we do hold

that is a great and widespread sin, a public sin, a sin peculiarly prevalent at the present time, a sin that demands atonement or reparation, a sin that can be atoned for and repaired.

The motives that impel, and the reasons that underlie the many works of reparation, undertaken of late to atone for special sins, are applicable to this sin as well. We may even say that they gain additional force when applied to the sin of intemperance. Other sins atoned for are, for the most part, private sins or the sins of very few: this sin is public and widespread, limited neither to any condition of life, or age, or occupation, or sex. Our duty to God leads us to make reparation for sins of intemperance.

Our Associates of the Holy League have taken upon themselves the defence of our Lord's interests; when His interests are in danger they claim for themselves the right to protect them. Now the chief interest of our Blessed Lord is to glorify His Father by the salvation of souls. The sin of intemperance robs God of His glory by destroying the souls which Christ has redeemed. Our Associates are asked to make reparation for this injury done to Almighty God. In this spirit of atonement and reparation, the *Heroic Offering* is proposed. It is to be a free offering; a voluntary sacrifice of a thing indifferent in itself, the use of which is not forbidden to those to whom the *Heroic Offering* is proposed. This work of self-denial is not intended to be merely a remedial measure to be practised by those who have sinned and are still in proximate danger of sinning by intemperance; their duty is plain; if they do not avoid what is a proximate occasion of sin for them they cannot hope to save their souls. If they are not resolved, with God's help, to avoid these occasions, they cannot be absolved from their sins in the Sacrament of Penance. There is no question of simple counsel for them; they must avoid the occasion of sin. Victims of intemperance are not to be allowed to make this offering. "The chief aim of the *Heroic Offering* is," in the words of Father Cullen, "to band in holy alliance around the Heart of Jesus self-denying souls, who are prepared to combine with prayer the sacrifice of a *legitimate luxury*, in order to give greater glory and consolation to His Heart."

MONTHLY COMMUNION OF CHILDREN.

The Venerable Olier and the Parish of St. Sulpice.

IN speaking of the Monthly Communion of Children in the June Messenger, we insisted on its influence for good on the whole parish. The example of the children, it was said, will draw the parents; or if it will not do this, one generation at least in the parish will form the habit of frequently approaching the Blessed Sacrament, thus preparing the way for the sanctification of succeeding generations. In the life of M. Olier, the venerable Founder of St. Sulpice, we have a remarkable confirmation of this. M. Olier reformed the parish of St. Sulpice by means of the Monthly Communion of Children. To understand all that this means, we must realize the condition of that parish at the time when M. Olier was given charge of it. If ever difficulties sufficient to daunt the stoutest heart were put in the way of a parish priest, there was here a condition of things enough to discourage even an apostle. Here is an account left us by a writer who was almost contemporary with M. Olier:

"I wish I were able to give you an idea of the state of St. Sulpice at the time of the establishment of the Seminary. It was then a very sewer, into which was turned every sort of disorder and every kind of abomination that you can imagine. This Sodom was the refuge of all the abandoned wretches of Paris, who found there impunity and the means of living according to their passions. It was a special Providence over this *faubourg* that made God raise up M. Olier and his zealous co-laborers. Their tireless efforts made this sterile ground a very land of promise, in which each one taught his neighbor to know and to glorify God. The change was easily observed through frequent confessions, and the numerous instances in which restitution was made; through the obedience of the parishioners to the precepts of the Church and their insatiable hunger for the Word of God; and

lastly, through the sorrow and repentance of such numbers of prodigal children, who were brought to detest the irregularities of their former lives. In this parish, where up to this time the Holy Table had been deserted, the eagerness to receive the Blessed Sacrament became so universal that in one year the number of Communions made in the parish church amounted to 200,000; and this was in spite of the fact that, in the neighborhood, there were thirty churches belonging to communities, which the parishioners might attend."

So great indeed was the change that M. Faillon, the biographer of the servant of God, does not hesitate to say: "The labors of M. Olier produced so astonishing fruit that in one year his parish offered a vivid picture of what the first Christian community must have been."

The first conclusion to be drawn from this is that no parish, in however bad a state it may be, is to be despaired of. The truly pious and zealous priest can transform a Sodom into a holy city, and prodigies of this kind, thanks be to God, we see renewed in our own days.

The second conclusion that might be drawn is that the means which produced such astonishing results in one case may be depended on not to fail in similar cases, and may be depended upon, too, to sanctify still more parishes in which God is already being served.

The means employed by M. Olier to convert his parish were many and admirable. Still, in the opinion of one historian, the most efficacious of the means he employed was the care he expended on the children and in particular the institution of the Monthly Communion of the Children of the parish. We may here give in his own words the idea which inspired M. Olier. "I begin to understand the mind of God in the reform of this parish. His will is that we should first help the young people, making them understand the principles of the Christian life and sowing in their hearts the truths of salvation." The full truth of this he showed himself, for his first step was to institute frequent catechetical instructions, and certainly there was great need

of them, for his biographer tells us: "The ignorance, as regards the things of salvation in which the greater part of the children lived, appeared to the servant of God to be the first of the evils of his parish that he should labor to correct. For a long time the teaching of religion had been that even the fathers and the mothers of these children were as little acquainted with the elements of Christian doctrine as were their children. They did not seem to have ever heard of the *Apostles' Creed.* It was necessary therefore to teach them anew, and to explain the Gospel from the beginning to all alike, great and small. In order to succeed in this difficult enterprise, M. Olier established a number of catechism classes in different quarters of his parish.

He himself wished to take part in this ministry, and his especial charge was the youngest of the children, and his care of them was marked by a love and humility that were admirable. Over and above these general classes, in which he gathered over 4,000 children, he had other classes, in which he prepared them for their First Communion, and which were known as "Weekly Classes." He had still another class, in which the children were prepared for the Sacrament of Confirmation, and he made it a rule that all should undergo an examination before being admitted to receive the Sacrament.

In addition to this regular teaching of the catechism, M. Olier adopted another device without which his instructions would have remained, as he believed, without results as far as regards the reform of the morals and the preservation of the innocence of the souls of the children. This means was the confessional. "Children," he said, "should be made to go to confession as often as possible, once they have passed the age of six or seven years. Without this the teaching of revealed truth remains inefficacious, and has no practical influence on their lives."

This work of hearing children's confessions, moreover, he did not leave to others. His labors were great and burdensome. His parish was very extensive, and still more extensive were the needs of his parishioners. But this made little difference to him. He never refused to hear the confessions of little children, and his

heart was always open to receive them with a fatherly tenderness. He had learned in the school of his Divine Master how glorious and elevating in the sight of God is this ministry which is so obscure in the eyes of the world. We again quote from his biographer: "In spite of his constant occupations M. Olier never refused to hear the confessions of the children who came to him. He received them with a gentleness and tenderness worthy of a mother or a nurse. Knowing that their young hearts are like wax to receive every sort of impression, he tried to imprint upon them the first elements of the New Man, after the model offered us in the Child Jesus, Who was subject to His parents and grew each day in grace."

A person who had the greatest admiration for M. Olier and who, after the death of the man of God, felt himself obliged to put in writing whatever had most struck him in the conduct of the servant of God, insists especially upon this point. He recalls with admiration the humility and the charity with which M. Olier received these little children; and he adds: "When I recall the touching remembrance of these scenes, I can scarcely restrain my tears."

The chief means of all, however, upon which the intelligent and devoted zeal of M. Olier depended was the Holy Communion, and to this he added devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He established among the children a General Communion every month, and this pious practice, as we have said in the beginning, had the greatest influence on the reform of St. Sulpice. It was one of the principal causes of its return to the right way and of its continued piety. "The principal means M. Olier employed to reform his parish," says his biographer, "was devotion to the Blessed Sacrament; and in his efforts to preserve his parishioners from the poison of Jansenism, which was then beginning to show itself, he displayed the greatest zeal in bringing his people to receive the Blessed Sacrament frequently, and the most efficacious means that he employed was to inspire in them from childhood the sincerest and tenderest love of Jesus Christ, and to impress upon them the dispositions with which they should receive this true Bread of Life.

He demanded of those in the catechism classes that they should prepare their children for First Communion, and in order to do this he set on foot General Communions, which are still known as such."

This is the explanation which has been given by the people of the place for the revival of piety which took place in the time of M. Olier, and which has existed ever since. M. Olier himself said: "It is God's will that piety should revive through devotion to the most Blessed Sacrament on the altar. The aim of the Son of God in coming upon this earth was to communicate Himself, His own divine life, to men, and thus make them like unto Himself. This transformation He begins in Baptism; He advances it in Confirmation; but the finishing touch and the perfection of His work He wills to come through the most Blessed Sacrament, the divine food which really gives us His own life. This is the inexhaustible fountain, the bottomless ocean out of the fulness of which we are all sanctified. Through the Blessed Sacrament it is that He desires to fill His priests with His own spirit and with His grace, so that they may convert souls. The priest who is untiring in his efforts to honor It, to appeal to It, to supplicate It in favor of his people, may sooner or later obtain the conversion of them all. Alas! dear Lord, if You would but be pleased to make me present in many places where the Host is preserved throughout the world, so that I might live there and spend my days and my life adoring Thee, how happy should I be! I perish at the thought that the dear Lord is not honored in the Blessed Sacrament."

Would that all of our priests were full of these ardent desires, especially the newly-ordained, who are beginning their labors for souls! Young people have always more influence over young people than others have. What a magnificent field, then, is open to the activity of young priests in this work of the Monthly Communion of Children! What an abundant harvest of souls may be gained by them, if they thus become the apostles of the young!

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (June 12 to July 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Brooklyn, New York: St. Michael's Church, Flushing.

Cleveland, Ohio: St. Mary's Church, Vermillion.

Davenport, Iowa: St. Mary's Church, Red Oak.

Detroit, Michigan: Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, Detroit.

Fort Wayne, Indiana: Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame.

Grand Rapids, Michigan: St. Mary's Church, Provemont; St. Mary's Church, Cascade; House of the Aged Poor (Little Sisters of the Poor), Grand Rapids.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. Mary's Church, New London; St. John's Church, New Haven; Convent of Mercy, Fairhaven.

Kansas City, Missouri: St. Bridget's Church, Rich Hill.

Louisville, Kentucky: St. Stephen's Church, Owensboro.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: St. Patrick's Church, Beaver Dam.

Newark, New Jersey: Holy Trinity Church, Hackensack; Sacred Heart Church, Newark; Assumption B.V.M. Church, Morristown.

New York, New York: St. Stanislas' Church, New York.

Oregon, Oregon: St. Mary's Church, Pendleton.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: St. Wendel's Church, Carbon Centre.

Scranton, Pennsylvania: St. Gabriel's Church, Hazleton.

Syracuse, New York: St. Francis' Church, Utica.

Trenton, New Jersey: St. Clare's Church, Florence.

Vincennes, Indiana: Nativity B.V.M. Church, North Vernon.

Wilmington, Delaware: Immaculate Conception Church, Elkton; St. John Baptist's Church, Newark.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

Diplomas of Affiliation, received from the *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Grand Rapids, Michigan: St. Patrick's Church, Grand Haven.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: St. Catharine's Church, Mapleton.

Providence, Rhode Island: St. John Evangelist's Church, Slatersville.

Springfield, Massachusetts: St. Paul's Church, Blackstone.

Syracuse, New York: St. John Evangelist's Cathedral, Syracuse.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from June 12 to July 12, 1891.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	669,220	11. Masses Heard	124,851
2. Beads	254,530	12. Mortifications	244,530
3. Stations of the Cross .	36,243	13. Works of Charity . .	97,311
4. Holy Communions . .	124,666	14. Works of Zeal	1,626,887
5. Spiritual Communions .	266,034	15. Prayers	2,575,311
6. Examens of Conscience	137,711	16. Charitable Conversation	72,709
7. Hours of Labor	427,486	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	146,598
8. Hours of Silence . . .	183,108	18. Self-Conquest	120,705
9. Pious Reading	64,519	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	244,242
10. Masses Celebrated . .	2,218	20. Various Good Works .	699,775
Total			8,107,454

The above returns represent four hundred and twelve Centres. These offerings for the Treasury are made for all the Intentions recommended during the past month.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 54,422.

——*Having been delivered by God out of great dangers, we give Him great thanks* (II. Machabees, i. 11).——

HALIFAX, N. S., JUNE 11.—Thanksgiving is offered for the conversion and restoration to health of a careless Catholic who for many years had given up all religious practices. He was taken suddenly ill and refused to see a priest. His friends then recommended him to the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart, and in a short time he made his confession and received Holy Communion, and is now almost entirely restored to health.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., JUNE 12.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the complete restoration of mind to two persons who were insane, and confined in an asylum. One cure was instantaneous.

CINCINNATI, O., JUNE 12.—Persons who were recommended to the prayers of the League not long ago have returned to the practice of their religious duties after an absence of 15, 18, 20, 22 and 25 years.

PORT HURON, MICH., JUNE 12.—A Promoter returns thanks for the cure of a disease which had caused much suffering for a year. Promise was made to publish the favor in the MESSENGER.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., JUNE 12.—Special thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the happy death of one who had not been

to his duties for fifteen years. His conversion was manifestly due to the prayers of the Associates of the League. Also, for the restoration to health of a young man whose case was pronounced fatal by the physicians.

TACOMA, WASH., JUNE 15.—Being told by my doctor that I would be obliged to undergo surgical treatment for the removal of a cancerous tumor from which I suffered and dreading the knife, I placed all my confidence in the Sacred Heart and made my peace with God. In two weeks I was cured by simple treatment without the dreaded knife.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., JUNE 16.—I desire in fulfilment of my promise to return thanks through the MESSENGER for the recovery of my husband who was dangerously ill.

PHILA., PA., JUNE 19.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and to the Immaculate Heart of His Mother, for the conversion of my father who had not practised his religion for more than *forty years.* I recommended him to the prayers of the League for two years, promising, if my request was granted, to publish it in the MESSENGER. One month ago he went to confession and received Holy Communion.

NEW YORK, N. Y., JUNE 21.—An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a child, eight months old, thought to be dying. A member of the family placed a League Badge on his chest, promising to offer public thanks through the MESSENGER if he should recover. He improved rapidly and is now entirely well. An Associate returns thanks for preservation from pneumonia.

SHREVEPORT, LA., JUNE 22.—We offer thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return to his religious duties of a gentleman who, for *twelve years,* had not approached the Sacraments. This conversion had been recommended to the prayers of the League for many months.

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH., JUNE 22.—We return heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of two girls. They had neglected their duties since their First Communion, declaring that they were Protestants and would never be Catholics. They

were recommended to the prayers of the Holy League for the past four months, and now, thanks to the Sacred Heart, they have received the Sacraments and have been admitted into the League.

CHELSEA, MICH., JUNE 22.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return to the Sacraments of a man who had not approached them for *twenty-six years*. He was recommended three times to the prayers of the League. Also for the complete cure of a person afflicted with a troublesome disease.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., JUNE 23.—I was in need of a sum of money, and prayed at the altar of the Sacred Heart, promising, if my petition were granted, to acknowledge the same through the MESSENGER. My prayer was heard.

HOBOKEN, N. J., JUNE 24.—The First Communion of an aged father was recommended at Easter, and a promise made to publish the favor when granted. On the first day of the month of the Sacred Heart he made his First and last Communion, dying three hours after, in full possession of his faculties. He was in the *ninetieth year* of his age. He was baptized two years ago. I beg each of the MESSENGER readers to make a distinct act of thanksgiving for me, as I desire to make one for every favor I see recorded in its beloved pages.

OMAHA, NEB., JUNE 24.—A Promoter gives thanks for the return of a wayward brother who has been absent from the Sacraments for about *ten years*. He received Holy Communion over a month ago.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, JUNE 26.—We beg special thanksgiving to be made for six conversions in our midst since the establishment of the League here. Also for the great success achieved in our school, and for numberless other spiritual and temporal blessings.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 28.—Grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart for success with a class of disorderly boys. Also for a father's conversion. He has given up drink, joined the sodality, and not missed a single monthly Communion. Both intentions had been frequently recommended.

NEW YORK, N. Y., JUNE 28.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart

of Jesus for a miraculous deliverance after a trial of *over twenty years'* duration. Within the past week we have received all we ever asked for, and in such a manner that the hand of God is clearly visible.

St. Paul, Minn., June 28.—My mother made a novena to the Sacred Heart, and when it was completed my brother obtained the position he desired.

Syracuse, N. Y., June 30.—I return thanks to the Sacred Heart and the Holy League for the reformation of two young men who were addicted to drink. I recommended them to the League last month and they have been sober ever since. One of them had not been to confession for five years; he has received the Sacraments and goes to Mass regularly.

Glens Falls, N. Y., June 30.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for an extraordinary favor. My eyes have troubled me for a number of years, and recently they became so inflamed that vision was impeded. I made a triduum to the Sacred Heart and at the end of the third day the change was marvellous. The next day I was able to resume my duties which require constant use of the eyes.

Frederick, Md., June 30.—Two months ago we recommended to the prayers of the Associates a person who had fallen into a deep state of melancholy, bordering on insanity, an hereditary affliction, which left but little hope of recovery. Contrary to all expectation the person is now completely restored, and returns sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart.

Various Centres.—On the feast of the Sacred Heart I placed an intention in the box at the League Shrine. The following Friday I heard it read. Yesterday the favors I asked, peace of mind and money to pay a debt, were granted in a most unexpected manner.—About two months ago I asked the prayers of the League for an Associate who was out of employment. The request was granted and he has now a good position.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a person.

ST. PETER CLAVER, APOSTLE OF THE NEGROES.

(From a Design of the Roman Painter Gagliardi.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VI (XXVI). SEPTEMBER, 1891. No. 9

ST. PETER CLAVER,

APOSTLE OF THE NEGROES.

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

HE comes before us in the early splendor
Of sweet September days;
The brush of Gagliardi, rich and tender,
In graceful lines, portrays

A vision of the dear, heroic Claver
Before the Mercy-Seat,
Invoking humbly from the great All-Father,
A benediction sweet

Upon His dusky sons.—The court of heaven
Unfolds its glories—see!
Girdled with light, they glow, like statues graven
From polish'd ebony!

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First priceless fruits, which Carthagena's saviour
Snatch'd from the sons of Ham:
Fruits, which the toil, the tears, the sweat of Claver
Purchased unto the Lamb!

An earnest of that harvest, grand and glorious,
Which Christ shall call His own,
When white and colored, bond and free, victorious,
Unite around His Throne!

AMONG THE CŒUR D'ALENES.

By a Missionary.

SACRED HEART Mission among the Cœur d'Alene Indians being in a special manner under the protection of the Sacred Heart, we believe a short account of its history will be interesting to the readers of the MESSENGER, who, we know, are anxious about the progress of that greatest of all devotions, even among their sturdy brethren of the far Northwest. Well-nigh fifty years have passed since the "Black Gown" came among the Redmen of Idaho. Father De Smet, that intrepid Belgian, led by the spirit of God, marched over mountain, river, and forest, from St. Louis even beyond Uncle Sam's domain. His was the march of a conqueror: yes, the greatest of all conquerors, for in the hearts of the Indians of to-day his visit among them lives in sweet memory.

In 1842 the first mission was established among the Cœur d'Alenes at what is now known as "St. Joe." The glowing descriptions which Father De Smet spread over Europe of the great harvest to be reaped among the Indians brought many applications from members of the Society of Jesus. Belgium, France,

DESMET MISSION, IDAHO.—WINTER SCENE.

Italy, Germany and even Switzerland, sent their noble sons ready to bear all difficulties and to suffer all hardships in the defence and propagation of the faith. The path of the missionaries during that half century was not always strewn with flowers, nor did the sun of prosperity always cheer them on their way. The rugged hills and mountains, which to the prospector nowadays seem so fair, especially if he strike a good ledge of precious metals, were to the missionaries obstacles rather than encouragement. They had come with a different prospect. In the heart of the uncouth savage there was a mine to be discovered. The vices that surrounded that heart were harder to overcome than the clearing away of timber from the mountain's brow, or digging deep into its sides. It was only by the fire divine the work could be done, and so the mission was placed under the protection of the Sacred Heart.

The location on the "St. Joe" was found to be unhealthy from the great number of marshes which surrounded it, and the countless armies of mosquitoes made the place an unpleasant residence during the summer months. It was then decided to move to what is now known as the "Old Mission," a spot venerated by all classes and creeds. There is no place that the inhabitants of Spokane, the metropolis of the inland empire, look to with greater pride than the "Old Mission." Fathers Joset and Point were its founders. This makes the history of this mission doubly dear, for these two Fathers still live as connecting links between the past and present. Father Point has found a haven of rest in the Jesuit Novitiate near Montreal, Canada, while Father Joset is still wrestling with the evil one in trying to keep from his grasp those whom he has loved so much, and for whom he has sacrificed forty-seven years of his life.

Here then at the head of navigation on the Cœur d'Alene River, about thirty miles from the beautiful Cœur d'Alene Lake, the "Old Mission" was begun in 1844. Here that monument, the Church of the Sacred Heart, stands on a knoll. In front is the broad prairie which stretches along the Cœur d'Alene as it winds and turns in its onward march to the Lake. Behind, the

BOYS' DEPARTMENT, DESMET MISSION, IDAHO.

mountain-streams rush down the rugged sides, and the huge pines swayed to and fro by the wind, mingle their sighs with the murmur of the waters, which united add awe to the grandeur of the scene. But while you stand admiring the beauty of the place and are told that the church is the work of the Indians, who forty-seven years ago hewed, dressed and piled log upon log of that huge building, ninety feet long, forty wide, with walls twenty-five feet high;—their tools being a saw, auger, ax, and an old jack-plane—and that the logs had to be raised to their place with ropes made from the wild grass of the prairie, and were fastened together with wooden pegs, your imagination can go no farther.

So far for the material work. The conversion of a race known as the most treacherous and cruel of all the Indian tribes must be a work superhuman, but when we add to this that the Cœur d'Alenes of to-day are the most fervent Catholic community in the world the work of grace is plain. This is no idle boast, for the consent of all who visit them gives them this palm. When the place where "Old Mission" now stands was declared outside the reservation, another more suitable selection had to be made, as the great rush of bullion seekers to the Cœur d'Alene mines brought the Indians into too close communication with the whites, which has always been a great evil to them. Accordingly, in 1878, the mission was moved to its present place—Desmet. The present site, nestling among the mountains of Idaho, at a short distance from the line that divides Idaho from Montana, is beautifully located. This spot was chosen as the best suited for the change that was now coming over the life of the Indian. The land is a continuation of the Palouse country, so famous as an agricultural district. When the Indians saw the advantage of farming, they began it with a courage that brought forth success. Large crops of wheat, oats, and barley, with all kinds of vegetables, are raised every year on their farms. They, by their own exertions, bought all modern improvements in farm implements. Each family has a house to live in: the wigwam is a thing of the past. The church stands in the centre between the two schools. The school for girls, conducted by the Sisters of Providence, has been in

existence for over eleven years. The boys' school was begun a little later. Both schools attend church, night and morning, and the fervor with which they say their prayers moved a Methodist preacher to commend them for the way they recited the Commandments. But Protestant, Catholic, Jew and Atheist have visited them in our own memory and all have spoken very highly of their good behavior, both in and out of church.

But it is only on the first Friday of each month that this is seen most perfectly. A late visitor thus describes his impressions:

"We arrived at Desmet on the eve of May. We expected to see how the Indian practised devotion to the Sacred Heart. Our longing to see verified what we had heard so much about was soon satisfied. We had rested but a short time when we heard the bell ring and at the same time some one shouting aloud. We hastened to the window, when we saw a number of Indians coming in all directions from their village and dropping into line. At the two schools there were lines forming, and at another signal all began to march towards the church. They were singing as they met from the different quarters opposite the door. There were about five hundred in line. They entered in perfect order and, as they passed the altar of the Blessed Virgin, they laid upon it a candle as an offering to her for the month of May. Each one received a little paper, the motive of which I was anxious to know but I had to wait. Then followed solemn Benediction.

"The next morning, at a quarter past six, the bell rang again. The same three lines were forming again, but the Indians were not in as perfect order as on the day before. The morning prayers were recited in Indian and English, followed by Mass of exposition. There were about four hundred Communions. The 'soldiers of the Sacred Heart,' with their flaming red sashes, filled the altar-rail. Then followed the schools and the rest of the congregation in perfect order. There was a spirit of devotion pervading the whole community. Simplicity and solemnity were the two striking features of the occasion. 'We could learn much in piety and devotion from these people whom we consider savages,' was the conviction I left with on that occasion. Then I saw lines

SISTERS' HOUSE, DESMET MISSION, IDAHO.

filing towards the residence of the Fathers. Father Joset, the 'Old Man,' as they lovingly call him, was besieged by them. Then I found what were the papers that were given them the evening before. Written in Indian were different little maxims that the Blessed Virgin wished them to practise during the month. They were for men, women, and children. In some the men were not to drink, or quarrel, while the women were to be kind to their husbands and to keep their houses clean and prepare good food for their families, and, instead of scolding their husbands, they were to pray for them when they saw them getting angry. After Father Joset had explained to each what they were to do, they all started for their homes, some on horse-back, some in farm-wagons, and not a few with good spring-wagons. I have seen the May devotion practised in different climes and by different peoples, but nowhere have I beheld it more beautiful, or more practical than among the Cœur d'Alene Indians, and I leave with the impression that God dwells in a special manner amongst them."

We have quoted our visitor at great length, for the reason that he gives a disinterested and accurate picture of the Indian at his devotions.

Do those then who have labored among the Indians attribute their present state to the work done? Does even Father Joset, who has been with them for forty-seven years, who has baptized most of them, who has instructed them for their First Communion, who has labored so long and so constantly among them, claim their conversion as his work? Here is the Father's decisive answer: "It is all due to the protection of the Sacred Heart. It is this devotion to the Sacred Heart, early instilled into the minds of the Indians and now grown deep, which has become the daily guide of their action, teaching them that the motive which animates the fervent Christian must be love of God and of the neighbor."

Still we cannot help thinking that Father Joset must acknowledge with St. Paul: *I have planted, Apollo watered, but God gave the increase.* The more than life-size picture of the Sacred Heart which hangs behind the main altar of the Church of

the Sacred Heart at Desmet should not be passed over in a description of the effects of this devotion on the wild Indians. It was brought by Father De Smet from Belgium in 1844. The frame and ornaments surrounding it are the handiwork of Father Ravalli, who for many years through the wild and great West was priest, physician, architect, carpenter, etc., all at once. When the residence at the "Old Mission" was burning down, there seemed no hope that the church would escape the flames; consequently, everything was removed to a place of safety: but though seven men tried to remove the picture, they could not succeed. The saving of the church from burning and the inability of the men to remove the picture are beyond human understanding.

The picture of the Madonna by Raphael, in the domestic chapel, should be spoken of briefly. It was given to Father Gazzoli on his departure from Rome for the Rocky Mountain Mission by the President of St. Luke's Academy. The Holy Father Pius IX. was a personal friend of Father Gazzoli. Father Roothaan, the General of the Society of Jesus, ordered him to visit the Holy Father before his departure. Father Gazzoli took his much-prized picture of the Madonna and asked the Pope to bless it. The request was willingly granted with many Indulgences attached to it. It was first exposed at the "Old Mission" by Father Gazzoli himself, and while everything around it was burned, even the frame in which it was enclosed on two different occasions, the picture itself has ever remained intact.

We have cast a brief glance over the outward effects of the devotion to the Sacred Heart on our Cœur d'Alene Indians. The most conspicuous figure, humanly speaking, in that great work was Father Joset. He is still living and could tell many tales of hardships suffered amid the wild forests. After years of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, he felt as if he would have to abandon this sterile mission which seemed unblessed of God. However, suddenly a change took place that was least expected, and the whole tribe became submissive to the yoke of the Gospel. These savage hearts became meek and humble like their Master's. Perseverance had brought about the perfect work.

CŒUR D'ALENE BOYS, WITH MISSIONARIES.
(DESMET MISSION, IDAHO.)

A new order of things is coming over the Northwest. There never was more need of priests than at the present time. The life of the priest here is in many things different from that of his Eastern brothers. The Northwest of to-day is what the East was fifty years ago. Here, then, some three years since Father Cataldo, S.J., Superior in charge of the Rocky Mountain Missions, opened a house for the third year of probation, or "Tertianship," for those Fathers who had finished their studies, but had not yet begun their active life. By this means they will be more readily acclimated and learn the customs and manners of the Indians. Some have already gone to Alaska, while others are working among the whites or Indians of Washington, Montana, Idaho, and Oregon.

A Novitiate, too, was opened here this year. Germany, France, Scotland, Ireland and our own America, are represented in this band of youths who have heard the divine call and have chosen the *better part*. As yet the band is small, but as the needs of the mission increase, the number of laborers in this fair vineyard, we hope, will also grow. And a fair vineyard it is, for upon these mountains *are the feet of them that bring good tidings and that preach peace.*[1]

AN ONLY SON.

By B. A.

III.

A RAW November wind was scurrying down the street, stripping the trees of the last remnant of their green garniture, and its short, quick gusts were whirling about clouds of dust and fallen leaves.

Mr. Corcoran was just entering his own domicile. With a sigh of relief he shook the rain off his great-coat as though it were a Newfoundland dog, and entered the little parlor.

[1] Nahum, i. 15.

It looked particularly cheery to-night, for the lamp was lit and there was a bright fire in the little chimney-place. But Agnes was not there to-night to warm his slippers and talk nonsense to him as was her custom when he came home tired of an evening, so he opened his paper for lack of something better to do. In a moment or so, Mrs. Corcoran appeared at the parlor-door, a plate in one hand, a dish-cloth in the other. Mrs. Corcoran's face had hard lines in it, and she wore her hair drawn tightly back in severe simplicity of style.

"Joseph," she said, "what in the world made you come home at this time of night?"

"This time of night!" repeated Mr. Corcoran. "Why, it isn't more than seven. I was detained at the store. Have I put you out at all?"

"Oh, no, not at all," rejoined Mrs. Corcoran, with grieved sarcasm. "Only I think you *might* have remembered that I wanted to go out; that's *all*. Did you bring home that patent clothes-wringer I told you about?"

"Blest, if I didn't forget all about it!"

Mrs. Corcoran pursed up her lips, elevated her nose an inch or so, and left the room. She was silent, but her expression spoke volumes. In a few moments she re-appeared at the door, this time in bonnet and shawl.

"Joseph," she said, "I'm going out. I left the meat to keep warm for you. The tea is on the fire."

A look of disappointment came over Joseph's face. "Where's Agnes?" he asked.

"Gone out to a friend's to supper, and then to the Sodality meeting over at the church."

"Where are *you* going, Lizzie?"

"I'm going to confession," replied Mrs. Corcoran, calmly. It did not occur to her that Joseph's evening did not promise to be a particularly hilarious one.

"Humph! I should think you'd need it," observed Joseph, under his breath.

Mrs. Corcoran had gotten as far as the house-door, but at this she came all the way back.

"What did you say, Joseph?" said she.

Mr. Corcoran glanced nervously about the room. "I was remarking, my dear," he said, promptly, "that you had better take an umbrella."

Mrs. Corcoran gave a kind of suspicious snort and left.

Joseph went out in the kitchen, gazed helplessly about, then put the kettle on, and sat down in front of it while it came slowly to a boil. Two years had passed since Mrs. Stevenson's death, and he was thinking of a conversation which he had had at that time with Stevenson relative to Dod's religion. He had never forgotten the promise he had once made to the boy's mother, and he did not feel as though he had kept it as faithfully as he might. At twenty-two years of age, however, one is not going to change one's faith to order, and Joe realized that it was too late now.

He found himself comparing his boy with that of his friend; for, like Dod, Joe was an only son. What were Dod's brains compared with Joe's? Dod was finer-looking, it was true, but there was more character in his son's face. And besides, Joe was at the seminary at W——. A fatherly sense of pride welled up in Joseph's heart. He looked very sternly at the fire a minute, then wiped his eye on his cuff, looking furtively about the room as he did so, as though he expected to find a looker-on lurking behind the dresser.

Joe now proceeded to the concoction of the tea. He looked about him for the tea-pot, and not seeing it anywhere handy, was about to institute a search in the closets when he suddenly realized that it was directly in front of him upon the stove. Joseph smiled indulgently to himself at his own stupidity and proceeded to pour out his cupful.

As he did so, the door-bell rang. He decided that it must be Agnes, but reflecting that there was a high wind, that he had his slippers on, and furthermore, was subject to rheumatism in his feet, he decided that he wasn't going to open the door for "nothing." So he cautiously raised the parlor-window and called:

"Who's there?"

"I'm Mr. Carr," said a voice from below.

Mr. Corcoran misunderstood.

"I don't care a hang whether you missed a car or not," he shouted. "I guess you can wait for another," and closed the window with a bang.

The gentleman outside, however, was absolutely untiring in his energies, and finally Joseph began to fear that the bell-wire might be injured. In that case, Mrs. Corcoran would——

Joseph raised the sash. "Say, do you want to ring up the whole neighborhood?" he said, in an agonized whisper.

The stranger's message this time was unmistakable.

"Mr. Corcoran, won't you come down? You're wanted."

Joseph prided himself on his perspicacity.

"Ten to one it's a tramp," thought he; "if I go down he'll stick me for a quarter."

"Who wants me?" he demanded.

"Mr. Stevenson."

"Good gracious! What for? I've got my slippers on."

"Then put on your boots," yelled the voice.

Joseph's fear for his friend prevailed.

"All right," he returned.

He hastily put on his boots and street-apparel and joined the stranger on the steps, having left a message for Mrs. Corcoran on the kitchen-table, embodying the following conclusive evidence:

"My dear Wife,

"I have gone out.

"Yours,

"J."

"You're Mr. Stevenson's man, aren't you?" asked Corcoran, as he gained the pavement.

"Yes, sir. Mr. George wants you." And as they walked rapidly along, Carr told Joseph what had happened.

IV.

George did not go into the bank with his father. He had more taste for a mercantile pursuit, and as a good opening was offered him, he had accepted, much to his father's disgust.

As for Roger Kenrick, he was a good-natured fellow enough, and perhaps we saw him under the worst aspect. At any rate, during the past two years, he and Dod had remained fast friends. The latter spent one evening at least every week at the Corcorans', and Joe had frequently dined with him in return. Late in the summer, however, Joe had left the city to begin his theological studies, and Dod felt rather lost in consequence. He used to go to the Cathedral frequently with the Corcorans, and Agnes prophesied that he would be a Catholic some day; but her father sighed and shook his head at the idea, much to innocent Agnes' mystification. About ten o'clock one November evening, Dod was writing in his room. It was a cold, blustering night and Stevenson, coming in early, went up to his son's room.

"I have a headache," he said, sitting down wearily in Dod's big chair, and burying his face in his hands.

"Guess the governor's tired," thought Dod, but he said nothing. There was no sound in the room except the rapid scratch of Dod's pen, and the tick of the clock on the mantel.

Stevenson leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes. "George," he said, "do you remember Morton, the broker, who failed last year?"

"Well, rather! That was one of the biggest failures of the season."

"They say young Morton virtually refuses to recognize him," Stevenson continued, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "I remember seeing Dick and his *fiancée* driving in the Park the very day after the crash."

"Dick Morton is a scoundrel," Dod burst out. "Why, it was his own father—although I grant you, it was hardly an honorable failure."

"Yet there were excuses for Morton," said Stevenson, meditatively. "Temptation of that kind is an awful thing, George;

you don't know what it is. Just suppose *your* father were in old Morton's boots, George," he added, laughing, "*you* wouldn't go back on him, would you?"

Dod laughed without troubling himself to reply. He was in the middle of a calculation, and was only half listening. His father slowly lit a cigar, and as he did so, his gaze wandered up to the Sacred Heart above the mantel.

"That picture has been on this wall for twenty-five years, George," he said. "Your mother hung it there when I first brought her here. It's a picture of the Sacred Heart. I remember being told of that when I was a boy at school. I've done wrong by you, son. I promised your mother I'd raise you a Catholic and I didn't. Some day the Lord 'll punish me for that."

Dod was rather astonished. Certainly this strain of conversation was unusual on the part of his father. He made no comment, however, and continued writing, smiling to himself over "the governor's" strange mood. Ten minutes went by.

Dod rose, yawned prodigiously and began to put his writing materials away. His father's head was leaning against the back of the chair, where it was hidden from the light of the lamp.

"Guess I'll go to bed, father," said Dod. "I'm as tired as a dog. I think I've walked all over the city to-day, besides being worked to death in the office, in the bargain. I do all my work and half the bookkeeper's, too, and I'm not going to stand it. Father, are you asleep?"

Dod smiled to think how soon the latter had dropped off. He threw some waste paper in the fire-place, and as the flickering flame shot up, he glanced into his face.

Stevenson's eyes were open and set, but a glassy look was coming over them.

"Father!" called Dod, desperately. "For God's sake, say something!"

There was not so much as a movement of the hand in reply. Death from heart-failure often leaves no time for even that much.

Before he reverently closed his father's eyes, Dod noticed that his last look must have been upon the picture of the Sacred Heart above him. He knelt down beside the chair and—said a *De Profundis* for his father's soul!

The next day the National Trust Fund stopped payment. There was the usual crowd of anxious men and haggard-looking women hovering about the door, and now and then there was a movement of impatience in the crowd and a sinister murmur, growing stronger and louder each moment, demanding the bank's president. But he did not appear, and the great iron doors remained mercilessly closed in their faces.

Dod had sent for Joseph Corcoran, and ever since he had come the latter had been on his knees in that upstairs room, saying his Rosary for his friend's soul. Dod knelt beside him. He didn't know the *Hail Mary*, but he did the best he could.

Early in the day there had been a warrant out for the arrest of James A. Stevenson. All the city was ringing with it. It was cried on the street-corners and posted on bulletin-boards, and discussed in shops and offices. Men conjectured as to the whys and wherefores of the case, and denounced him as the despoiler of their homes, and the robber of widows and orphans.

And all the while, James Stevenson himself was far beyond the reach of any human power. Was it a fact lacking in significance that his last look on earth had been upon the figure of the Sacred Heart? It is an awful thing to hover over the brink of eternity with a lifetime of sins upon one's soul; but who knows what contrite prayer may have risen to the man's lips at that last moment? God is always more merciful than men. He often forgives where they condemn, and perhaps in his last hour the soul of James Stevenson heard the Divine absolution spoken once before to a repentant thief: *This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.*

V.

All day long the lights had been burning on the altar, and rare tropical plants and sweet-smelling flowers were grouped at its foot. A hush was over the church, for all that day, high

above the altar, enthroned amidst the lights and flowers, our Lord Himself had presided visibly over the devotions of His creatures.

For it was the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the day which we believe to be so singularly blessed with graces for His children; and through the long morning hours and until late in the afternoon adorers had knelt before Him, some in joy, and some in sorrow, many of them with the consciousness of guilt upon their souls, but all feeling sure that here, at least, nothing but mercy would be found in the Heart of Him Who did not think it too much to descend from heaven that He might receive the poor worship and meagre service of His children in the Sacrament of His love.

Dod Stevenson was kneeling near the altar-rail. He had come to see Father Corcoran, and had dropped into the church to say his prayers before leaving. Agnes and he had gone to Communion at Joe's Mass that morning, with Mr. and Mrs. Corcoran, for it was the first Feast of the Sacred Heart they had celebrated together since their marriage.

All things considered, Dod felt particularly happy. He and Agnes had not begun their married life on very much per annum. His salary was not a princely one, but they had a comfortable home of their own, and Dod didn't miss the velvet carpets and curtains and the numerous servants. He had been obliged to depend on himself for a great deal; for true friends are tried in time of trouble, and when Roger Kenrick cut him in the street the day after the failure, he proved to be only the first of many who turned on Dod the cold shoulder in his misfortunes.

The first thing Dod did after his reception into the Church was to send his painting of the Sacred Heart to St. Philip's, a small city church of which Joe had been appointed pastor. To-day for the first time it was hanging above the high altar—the same face that had smiled down on him as a boy, had received his father's last look on earth, and Dod's first impulsive prayer for the repose of the latter's soul. What wonder if Dod's heart warmed with gratitude as he looked at it?

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HOW A BISHOP REACHED HIS SEE.

Benedict Joseph Flaget, First Bishop of Kentucky.[1]

THE First Provincial Council of Baltimore was held in 1829. What fairy tale was ever so wonderful as the matter-of-fact history of the faith's progress in those sixty years! Now that love of country is so earnestly discussed, a little incident of that first assemblage of "Roman" prelates in the American Republic may well be recalled.

"At the close of the Council, the bishops visited in a body the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrolton, then ninety-two years of age. The estimable survivor of that intrepid band of patriots, who signed the Declaration of Independence, was much affected at this delicate and well-deserved compliment. He received the prelates with his accustomed courtesy and grace, and he was much rejoiced, when now so near the close of his mortal career, to see that the Church which he so much loved was visibly keeping pace with the rapid improvement of the country."

Among these prelates was one of the four who had been recommended, twenty-two years previously, by our first Bishop as assistants in governing the infant Church in America. Rome had accepted Bishop Carroll's suggestions, and created the four new Sees of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Bardstown. The first prelate of the latter, in his varied experiences and personal traits, is like a hero of romance.

I.

"Benedict J. Flaget," says Bishop Spalding, "was born of respectable parents at Contournat, a village in the commune of St. Julien, near the town of Billom, France, on November 8, 1764. He was the youngest of three sons; and he survived his two elder brothers, both of whom, however, lived to a very

[1] Rev. Dr. Spalding's *Life of Bishop Flaget.*

advanced age. At the age of about two years, he was left an orphan; when a pious aunt took charge of him and his brothers, and devoted herself assiduously to rearing them up piously, and bestowing upon them the blessings of a Christian education. God bestowed an abundant benediction upon her exertions; and her three nephews all became distinguished members of society, and two of them bright and shining lights in the Church of God."

Benedict Joseph, being plainly called to the priesthood, was sent to the city of Clermont at the age of seventeen, and zealously attended the University classes of philosophy and theology for two years, supporting himself the while by discharging the office of tutor towards two wealthy young men. He then entered the Sulpician university, under a free scholarship from the venerable Bishop of Clermont, by whom the holy youth was much beloved. In his twentieth year he became a member of the Sulpician Congregation. After his ordination as priest he spent two years as professor of dogmatic theology, making friends alike of superiors and pupils. The French Revolution having suppressed religious institutions, the members had to take shelter with their families, or seek, in foreign lands, "freedom to worship God." Two of the Sulpician clergy, Rev. B. J. Flaget and Rev. John B. David, with a subdeacon—the far-famed Stephen Theodore Badin, who was to be immortalized as the first priest ordained in the United States—sailed in November, 1791, just a century ago, and arrived in Philadelphia March 26, 1792. Reaching Baltimore late on the second day after, they deferred paying their respects to Bishop Carroll till the next morning. Meantime he had heard the good news of the arrival of reinforcements for his small ecclesiastical army, and, hurrying to welcome them, met them on the way. To the profuse French apologies for their delay in waiting upon him, the equally polite American prelate replied:

"It is surely little enough that I should be the first to visit you, seeing that you have come fifteen hundred leagues to see me."

The three exiles were soon separated. While the young

subdeacon was sent to pursue his studies, Father David was actively engaged in missionary labors in Maryland (having learned English during the voyage from France), and Father Flaget was appointed to mission work in Indiana. Being detained some months at Pittsburg, waiting for the river to rise, the young priest volunteered on a duty which evinced at once the heroic devotedness of a soldier of the Cross, and the feminine sensibility which must have made his whole life a martyrdom. Pittsburg was then a military post, under command of the celebrated General Anthony Wayne, whose rigid ideas of duty are well known. Father Flaget, learning that four soldiers were under sentence of death for desertion, asked permission to prepare them for their doom, which was readily granted. Three of them had been baptized Catholics; the fourth had never received any religious rite or instruction, and professed to believe nothing. Yet this man, with two of the others, joyfully accepted the priest's ministrations, which the other one scornfully refused. In vain he pleaded with "Mad Anthony" for the mercy of a reprieve to this poor sinner, to give him time for repentance. The sorrowing priest accompanied the four to the place of execution, gave to the repentant three the last absolution and spoke consoling words, but, unable to bear the sound of the fatal shots, fled from the spot and fainted away by the roadside. He afterwards learned that the obstinate sinner had been reprieved at the last moment. Gen. Wayne could not, it seemed, retain his wonted inflexibility on this occasion.

On December 21, 1792, our missionary reached Vincennes. The rough log-hut which had been intended for divine service was nearly fallen to decay from disuse, and the former congregation was in a still more hopeless state, for though the energetic priest got the first in order for the celebration of Christmas, he could only bring seven communicants to the altar, out of a congregation nominally of seven hundred souls! The hunters of Kentucky, so famed in song and story, were rather an unpromising material for a quiet, pious congregation, but Father Flaget accomplished the miracle. He had a school for the children, and himself taught them to sing in the church services; he inspired the women with

homely tastes and industries, and induced the men to spare some of their hunting energies for agricultural pursuits.

Recalled by his superiors to Baltimore, in 1795, he was engaged for three years in teaching at Georgetown College, the Society of Jesus having been suppressed, and its heroic sons scattered. Here he enjoyed an enviable privilege: he made the acquaintance of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." "His estimate of the character of Washington had before been exalted," remarks Dr. Spalding, "but having once seen him, and listened to his wise reflections on subjects that had for himself and his co-religionists a peculiar interest at the time, he was ready to give to him the title that has since inured to him by popular favor, 'the Father of his Country.'"

II.

The childlike character of this gifted priest was evinced in a manner not less amusing than pathetic, when, in September, 1808, he learned of his appointment as Bishop. As he could not prevail with Bishop Carroll to urge a more suitable choice on the Holy See, he induced his Sulpician brethren to plead his cause, which they did, curiously enough, by urging that they had prayed for divine direction, and the effect of this prayer on their minds was to seek their brother's deliverance from the dreaded dignity. They were foiled with their own weapon.

"Gentlemen, you tell me you have prayed," said Bishop Carroll. "Think you then I did not pray before proposing your brother? That the Cardinals who surround the Holy Father, and the Sovereign Pontiff himself, did not pray? I tell you plainly that Mr. Flaget must accept."

"Mr. Flaget" thought otherwise. He wrote to the superior of the Sulpicians to win him over to his cause, and receiving no answer set off for France to urge his petition in person. He had no opportunity to do so, for the stern superior addressed him as soon as he entered: "My Lord, you should be already in your diocese. Know you not that the Pope has commanded your

acceptance of his appointment?" The poor Bishop-elect had to return from his fruitless errand. He reached Baltimore early in July, 1810, but his consecration did not take place till the 4th of November: and he did not set out for his diocese till May 11, 1811, although he was anxious to be at work in the sphere to which duty called him. What caused the delay? "The principal obstacle was his truly apostolic poverty," is the touching explanation of Dr. Spalding: "he had not wherewith to defray the necessary expenses of his journey."

In an official account afterwards sent to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, Bishop Flaget says:

"To give you a clear idea of the bishoprics of the United States, I propose to lay before you a brief statement of the condition in which I found myself after the Holy See, on the representation of Bishop Carroll, had nominated me to the bishopric of Bardstown. I was compelled to accept the appointment, whether I would or not; I had not a cent at my disposal; the Pope and the Cardinals, who were dispersed by the revolution, were not able to make me the slightest present; and Archbishop Carroll, though he had been bishop for more than sixteen (*twenty*) years, was still poorer than myself, for he had debts, and I owed nothing. Nevertheless, my consecration took place on the 4th of November, 1810, but for want of money to defray the expenses of the journey, I could not undertake it. It was only six months afterwards, that, through a subscription made by my friends in Baltimore, I was enabled to reach Bardstown, my episcopal See."

In Mary's month, then, they started, and arrived in Louisville on the 4th of June. The conclusion of his journey is thus described by the Bishop in a letter "home" to his brother in France.

"While we were there (in Louisville), the faithful of my episcopal city put themselves in motion to receive me in a manner conformable to my dignity. They despatched for my use a fine equipage drawn by two horses; and a son of one among the principal inhabitants considered himself honored in being the

driver. Horses were furnished to all those who accompanied me, and four wagons transported our baggage.

"It was then, for the first time, that I saw the bright side of the episcopacy, and that I began to feel its dangers. Nevertheless, God be thanked, if some movements of vanity glided into my heart, they had not a long time to fix their abode therein. The roads were so detestable, that, in spite of my beautiful chargers and my excellent driver, I was obliged to perform part of the journey on foot; and I should have so travelled the entire way, had not one of my young seminarians dismounted and presented me his horse.

"The next day, the sun was not yet risen when we were already on our journey. The roads were much better; I entered the carriage with two of my suite. I was not the more exalted for all this; the idea that I was henceforth to speak, to write, and to act as Bishop, cast me into a profound sadness. How many sighs did I not breathe forth while traversing the four or five remaining leagues of my journey!

"At the distance of a mile and a half from town, an ecclesiastic of my diocese, accompanied by the principal inhabitants, came out to meet me. So soon as they had perceived us, they dismounted to receive my benediction. I gave it to them, but with how trembling a hand, and with what heaviness of heart! Mutual compliments were now exchanged, and then we all together proceeded towards the town. This *cortège*, though simple and modest in itself, is something very new and extraordinary in this country. It was the first time a Bishop was ever seen in these parts; and it was I, the very last of the tribe, who was to have this honor!"

The installation of Bishop Flaget took place on the 11th of June at the pastoral residence of Father Badin, which was a log-cabin named in honor of St. Stephen. The ceremony was unique, as described by Father Badin. "The Bishop there found the faithful kneeling on the grass, and singing canticles in English: the country women were nearly all dressed in white, and many of them were still fasting, though it was then four o'clock in the

evening; they having entertained an idea to be able on that day to assist at his Mass, and to receive the Holy Communion at his hands. An altar had been prepared at the entrance of the first court, under a bower composed of four small trees, which overshadowed it with their foliage. Here the Bishop put on his pontifical robes. After the aspersion of the holy water, he was conducted to the chapel in procession, with the singing of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; and the whole function closed with the prayers and ceremonies prescribed for the occasion in the Roman Pontifical."

Thus the "Great West" received its first prelate!

III.

He had come in poverty to a diocese where poverty was extreme. "At that time," as he wrote nine years later, "there were but six priests scattered here and there in the whole of Kentucky, a State as large as the half of France, though it is but the sixth of the territory over which I exercise jurisdiction. No provision had been made for the Bishop or his clergy; no property on which they could settle down; no house that they could call their own, and no revenues whatever to meet their most urgent necessities. God alone was our resource; we abandoned ourselves to His fatherly care, and He has been great and munificent towards us."

What had been accomplished in those nine years, in a material point of view, may be briefly summed up: A preparatory Seminary, with a brick chapel; a convent of Sisters of Charity, with twenty-two religious, who taught in three schools, all popular with the faithful; the establishment of an American Order, called the "Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross," who had schools in three parishes, took charge of orphans, and gave hospitality to girls preparing for their First Communion; the erection of a "pretty cathedral"; the commencement of a large Seminary, and the opening of a first-class College. "We have also made a trial effort," says Bishop Flaget, in the appeal already quoted, "in opening a free-school for poor Catholic boys who have not made

their First Communion. The half of their time will be employed in work on the farm, to defray the expense of their board, and the other half, in learning to read and write, and being instructed in the catechism. Although it is in operation only three months, many have had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion with the greatest devotion, and one of them has entered the preparatory seminary with the intention of becoming a priest."

Thus Bishop Flaget inaugurated the "Industrial School System" which is one of our boasted signs of "Progress." True, it had a religious object in view, wherein it differed from its secular imitators.

Religion being in this promising condition in Kentucky, the untiring prelate felt free to visit another portion of his large diocese—Tennessee. Early in May, 1821, he set out on horseback, accompanied by Father Abell, and arrived in Nashville on the 10th. To quote Dr. Spalding:

"The total number of Catholics in Nashville and vicinity did not exceed sixty; and there were not, perhaps, half as many more in all the rest of the State. The prospects for soon establishing a congregation here were certainly not very flattering. The Catholics were both few and poor. Yet the Bishop was not disheartened, and he resolved to make the experiment.

"What was his joy, when he found that his proposal was most favorably entertained, even by the first Protestant citizens of the place. A liberal subscription was taken up, signed by Protestants as well as Catholics. A lot for a church, 70 by 100 feet, was offered by a Mr. Foster, grand master of the Masons. The Protestants of the city vied with one another in showing every polite attention to the Bishop and his companion. The late Hon. Felix Grundy and his amiable family are gratefully mentioned by the prelate in his journal. He was even invited to take tea with a Presbyterian preacher, named Campbell. Many of the first families attended Mass: and a large and intelligent concourse were assembled every evening at the court-house, to hear the sermons of the Rev. Mr. Abell."

IV.

With his active zeal and administrative ability, Bishop Flaget was a model of the tenderest charity. This was especially manifested towards his priests. He waited on them, personally, when they fell sick; and at the funeral of one he had scarcely begun to speak of his dear son's virtues when his feelings overcame him, and he was obliged to cease. In his official reports to Rome he dwelt almost extravagantly on the "continual sacrifices and generous devotedness of his priests." His correspondence with them was motherly in its kindness. A New Year's letter to Father Chabrat is a specimen:

"VERY DEAR F. CHABRAT: Although I am a little behindhand in manifesting the sentiments of my heart at the commencement of this New Year, they are none the less sincere and affectionate. Yes, my dear child, I wish you a good and holy year. I desire that you be meek and humble of heart; that you may have the zeal of St. Francis Xavier, the mortification of St. Francis Borgia, the angelic purity of St. Francis Assisi, and the penetration of St. Ignatius. In fine, I wish with all these incomparable treasures, you may live yet half a century; that you may share your immense riches with all those souls confided to your care; and after having triumphed over all the enemies of your salvation, full of good works and merits, you may sleep in peace on the bosom of your Divine Saviour, to rise with Him in the realms of glory and happiness.

"You must acknowledge now that you have lost nothing by my delay, and that you are well disposed to excuse me, and be as friendly as you were last year. I pray you to extend these heartfelt wishes of mine to all your good daughters at Loretto.* Do the same in the case of Father Badin, if he is about; for since he has left St. Joseph's Seminary, no one can tell me his whereabouts. It is believed that he is in ten different places; but no one knows where he resides, and perhaps it is unknown even to himself. At any rate, if he is at Loretto, tell him that I love him most cordially, and that I wish a vigorous health to his body and angelic fervor to his soul. I would have a great many other things to tell him, but probably they would be useless; *e. g.*, a little more order in rising and retiring; in his meals, his prayers, etc., etc.

* Father Chabrat was their chaplain.

"After all, those irregularities are not sins; in him they may be brilliant virtues, by reason of the motive which actuates him, which we must charitably suppose to be holy and divine. Still it is not the less true that what in that apostolic man may be most meritorious, would be a notable disorder in another, not actuated by like principles, and especially in a community. To be better understood, I will explain myself: To this good Father it is of little concern to say his Mass at seven o'clock to-day, at eight o'clock to-morrow, and the day after at ten; for, provided he says it holily and fervently, he will advance with great strides in the path of perfection. To breakfast at nine in the morning, to dine at four in the afternoon, and to take a little refreshment at eleven at night, may be all very good and very holy for an individual, but if religious observance were subject to such irregularities, what would become of it? If, therefore, the good and amiable Father Badin wants the Sisters to interrupt their written rule (as I know he is tempted to do), just to suit themselves to his varying habits, then it would be necessary, sweetly of course, but firmly, to tell him that such things cannot be allowed; at the same time assuring him that anything in the world, not contrary to order and the holy rule, will be done to make him happy at Loretto.

"How glad would I be if I were near you in my little cell! With what pleasure would I not assist at the spiritual reading of the good Sisters! I think my heart would melt with devotion in such an angelic assembly. But, my God! when will I have the time? May God's most holy will be done! If I have not so great a happiness as to see you and your holy community, at least I have the satisfaction of cherishing you all in my heart at all times and in all places; and in these sentiments I am going to commence this year, and finish my career with regard to you. Receive then the most cordial and affectionate blessing of

Your tender Father,

✠BENEDICT J.,

Jan. 5, 1830. *Bishop of Bardstown.*"

V.

Although oral controversies with Protestant ministers were then the fashion, Bishop Flaget is known to have had but one. His meekness and charity impressed his dissenting brethren deeply, and when at the end he offered his hand to his antagonist they were filled with indignation at seeing it refused. No wonder

he made converts everywhere. His own feelings found vent in the aspiration: "How happy shall I be, O Lord! if I cause Thee to be known and loved by all these unfortunate sectaries, who are generally such only because they had the misfortune to be born in heresy!"

Among the many reminiscences and tributes to the lovable qualities of this holy prelate which his death evoked, was one of peculiar interest from the pen of Col. John Johnson, as follows:

"The death of this venerable prelate of the Catholic Church, which lately happened at Louisville, Kentucky, at an advanced age, reminds me of times and seasons during my long intercourse with the Indian tribes of the Northwest. . . . The largest and most important treaty held with the natives, since that of Greenville, in 1795, by General Wayne, was the one concluded in 1818—thirty-two years ago. Bishop Flaget was in attendance at this treaty during the whole time of its continuance, a period of about seven weeks. The Indians present on that occasion numbered about ten thousand, consisting of Miamis, Pottowattomies, Chippewas, Ottawas, Delawares, Shawanees, Wyandotts, Senecas, and Kickapoos. It fell to my lot, as the oldest agent in the service acting under the authority of the commissioners of the United States, to make all necessary arrangements for the treaty. This included, of course, the comfortable accommodation of the good Bishop. I procured him a horseman's tent, a sufficiency of blankets, a man to attend to his wants, sent him breakfast and supper from the officers' mess, he dining regularly with us at the public table. By invitation, the Bishop performed divine service and preached every Sabbath. Many of the sub-agents, interpreters and Indians were of the Catholic persuasion, and occupied much of his time in attending to their spiritual wants. His conduct throughout his sojourn with us was so marked by the affability, courtesy, and kindness of his manners, with the dignity of the Christian and gentleman, that he won all hearts. Added to this, he possessed a fine-proportioned and commanding person; few persons excelled him here, when in the prime of his years. Previous to the departure of the Bishop, it was proposed to raise a collection for him. One hundred dollars were speedily made up, and the undersigned was charged with the delivery of the money. The Bishop peremptorily refused to receive any of it, stating that we had treated him so kindly that he was largely our debtor. When departing on horseback, he stopped at my tent,

which was some distance from his own, and, dismounting to bid farewell, he took me in his arms. After many thanks for my attentions to him, he said: 'I have nothing better to bestow than the blessing of a Christian Bishop;' and, after imparting that in the most affectionate manner, he bade me adieu. I have never seen him since."

In his childlike letters from Europe in 1835–6, the dear Bishop artlessly displays the same characteristics. "It is in vain that they feast me wherever I go," he writes from France. "In vain do I find myself associated with archbishops and bishops, with mayors and prefects, with marquises and counts; the remembrance of the humble roof, under which I had the happiness to be born, of poor but very pious parents, puts me back entirely into my proper place. In vain do they overwhelm me with polite attentions and compliments, in prose and in verse, treating me as an apostolic man, as the foreign missionary, etc., etc. . . . If I think but one moment of Billom, and the good aunt who nursed me as a mother, all these beautiful eulogies pass over my head like a light breeze, without affecting it in the least."

He thus describes his interview with the Sovereign Pontiff:

"On the 29th of September, having gone to the palace towards eleven o'clock A.M., I was without delay introduced into the palace of the Father of all the faithful. Following the usual ceremonial, I made the three prostrations, and at the third I kissed with affection the cross embroidered on his sandal. It seemed to me that I was kissing the feet of St. Peter himself. At this thought, my heart felt a sensation which I cannot describe; sighs and sobs choked my utterance. According to the ceremonial, I should have remained kneeling, until the Pope would give me a sign to rise; but in this audience, altogether friendly and paternal, there was no ceremony to be observed. The excellent Pontiff bowed down, seized me in both arms, and as I was preparing to kiss his ring, he pressed me to his bosom, and embraced me tenderly, saluting me affectionately on both cheeks.

"Such was the impression which these marks of friendship made on my heart, that it was impossible for me to articulate a

single word, and I thought I was going to be ill. At this sight the Pope was moved, he pressed me again on his breast, and, with a tender embrace, encouraged me to be calm, bade me sit down by his side, and taking both my hands into his, waited until I would open my heart to him. Throughout this whole scene my heart was in violent agitation. Happily for me, tears succeeded my sobs; they flowed in abundance. At this juncture, the Pope again embraced me for the third time.

"Having recovered my senses, and feeling now perfectly at my ease, I entered into conversation with this good and excellent Father of the faithful. Our interview, which lasted more than half an hour, was conducted in Latin; and he assured me that he understood me perfectly well.

"As I was speaking to him of my journey to Europe, of the sickness I had suffered at Angers, and the Confirmation I had given at Nantes, he stopped me, saying, that he had followed all my footsteps from Havre till my arrival in Rome, that he was satisfied with my conduct, that I was a worthy successor of the Apostles, etc. Oh, how agreeable and delicious are such conversations!"

Those who confound the childlike sensibility of the Saints with softness and indolence might learn something from viewing this toil-worn prelate, at the age of seventy-five, setting off on a new missionary career, at the Pope's suggestion, to travel all over France in behalf of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. His success in enrolling "thousands and tens of thousands" in its ranks, was less wonderful than the impulse given to piety and devotion wherever he appeared.

VI.

Despite the Bishop's energy and self-sacrificing spirit, the infirmities of age began to give token that the end was approaching. The first noteworthy indication was on St. Joseph's feast, 1844, when Bishop Purcell had to take his place at the consecration of Rev. Drs. Reynolds and Henni for the Sees of Charleston and Milwaukee. Bishop Flaget's infirm condition only allowed him

to be present at the consecration, and through the solemn Mass. Mr. Webb, in his *Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky*, says in a note:

"I was present at the consecration, and I remember to have been greatly struck by an incident that took place immediately after the newly-consecrated Bishops had imparted the episcopal blessing to the kneeling crowds that filled the cathedral. I observed from where I sat the tottering form of our late saintly prelate being led up the steps of the high altar. In a moment after, in accents so feeble that they could scarce be heard at the extremity of the church, he intoned the initiatory words of the solemn episcopal benediction, *Sit nomen Domini.* When he turned to give the blessing, every knee was bent to receive it, whether of bishops, priests or people." This was in Cincinnati.

The transcriber of this still vividly recollects an almost similar incident when Bishop Flaget was starting on his European tour. He stayed a few days in Philadelphia, and preached on Sunday in St. Augustine's Church. Rev. Dr. Hurley sang High Mass, and the two Fathers Nicolas O'Donnell were in the sanctuary. When, at the close of the service, Bishop Flaget turned to give the episcopal blessing, to the writer's wonder—in fact, alarm—"young Father Nicolas" was seen prostrate with his face on the floor. His cousin, "old Father Nicolas," had knelt and bowed his head; Dr. Hurley was standing at the corner of the altar, bent very low, but what ailed the priest who buried his face on the ground? Coming out of the church every one was commenting on it. None would have been surprised had the *elder* cousin acted so; but the *young* Father was an enemy to all affectation, sentimentality or uncommon demonstrations in piety, and his prostrating before the strange Bishop was taken as proof positive of the latter's sanctity.

During all the years from the first of his episcopate, the holy man had borne in his body "the mark of the cross." While engaged in visiting his extensive diocese, in 1813, he was successful "in healing at Detroit a formidable dissension that was threatening the life of the mission." Says his biographer:

"On the day of the reconciliation, the Bishop had dined with Governor Cass, and on the day following with General Macomb. Returning from the house of the latter, the horses took fright on the brink of the river, and he was thrown from the carriage down a precipice into the water. He was not dangerously wounded, but he received a severe contusion of the right shoulder, from the effects of which he never recovered. The first symptom of his approaching dissolution, a few months before his death, was this shoulder turning black."

On September 10, 1848, Bishop Flaget closed his public career of official duty by consecrating the holy Doctor who was to be his worthy successor, Right Rev. Martin J. Spalding. Scarcely could even his indomitable will nerve the aged prelate to this crowning glory of his episcopacy. Soon after strength failed for his daily Mass. Then failing eyesight forced him to lay aside his Breviary. The Rosary, blessed resource of millions! was now his resource, companion and consolation.

Death came slowly, as if even the grim visitant of all respected the glorious Flaget and was unwilling to take him from the scene of his labors, trials and successes. The night of February 10, 1850, he slept uneasily; "even while delirious, the holy man seemed constantly engaged in prayer." The next evening the end came. "He died, as he had lived—a saint; and the last day was perhaps the most interesting and impressive of his whole life. Tranquilly and without a groan, did he *fall asleep in the Lord*—like an infant gently sinking to its rest."

It may not be generally known that among the letters found after his death and still preserved, there was one in which Bishop Flaget indicated whom he wished to succeed him in his episcopal see. This was the venerable Father John McElroy, S.J., who died almost a centenarian at Frederick, Md., in September, 1877. Bishop Flaget's desire, however, was never realized, and Father McElroy's humility suffered only from the apprehension of the threatened dignity.

VILLAGE OF LA SALETTE.

OUR LADY OF LA SALETTE.[1]

IN the southern part of Dauphiné where the French Alps rise abruptly, and in some places almost perpendicularly, is an obscure village called La Salette, consisting of some fourteen hamlets scattered here and there on the slope of the mountain. It is a remote, quiet, but beautifully picturesque little place, unknown save to the inhabitants of its immediate vicinity, until the famous Apparition made it the resort yearly of thousands of pilgrims, and Our Lady of La Salette a household word among Catholics of every clime.

Belonging to Catholic France yet situated in a portion of it where at that time the people were notorious for inattention to their religious duties, the greater number of the seven hundred souls composing the parish of La Salette were no exception to their neighbors, but like them lived as if there were no God. Poor before the Apparition, poor the villagers still remain, but

[1] As our Associates know, this is one of the shrines to which the Intentions of the League are sent for prayers.

THE ASCENT OF GARGAS.

instead of the lukewarm, careless Christians they were before the Blessed Virgin appeared on their mountain, they have become faithful, fervent Catholics.

On Saturday, September 19, 1846, the eve of the feast of the Seven Dolors, two little shepherds were tending their herds on the mountains where they drove them to pasture every day. The elder—Mélanie Calvat-Mathieu—was a girl of nearly fifteen who had been at service as a shepherdess ever since she was nine years old and had been employed by her present master for six months; the other, a boy of eleven—Maximin Giraud—was almost a stranger in the village, having come on the previous Monday from the town of Corps, five or six miles away, as a temporary substitute for a shepherd who was ill. About mid-day they had driven the cattle as usual to a certain rivulet to drink and had then wandered a little distance, sitting down on the grass near a fountain that was dry, to eat their frugal meal. Tired and weary with the early morning start, the children fell asleep and, on awakening, were frightened at finding that the cows had strayed away, and hastened to search for them; from the brow of the hill, however, the herds were soon discovered, but, before going to drive them back to

THE WITNESSES.

SCENES OF THE APPARITION.

their proper pasture, they returned for the empty provision bags which were used to carry their meals. Reaching the spot they had vacated only a few moments before, the children were startled at seeing a dazzling light more brilliant than the sun, in the midst of which was a lady sitting on the stones at the head of the fountain. Her attitude betokened the most profound grief, her elbows rested on her knees and her face was buried in her hands, whilst the tears flowed copiously from her eyes.

They heard the Lady say: "If you, my people, will not be submissive, the hand of my Son will fall upon you; it is so strong, so heavy, that I can no longer hold it up. Oh, how long have I suffered for you! If I wish my Son not to abandon you, I must pray to Him without ceasing whilst you remain totally indifferent to my loving solicitude. However much you may pray, whatever you may do, you cannot repay the trouble I have taken for your welfare."

Mélanie was frightened and dropped her shepherd's crook, but the boy advised her to pick it up again, adding that he intended keeping his to defend himself if necessary.

Then in a most sweet and musical voice the Lady bade them come to her and not to be afraid, as she had great news to tell them. Their fears vanished at the charm of her voice, and the shepherds ran toward her: the Lady arose and stood upright, tall and majestic—"so tall," thought Mélanie, "I have never seen any one of equal height." She was clothed in a white robe, studded with pearls, and a gold-colored apron; white shoes with roses of every variety of color encased her feet; a wreath of roses encircled her head-dress, which was a high cap slightly bent in front; upon her breast was a crucifix suspended by a small chain from her neck; on the left of this crucifix was a hammer and on the right a pair of pincers. Another and larger chain encircled all these instruments of the Passion, whilst this again was within a still larger wreath of roses.

Such was the description of the vision given by the children themselves at that time, but as the boy when grown into a man justly observes:

"How could ignorant children called upon to describe such extraordinary things find fitting expressions? When asked to depict what I saw I feel something of the same embarrassment which St. Paul must have felt when he returned from the third heaven, for the eye of man has not seen nor his ear heard what was then given us to see and hear. In that beautiful dress there was nothing earthly: the cap, the chain and the roses had scarcely the real form of those objects; rays of light and a variety of hues combined to produce a magnificent whole which is only dimmed and materialized by attempting to describe it."

THE CONVERSATION.

Advancing to meet them the Lady seemed not to tread on earth but to glide along a few inches above the ground; then standing before the children, who were unable to gaze steadfastly upon her countenance because of its brightness, she continued: "It is the profanation of the Sunday and the continual blasphemous use of His Name which makes the arm of my Son so heavy. If men continue to violate the laws of God and of the Church and will not listen to the warnings from Heaven, they will be visited with terrible punishments; whilst on the contrary, if they be converted and return to God, innumerable blessings will be heaped upon them." Here the Lady paused, and to Mélanie she seemed to be speaking to the boy, although she heard nothing of what was

said. In like manner the little shepherdess was addressed, not a word being audible to Maximin. Not until the vision had disappeared, did the children mention this mysterious silence, when

OUR LADY OF LA SALETTE.

each declared the Lady had confided a secret not to be revealed before the proper time: neither knew the secret of the other, whether it was the same or different.

After this both together were addressed: "Do you say your prayers devoutly, my dear little children?" "No, my Lady," was the reply. "Ah! my children, you must say your prayers carefully night and morning. Only a few old women attend Mass while the rest work every Sunday during the summer; in winter when there is nothing else to do, they go to church merely to make a mockery of religion; in Lent no attention is paid to the fast."

THE ASSUMPTION.

"She cried continually," said the little shepherdess. "I saw the tears streaming from her eyes."

"My children, you will tell this to all my people," and with these last words she passed before them, crossed the rivulet, and ascended the short but steep side of the opposite slope. Again repeating—"You will tell my people what I have said"—she walked forward to the place where the children had gone in quest of their herds. The shepherds stood motionless as statues, their eyes fixed on the beautiful Lady whom they saw with feet close together, like those of a person skating, gliding over the grass without causing a blade to bend. Recovering from their rapture, they ran after and soon overtook her, Mélanie placing herself in front and Maximin behind, a little to the right. In their presence she then rose slowly, visible for some moments between heaven

and earth, until gradually disappearing in the brilliant light which surrounded her, nothing was seen but a globe of fire ascending into the heavens. Overpowered by the splendor of the vision, they gazed fixedly at the spot where it had vanished, then turned towards each other unable at first to utter a single word.

Mélanie finally broke the silence: "It must be the good God, Maximin, or my father's Blessed Virgin, or perhaps some great Saint."

"Oh!" cried the boy, "had I known that, I would certainly have asked her to take me with her to heaven. Oh, if she would only return once more!"

But they sighed in vain for another glimpse of the resplendent figure. It was now time to think of descending from the mountain; so calling together their cattle, the children returned to the village. Meeting the mistress of Mélanie, they began talking of the beautiful Lady who had appeared in a fire, in a second sun, and were amazed that she had not seen the brilliant light on the top of the mountain, visible, they fancied, at a great distance, as in their simplicity they did not dream that a special grace was given them. The strange news spread among the neighbors, and as soon as Mass was over the next morning, the few that were there collected around the children to hear the marvellous tale from their own lips scarcely gave credence to the story. The shepherdess was sent as usual to drive her herd, but none of the villagers had the faith to accompany her up the long and tedious ascent. After Vespers eight or ten people, impelled by curiosity, went up the mountain. The fountain, always dry at this season, was running freely which tended to give credibility to the children's words, so they made Mélanie tell her story again and again, and point out the precise spots where the wonderful events were said to have occurred. Thus began the first pilgrimage to La Salette. That same Sunday evening the children were brought before the mayor and subjected to the most rigorous examination. At first in separate rooms, then together, he exhorted them to confess the imposture, promising to shield them; next he tried to bribe them to keep silence; finally he threatened imprisonment and other

"THE SANCTUARY" AT LA SALETTE.

punishments, but it was useless: the little shepherds repeated the one refrain—they must do as the Lady had told them. The authorities of the Church used the utmost prudence and caution, instigating a thorough search before declaring their belief in the Apparition, or in the miracles wrought upon using the water of La Salette.

One feature in the case, however, remained, which might afford a convenient shelter for doubt and suspicion. The children said they had been entrusted with a precious secret, yet steadily refused to communicate it to any one, notwithstanding the incredible efforts made to wrest it from them. Monseigneur Dupanloup recounts the various ways in which he tried to tempt the boy. One time he gave him a present of a new hat and blouse, promising him that instead of poverty and distress he and his father should live in ease and plenty the remainder of their lives, if he would reveal the secret; then again he took out his purse containing a number of gold-pieces which delighted Maximin, all would be his on that one condition—but without avail. Finally, the Monseigneur said: "Perhaps, you do not confide your secret to me because you have none?"

"Oh, but I have!" replied the boy, "only I cannot tell it."

"Why not? Who has forbidden you?"

"The 'Holy Virgin.'"

Henceforth he gave up the contest and placing his hand on Maximin's head he made the sign of the cross on his forehead saying, "Adieu, my child; I trust the Blessed Virgin will pardon the methods by which I have tried you: be faithful all your life to the grace you have received." The Bishop of Grenoble determined to remove this stumbling block, and early in July, 1851, sent for the two children, explaining to them that all visions and supernatural events that happen in the Church should be fully and completely submitted to the Holy Father; that, as Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, it belonged to His Holiness to judge in these matters. He therefore required them under obedience to his authority to commit to writing the secret, which they said our Lady had entrusted to them, whilst he would assume the responsi-

ON FEAST DAYS AT LA SALETTE.

bility of sending the missives to Rome. When the children understood that it was their duty to obey the Bishop, they sat down at different tables, writing their respective letters without the slightest hesitation, as if they were copying from a book before them. These precious documents they then signed and sealed, and the Bishop forwarded them at once to Rome by his Vicar-general who placed them in the hands of Pius IX.

His Holiness immediately opened them without, of course, communicating any of their contents, remarking that he must read them again at his leisure. "These are scourges for France, but Germany, Italy and many other countries deserve the same," he added. The secret which those two poor ignorant children had for five years so jealously guarded against the efforts of curious inquirers was no fiction, but a reality sufficient to satisfy the mind of the Pope.

In May, 1852, on the top of what had been a desolate mountain until our Lady deigned to visit it, the foundation of the Church of La Salette was laid, fifteen thousand pilgrims assisting at the High Mass. Thirteen years were devoted to the completion of this superb edifice, built by voluntary subscriptions, every stone being as it were an *ex-voto* for a favor granted. Thus was finally and authoritatively established the pilgrimage of La Salette, whose first feeble beginnings may be said to date from the very day after the original announcement of the Apparition, and La Salette took its place among the most famous of our Lady's sanctuaries.

The Queen of Heaven seems to have a special love for the children of the poor and often confounds the great ones of the earth by choosing them for her own pages and messengers. Mélanie and Maximin whose names are inseparably linked with that of Our Lady of La Salette were no exception, for they were born of parents of the very poorest classes, and brought up in the grossest ignorance. Mélanie had been a shepherdess from her ninth year and had tended her flocks on Sunday almost as constantly as during the week, so knew very little about her faith. After the Apparition she was placed in charge of the nuns who found her

extremely simple and modest in manner. She remained five years with them, and afterwards joined the Carmelites, wishing her life to be one of atonement and self-denial, as she never could forget the bitter tears which she saw our Lady shed. Maximin served the Church in the ranks of the Pontifical Zouaves where he was noted for his strong attachment to the faith, to the Holy See and, above all, for his great devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

THE INTERIOR OF "THE SANCTUARY."

From the beginning of May until late in October the holy mountain is easy of access, and a body of priests, called Missionaries of Our Lady of La Salette, whose monastery is attached to the church, attend to the thousands of pilgrims who yearly wend their way to the spot made sacred by our Lady's presence. Three of the principal feasts, the Visitation, the Assumption and the 19th of September, the anniversary of the Apparition, are preceded by a retreat preached in the church; but the last mentioned is the great feast-day of the mountain, when pilgrims throng from all parts of the country, sometimes numbering 10,000; in the evening with lighted torches, praying and singing, they visit in procession the sacred places; no one but an eye-witness can conceive the beauty and holiness of the scene. At the bottom of the ravine, where the Blessed Virgin was first seen by

the children, is a bronze statue representing our Lady in tears, and at its feet runs the now ever-flowing fountain, never dry even in time of long drought. Fourteen crosses, each enriched with a bronze medallion representing a Station of the Cross, mark the path trod by our Lady, whilst the group consisting of the Blessed Virgin and the shepherds is on the exact spot where she spoke to them. These are all encircled by a costly iron-railing to protect them from the pious ravages of the people who in their devotion would carry off the very blades of grass; the stone on which our Lady was seated is preserved in the church, otherwise it would have been chipped and broken and the pieces taken away to be treasured as precious mementoes. This mountain always retains the echo of the plaints and moans of the Queen of Heaven, and the tears shed by Mary here continue still to bathe the eyes of the faithful who crowd all day, without ever being wearied, around those spots where our Blessed Mother was seen, but particularly where she wept.

The arm of the Lord is not shortened, and in these days when so many scoff at the possibility of miracles and at a revealed God, He delights in showing its strength and His condescending love for us. Far off on these once lonely mountains, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, what miracles have been wrought, what conversions obtained, what salutary and efficacious resolutions have been made, proving that the Mother of Divine Grace still possesses that power over her Son which she exerted nearly nineteen hundred years ago at the wedding feast of Cana of Galilee!

THE APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY, OR THE POPE'S MILITIA.

THE month of September will find the colleges, academies and schools welcoming back to their precincts the vivacious and precious American youth. Both teacher and pupil will enter upon another school term with renewed energies, hoping for successful results at the end of the year. For the Catholic

scholar a double result must be kept in view—advancement in religious knowledge along with progress in secular sciences. Of the two, advancement in religious knowledge is the more important, as all of us unhesitatingly admit.

But the religious education of the child must not be merely theoretical, giving out truths and principles and axioms; it must be practical, too. The child must be instructed how to make practical the blessed teachings of the Divine Master; what faith and hope and charity are in every-day life; what help and strength and comfort the Sacraments bring to those who make use of their grace. In other words, the practical part of the religious education of a child is to teach it *to form habits of virtue*, and this can be done only by the adoption into daily life of the devotions with which the Church is so enriched.

It was with this object in view that Father Cros began the Pope's Militia, or Apostleship of Study, among children who were still at school; to plant in their young hearts a strong and fervent love of the Church, and to make them docile, studious and pious. "It is a branch," said Father Cros, "of that great tree, the Apostleship of Prayer," which has for its object to make all Catholics pray for the needs of the Church in union with Jesus Christ *ever living to make intercession for us.*

What is the Apostleship of Study?

The Apostleship of Study is but a special form of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart, more largely indulgenced by the Pope than the rest of the work, for the benefit of those who are still at their studies.

What is it for?

Just as the Apostleship of Prayer is an organization to make all Catholics love and serve the Sacred Heart, and to promote the interests of the Church; so the Apostleship of Study is intended to plant a strong and fervent love of the Church in the hearts of children, before they have left school.

Has it any further object?

Yes, it has. Pope Leo XIII. has urged upon us all *the need of warning our children and pupils of the criminal nature of Secret*

Societies; and he has expressed the wish that all children *should be induced to make a firm resolution never to join them.* The *especial* object of the Apostleship of Study is to reduce these recommendations of the Pope to easy practice.

It is, then, approved by the Church?

Yes. Besides the two particular Rescripts, in which the extra Indulgences are granted to the Apostleship of Study, its objects have been urgently enjoined upon all the Church by the Encyclical *Humanum Genus.*

For whom is it intended?

The Apostleship of Study is equally suitable for all Catholic Students, whether in Parochial Schools, Normal Schools, Academies, Boarding Schools, Colleges, Convents, Seminaries.

Is any special admission required, in order that these Indulgences may be gained in a school or house of studies?

No further admission is necessary; but it is necessary that the Apostleship of Study should have a *public and recognized* existence in that House.

But the members—what have they to do?

The members of the Apostleship of Study have no other duties of obligation than other members of the Apostleship of Prayer; they have only greater rewards.

What are these duties?

They are: first, to make the Morning Offering, with their morning prayers; then, to say, each day, one decade of the Beads; and lastly, to go to Holy Communion, either once a month, or once a week.

Is nothing more than this expected of them?

They are urged and encouraged to consecrate daily to the Sacred Heart an *hour of study,* an *hour of silence,* and an *hour of play,* which they purpose to fulfil with more than ordinary care, more than usual purity of intention.

How is the Apostleship of Study worked in a School?

Only by the usual means—of the Rosary Bands, with Promoters at their head, just as the Apostleship of Prayer is worked everywhere else.

And now, for all this, what are the rewards?

First, almost all the ordinary Indulgences of the Apostleship of Prayer are *doubled* for the members of the Apostleship of Study. Then special feasts are given, to which Plenary Indulgences are attached. But what is most remarkable is that the members have a right to the *Papal Blessing*, on the days the Six Decorations are conferred.

What are the Six Decorations?

The Apostleship of Study has the privilege from the Pope of granting Decorations to the members, during the course of their studies.

What? for saying morning prayers, and a decade of beads, and going to Holy Communion?

Not exactly for that. But the Pope understands, better than we do, the importance of children learning to *love the Church*, and to fly and renounce all Secret Societies; and has granted this great privilege to encourage all children to do so.

But how do these Decorations encourage children to renounce Freemasonry?

Because it is a condition of the Rescript, that whenever these Decorations are conferred, the scholar should renew the engagement never to join, but always to oppose, societies condemned by the Church.

What do these Decorations consist of?

They consist of metal clasps—with the words *Thy Kingdom Come* engraved on them—holding silk bands of ribbon, of the six different colors, according to the degree arrived at.

What are these six colors?

They are Blue, Purple, Violet, Red, White, and the sixth and highest, White and Gold.

When are these Decorations conferred?

It is left to the discretion of the Superiors to arrange the distribution according to the length of the school course; but the last and highest can be given only when the scholar is leaving school.

And on each of these occasions, you say, the scholar has a right to the Papal Blessing? Who is empowered to give it?

If it be given publicly, the Local Director has the power; if privately, the confessor of the scholar.

But the form of the Papal Blessing does not occur in every ritual. Where is it to be found?

The full form is printed at the end of *Part Second* of the little book of the Apostleship of Study, called *The Children's Manual.*

Is there any Diploma, which is given with these Decorations?

A Diploma is given only with the last Decoration.

What is the reason of this difference?

The last Decoration includes very singular privileges, different from the other five.

What are these privileges?

The last Decoration entitles the scholar to the *Papal Blessing,* not only on the day it is received, but *at the hour of death* also.

And who has power to give that?

The terms of the Papal Rescript confer that power upon the confessor.

Has this last Decoration any other privilege?

It has another, still more remarkable; the right to the *Papal Blessing* is not confined to the Scholar: the Father, Mother, Sisters, and Brothers of the Scholar enjoy it as well.

Do you mean that they have a right to the Papal Benediction, on the day the scholar receives this Decoration, and at the hour of their deaths also?

That is the privilege granted by the Pope.

Where is the Rescript to be seen?

It is printed at the end of the book called *The Children's Manual,* in which the nature of the Apostleship of Study is fully explained.

Cannot the teachers also share in these privileges?

No, they cannot—that is, *Pupil*-teachers can share: but no others.

ONE PHRASE.

By Marie Louise Sandrock.

ONE phrase I caught of all he spoke,
One phrase that in my heart awoke
The slumb'ring sinews of my strength
And set them quivering at length.

"Strength of Enthusiasm,"—the phrase!
And straightway o'er my mind the haze
Of fancy rose and showed a roll
Of golden names that stirred my soul.

Not theirs always the strength of arm
That ofttimes lends its force to harm;
But theirs the virile strength of will
That can o'erride the roughest hill.

Not often theirs the smiles of fate,
But mostly hardships first and late;
And still, through all, they were upheld
By strength that never yet was quelled.

The best gift God can give is this,
Which all may have, though most do miss:
And so I pray Him grant to me
The strength that phrase sowed faithfully.

THE MANIPLE.

By the Secretary of a Tabernacle Society.

THIS vestment, which is now worn by every priest when celebrating Mass, as well as by deacon and subdeacon at Solemn High Mass, was originally a napkin worn on the left arm by those who served, or a handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration from the face and to dry the hands so that the sacred vestments might not become soiled. It was of linen and was known by many names, chief of which were the *Sudarium*, the *Maniple* or *Manipulum*, and the *Phanon*, the latter being easily connected from the modern German word—*Fahne*—a handkerchief.

The Maniple was used in the liturgy as in ordinary life, and was placed on the arm of the celebrant of the Mass just before he ascended the altar steps; this was on account of the ancient form of Chasuble which completely enveloped the priest and under which he kept his hands during the *Confiteor*, after which prayer it was gathered up at the sides by the deacon or server. A remembrance of this is preserved when a Bishop celebrates, when the Maniple is adjusted after the *Confiteor* has been said.[1]

MANIPLE—ANCIENT FORM.

As shown in ancient paintings, the Maniple was a long straight band of linen about three fingers wide and, like the stole, was of uniform length from end to end, not widening as at present.

According to most authorities the Maniple served the purpose of a handkerchief until the tenth century. About that time

[1] See January MESSENGER, page 34.

it began to be considered as distinctly an ecclesiastical article, and by the twelfth century was numbered among the liturgical vestments conforming in color and material to the Chasuble, Dalmatic and Stole.

We first see the Maniple mentioned as a mark of honor used in certain churches; as with the Dalmatic the privilege of wearing it in the sacred ceremonies was first enjoyed by the deacons of the Church of Rome, and was afterwards solicited in other cities; thus we find John, Archbishop of Ravenna, asking this favor from St. Gregory for the deacons of his church.

DEACON WITH MANIPLE.

Probably before this time the wearing of the Maniple on the arm had fallen into disuse among the laity, and therefore became the object of greater ornamentation for use in the sacred ceremonies. We read that in 908 Adalbero, Bishop of Augsburg, offered a Maniple worked with gold at the shrine of St. Gallus.

After the days of persecution, when the Church was in peace, she did not hesitate to celebrate her worship with magnificence, believing that all that is in the world comes from God and should be consecrated to His glory! *Gold and silver belong to Me, saith the Lord.*[2]

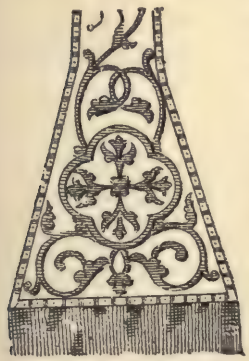
In the ninth century the Maniple was generally worn by deacons as well as by priests, but it was towards the twelfth century before subdeacons received it at their ordination, to bear it as an honorable badge of their ministry at the solemn service of High Mass. In 1100 a Council of Poitiers restricted its use to subdeacons. A peculiar privilege is that granted to the Carthusian nuns, who, at the solemn moment of making their vows, put on a *Maniple and a Stole*, and are allowed to sing the Epistle in Solemn High Mass.

[2] Aggeus, ix.

The change of the Maniple from its early simple use into one of the liturgical vestments must have been very gradual; it would be impossible to fix the exact time of its transformation. Cardinal Bona quotes from Alcuin and from Amalarius, writers of the eighth and ninth centuries, to show that in their time the Maniple was still used only as a handkerchief; *Ideo portamus ut eo detergamus sudorem*, says Amalarius. On the other hand Mabillon cites a document of 781 in which "five Maniples" are enumerated among the church vestments. In the Basilica of St. Ambrose at Milan there are four figures of saints, made in 835, with ornamental Maniples on their left arms, much like the Gothic Maniples of a much later date.

MANIPLE—ROMAN.

In 889, Riculp, Bishop of Soissons, required each church to have "at least two girdles and as many clean Maniples," which goes to show that the Maniple at that time was still made of linen. In the tenth century Bishop Ratherius forbade any one to say Mass without Amice, Alb, Stole, *Fanon*, and *Planeta*; *Planeta* was the old word for Chasuble, as *Fanon*, or *Phanon*, was for Maniple.



MANIPLE—MODERN.

As late as 1100 Ivo of Chartres mentions the use of the Maniple for wiping the eyes; it was only gradually that it was made of stiffer material. The prayer in the Missal alludes to the old and simple use:

"Be it mine, O Lord, to bear the Maniple of weeping and sorrow that I may receive with joy the reward of toil." The words, "weeping and sorrow," recall what frequently occurred in former times

during the sacred ceremonies, when many holy men wept, sometimes with joy at being allowed to assist at such a great Sacrifice, sometimes for sorrow at their unworthiness.

The Golden Legend tells us that "Peter bare alway a 'Sudary' to weep the teerys yt ranne from his eyen." St. Arsenius is one of the saints particularly mentioned as being thus affected when saying Mass.

A statute of the Church of Liège regulated the length of the Maniple as four feet long; at present it varies from 36 to 44 inches from end to end. Pugin gives 40 inches as the correct length. The Roman Maniple is usually 36 inches and is shaped exactly like the Stole, except in length. It is of material to correspond with the other vestments and like them should be lined with silk; sateen, being of silk finish, is an accepted substitute. Three Maniples are necessary for a complete set of vestments; there should be a cross on either end, and one in the middle, and the ends should be finished with fringe.

ORPHREY.

Dr. Rock, in the *Church of our Fathers*, says that in some parts of England it was customary to attach little bells of gold and silver to the ends of the Maniple; this seems to have been done with all the church vestments, probably in imitation of the garments of Aaron, the High-priest of the Old Law.[3]

The Maniple is drawn together about six inches from the centre and is kept in place on the arm by a small flat piece of tape by which it is pinned to the sleeve of the alb, or by a ribbon which is tied round the arm.

In the Oriental Churches two Maniples are worn, one on each arm; they are shaped somewhat like the large loose sleeves of a surplice and are fastened to the wrist by a silken string. The rule requires that they be fastened *tightly*, for they are intended to remind the wearer of the cords by which our Lord was bound to the pillar. The Russian priests in vesting with these

[3] Exodus, xxviii.

hand-pieces or Maniples say, when putting on the right-hand one: "The right hand of the Lord hath pre-eminence; the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass;" and on adjusting the left-hand one: "Thy hands have made me and fashioned me; oh! give me understanding that I may learn Thy commandments." This is in allusion to the tradition which says that the Jews first nailed our Saviour's right hand to the Cross, and then the left.

Liturgical writers see in the Maniple a symbol of the cords with which Christ was bound; it is supposed to remind the priest of the trials and troubles of life, to symbolize penance and sorrow!

The *Catechism of Perseverance* tells us that we should be reminded by the Maniple that we are condemned to work; that Heaven suffers violence; that we must gain by the sweat of our brow the bread of eternal life; that we have a thousand subjects over which to weep during the night of our exile, but that the day of eternity will soon come when the Lord will wipe away our tears. Happy day, when, walking with joy, we shall present ourselves to the Master of the vineyard as industrious laborers, bearing in our hands the harvest gathered in work and in tears!

THE READER.

If routine makes some things easy, it surely makes all things dull. What a boon to plodding pupils to have teachers who are ever springing upon them some fresh surprise, if it be no more than beginning a recitation from the lower end of the line, or of quickening some slow hour by making the class conduct its own exercises. The school-room turns out many a victim of routine, men and women, who never dream of acting for themselves, or of striking out on a plan of life of their own choosing. In school-days they were taught no further motive than to fulfil each day's task and then await another's; so through life their only purpose is to do as others do; if not worse, certainly not better. Why not

train the youngest minds to work with an end in view always? Say the prayers before school with a very definite intention, name the intention, and let it be added as a particular intention to the general intention of all our prayers, works and sufferings as made in the Morning Offering. From praying daily for the good of fellow-pupils or of the entire school, or better, of all Catholic schools, pupils would soon acquire a habit of praying all through life for the special good aims of those with whom they must live and work and suffer. Such prayer would insure a constant renewal of fervor: new aims and desires would daily lend a new spirit to their efforts, and the dullness of routine would give way to the zest of constant novelty.

* *

Those who were witnesses of the faith and piety manifested by the pilgrims at the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York, during what may be called the "pilgrimage-week" last month, will not easily forget the impression made upon them. Several thousand persons, notwithstanding many inconveniences arising from want of suitable accommodations, overcame all obstacles and received Communion in the Shrine oratory, not breaking their fast till noon or even later. Other lands are not the sole possessors of practical piety and devotion!

* * *

Opportunely with the pilgrimages to Auriesville comes *The Life and Times of Kateri Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks* by Miss Ellen H. Walworth, of Albany, N. Y. It was in the neighborhood of Auriesville that this heroic Iroquois maiden began her extraordinary life of virtue amid barbarous surroundings. This is a book that the *Reader* heartily commends for its own true worth. It is biography, history, and romance all at once, and yet there is one central figure in the whole book—the demure and brown-cheeked Indian girl whose heart divine grace has touched and is transforming into a saint. Miss Walworth knows how to give picturesque descriptions and to be interesting even when stating dull historical dates and facts. The illustrations will greatly help the reader in understanding the text, while the portrait of Kateri which forms the frontispiece will fix in his mind an image of the "Lily of the Mohawks." The *Reader* is grateful to the author for this beautiful biography.

* * * *

The ceremonies of our altars, if properly conducted, never tire us, and never fail to lift our hearts above mere empty forms. However, owing to our own close share in them, they grow so familiar, that we may forget how in substance they are appointed and instituted by God. It is not easy to keep in mind that every ceremony in our Christian liturgy is meant to keep before us Christ, the object of our worship. Though it be commonly known that the rites of the Old Law prefigure, just as those of the New Law commemorate in detail, the mysteries of our Lord's life, but few can notice by themselves how a ceremony represents either the figure or the reality. Bishop de Goesbriand has produced *A History of the Worship of God*, in which from the Old and New Testaments he draws a picture of the Israelite before the Ark and of the Christian before the Altar. His own reverent spirit breathes through his writing, and inspires us with a deep love for ceremony and Sacrament and for the Author and object of both. A careful collation of the Bible passages which best interpret the liturgies of both Church and Synagogue proves no little zeal on his Lordship's part, affords a new aid to reading Scripture, and sheds a new light on the meaning and force of our altar services.

* * * * *

The title "Mother of God" brings glad thoughts into every true Christian mind. The Angel's astonished look when gazing into her soul he saluted her as "full of grace"; the humble consciousness that in her were fulfilled so many prophecies, the certainty that she bore the Long-Expected One; while up from her heart rose the prophetic anthem: *And behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.*[1] These are some of the thoughts that the very mention of the title suggests.

The prophecy then uttered began its realization in the meeting with Elizabeth. No one had told the saintly Elizabeth of the Virgin's exaltation, yet she saluted her: *Whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?* And in the early days of the Church, though there had been no express definition of Council or Pope, the faithful always professed a belief in the divine Maternity.

[1] St. Luke, i. 43.

Nestorius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, was among the first to deny openly this truth. The proud spirit that actuated him was made manifest in the boast to the Emperor: "Purge the earth, sire, of heretics for me and I will in return bestow heaven on you." When the Church was solemnly celebrating the mystery of the Incarnation, he publicly taught that Mary was not the Mother of God. A Council met at Ephesus, condemned the heresy, anathematized Nestorius, and in all Christendom was heard for the first time the prayer now so common: "Holy Mary, *Mother of God*, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death."

She is the Mother of Christ, thought the Council, and as Christ is God, it was logically inferred she was the Mother of God. She is not the Mother of a Son united to a God, or received into union with God, but she is the Mother of the Word made flesh. *The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us!*[2]

Nestorius was not dismayed by the condemnation of his errors, but strove to disseminate them and died as he had for many years lived, in defiant heresy. Happy would it be for thousands of his followers if with him had expired the evil doctrine to which he gave birth. After a lapse of hundreds of years it is safe to say there are more Nestorians now than at the time of the Council of Ephesus. Dr. Brownson knew well the belief of Protestants, and he wrote: "We are acquainted with no Protestants who rise above Nestorianism." And in our own day when the flood-gates of Rationalism and infidelity have been opened on Protestantism, we can readily understand how little is left of their belief in the Incarnation when forty years ago it was so disregarded.

It is to the Church we must look for the true doctrine of the Incarnation and the divine Maternity. Even the Wise Men were not guided by their own knowledge to the crib of Bethlehem, but following the star *they found the Child with Mary, His Mother.*[3] Reason alone has led no one to the feet of Christ and His Mother, but the Star of Bethlehem still shines in the world, and they who follow it learn truths that are hidden from those who wander unguided in the darkness.

[2] St. John, i. 14. [3] St. Matthew, ii. 11.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

PEACE AMONG CHRISTIAN NATIONS.

IT has been remarked that the *Social question* to-day is not entirely a matter between man and man. Great and momentous though the labor question be and pressing the need of some adjustment of the relations of the different classes in Society, this should not blind us to another and no less disquieting problem, and that is, how to adjust the relations of people with people, how to secure the peace of the world. On how slight a thread the peace of Europe hangs was made evident a few months since when the visit of the Dowager Empress of Germany to Paris was the occasion there for hostile demonstrations against Germany. If any faith may be placed in newspaper reports, the young Emperor, exasperated by the insult offered his mother, signed and then issued an order for the mobilization of the German army, and only a providential delay in the execution of the order saved all Europe from being involved in a bitter and disastrous war.

I.

That the Associates of the League are interested in the preservation of the peace of nations hardly needs insisting upon. War is always a terrible visitation, terrible in its immediate effects and doubly terrible in its after results. Nor is it altogether the loss of life, and the physical sufferings it entails, nor the families scattered and impoverished, the orphans left to the tender mercies of the nation, that make war dreadful to contemplate. Much more is it to be feared because of the souls that through it are lost

forever. Life in barracks or on the field has little in it to lead men to be solicitous for their souls, and in the hour of battle, when at each moment not one but many souls are violently hurried into the presence of their Judge, who thinks of God or judgment?

If for no other reason then, the League of the Sacred Heart should respond to the wish of the Holy Father and pray with more than ordinary fervor for the preservation of the peace of the nations. In praying thus for peace we are obeying, too, the wish of the Church who, in her solemn litanies, bids us pray God to deliver us from the three great scourges with which He chastens His people: famine, plague, and war. *From famine, from plague, and from war, deliver us, O Lord.*

II.

Now it may be asked in view of the many false alarms that have been raised for the last decade: Is there after all any imminent danger of war breaking out anywhere in our day? And coming nearer home, have we in this peaceful land of ours any special reason to fear a repetition of the horrors with which God visited us a quarter of a century ago, and which still live in the memories of so many?

The answer to both these questions is not difficult to give. War and peace are in God's hands. And the one He permits to come upon a nation in chastisement for evil-doing. *If you despise My laws, and contemn My judgments so as not to do those things which are appointed by Me and to make void My covenant. . . . I will quickly visit you with poverty and burning heat which shall waste your eyes and consume your lives. You shall sow your seed in vain which shall be devoured by your enemies. I will set My face against you and you shall fall down before your enemies and shall be made subject to them that hate you. . . .*[1] And again: *They have cast away the Lord of Hosts and have blasphemed the word of the Holy One of Israel. Therefore is the wrath of the Lord kindled against His people and He hath stretched out His hand upon them and struck them. . . . And He will lift up a signal*

[1] Leviticus, xxvi. 15, 16, 17.

to the nations afar off and will whistle to them from the ends of the earth and behold they shall come with speed swiftly. . . . Their arrows are sharp and all their bows are bent. The hoofs of their horses shall be like the flint and their wheels like the violence of a tempest. . . . And they shall make a noise against them that day, like the roaring of the sea: we shall look towards the land and behold darkness of tribulation, and the light is darkened with the mist thereof.[2]

However far from our land war may seem, then, our sins as a people may bring it upon us at any time. But as for Europe, besides the wrath of God which has so long been hanging over the nations of the Continent for their continued and aggravated infidelities and excesses, the actual condition of affairs seems to make it impossible to delay war much longer. The alternative is a general disarmament and that in the present state of feeling it is idle to look for.

III.

At the present moment there are actually under arms in Europe over 3,000,000 of men. And this host can, in a week or so, be raised to 16,000,000 men fully equipped with the most perfect instruments of destruction human ingenuity can devise. The enormous sums needed to keep the peace-armies in an efficient condition, to maintain depots of military supplies, and to subsidize those whose business it is to exert their inventive skill in perfecting the material of war, are wrung from the people by heavy taxes. With the very flower of the nation idling away the best years of life in the demoralizing and contaminating surroundings of the barracks, and the wealth of the nation flowing unceasingly into the military coffers, and only a small portion of this wealth going back to the people, what have we reasonably to expect? Widespread immorality seizing on the classes among which the family life has been most free from social disorders; great and general want and misery; sullen discontent; a strain alike on rulers and people which something must soon come to relieve,

[2] Isaias, v. 24, 30.

and as far as human prevision can go, war with its appeal to race-pride and race-feeling is the only resource left rulers to quell growing discontent and to extricate themselves from the difficulties in which the politics of the century have involved them. War then in the near future must be counted on unless God interfere. And God's intervention depends on the return of the nations to Him.

IV.

Here again the outlook is gloomy. What hope is there of bringing rulers and peoples to see that in a return to God lies their one hope of safety and prosperity? Elements hostile to God and religion are nearly everywhere in the ascendant. The hostility may be in some places veiled, but the underlying principles of modern polity are un-Christian to say the least. They ignore God and what is due Him, where they do not openly blaspheme. Only a scourge from God or a merciful outpouring of great and signal graces can bring the nations to their senses. To avert the one and to bring about the other is peculiarly a work of the League of the Sacred Heart, because it is an apostolic work and one which depends on prayer alone. Let us then, Associates of the League, pray with great fervor this month for the peace of nations and the removal of the causes which tend to disturb the peace of the world.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular that through the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the fountain of all graces and blessings, permanent peace may be established among all Christian nations. *Amen.*

THOUGHTS ABOUT ST. PETER.

III.

PETER'S denial was one of the sorest of the mental distresses of our Divine Saviour. It was a very potent factor in that sum total of anguish which wrung from His Sacred Heart the plaintive cry: "*My soul is sorrowful even unto death.*"[1] And yet, it does not seem to have lessened, in any degree, His merciful designs towards Peter, or to have had the least influence in thwarting the project of conferring upon him that special dignity and power to which reference has already been made.

The reason of this becomes plain enough to anyone who reflects upon it. First of all, our Blessed Lord knew perfectly Peter's character and saw clearly, at the time of the great promise, the faults he was to commit and the deep guilt of the denial. When, therefore, He said: "*Thou art Peter and on this rock I will build My Church,*"[2] He did not speak as men speak, who usually make the fulfilment of an important voluntary promise dependent upon the behavior of the one to whom it is made. Nor is there need among men that such a limiting condition be always expressed: it is an unwritten law and springs from the common consent of mankind. For instance: I will make you my Prime Minister, says a monarch; or: I will give you a seat in my cabinet, says the President-elect of a republic, to some man deemed worthy of the honor. Now, it is plain enough that, underlying the utterance of such promises, there is a safeguard or a qualification which may be expressed thus: unless, in the meantime, your entire unworthiness be made plain to the world, by evidence which cannot be set aside. This is because men's knowledge of other men's character and doings is, at best, only guesswork. They see what appears, and they know that it is a

[1] Matth. xxvi. 38. [2] Matth. xvi.

hazardous enterprise to prophesy withal the continuance of worthiness in their fellow-men. With Jesus Christ, however, there was no guessing. The outward seeming and the inmost recesses of the soul, the present and the future were all one to Him, all plainly spread out before Him. He, therefore, chose Peter, knowing well all the disciple was to do; and He was not taken by surprise when painful things came to pass in the order of time. People sometimes wonder why it was that Peter was not set aside and the sublime honor and power of the chief pastorship given to such a man as John, or Andrew, or Bartholomew, or Philip, against whom no word of reproach could be uttered justly. Well, reader, it is quite bad enough for us to be too ready to advise one another without venturing to point out how the Son of God could have chosen a better Head for the Church which He founded.

He knew, what we are apt to forget, that, from the day of Adam's fall, down to the last instant of time, salvation has been, and will be, attainable through the merits of the Redeemer. Faith in His coming was the beacon light which guided Patriarch, Prophet, and people towards the eternal port. His merits purchased the privilege of the Immaculate Conception, won the sanctification of the Baptist and were the source from which sprang the beautiful and manifold virtues of St. Joseph. Hence, when He was about to consummate the great work of the atonement and to pay the penalty of all man's misdeeds—"*by one oblation He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified*"[3]—there was a certain fitness or, as theologians say, a *congruity* in His making manifest to the world the influence and the power of His merits upon him who was to be Head of His Church and chief dispenser of His mercies. Before the envious high priest and the accusing scribes and the hissing, mocking rabble Jesus was suffering deep humiliation; and Peter, among the throng about the fire, was swearing most vehemently, and protesting loudly that he knew Him not. "*And immediately, as he was yet speaking, the cock crew. And the Lord turning, looked on Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, as He had said: before the cock*

[3] Heb. x. 14.

crow thou shalt deny Me thrice. And Peter going out, wept bitterly.[4] The look of Jesus was the beam of divine grace upon the soul of the fallen man. The self-examen and the tears of contrition were the sinner's cooperation with that grace. Other sinners had been saved from their sinfulness by faith in the merits of the Redeemer to come. This sinner, the chosen Head of the Church of the New dispensation, the appointed guardian of the treasures of the Redeemer's merits, was raised up from his fallen state by belief in the divinity of the Redeemer actually present before him; and by witnessing the painful satisfaction He was then actually paying for all the sins of all the world. Peter, then, as far as we find recorded in the Evangelists, was the first sinner rescued by the merits of Christ whilst His dolorous Passion was in process of consummation. In this manner, the Church which Jesus purchased and purified and made beautiful "*without spot or wrinkle*" showed forth the traces of her loveliness, and her attractiveness to sinners, in her visible Head. What courage and what unwavering confidence the example of Peter ought to give us, when we are urged by God's grace to arise from the sins into which frailty or passion may have led us!

Does it not seem sad that the other fallen disciple had not, also, a glorious arising from his awful degradation. He had been, like Peter, in close companionship with our Lord: might he not, then, like Peter obtain entire restoration to former dignity or friendship? Well, the two men were very different in character. Peter was generous, impulsive: Judas was avaricious and calculating. Peter blundered and put himself in the occasion of his great sin through too much reliance upon his own open-hearted candor: Judas was a sleek, active hypocrite. Peter thought he would have no hesitation about dying for his faith; Judas thought much about how he could make it *pay*. Peter gloried in it: Judas *traded* in it. Hence, when the moment of dire need had come, Peter *remembered* the word of the Lord, whereas Judas forgot it, and lost hope. The spirit of greed had engrossed both the understanding and the will. It is ever the special tendency of

[4] St. Luke, xxii. 60, etc.

avarice to blind the understanding to spiritual things, or to poison it with false maxims. And though, at first, the desire of having belongs to the will, the worst influence of avarice does not appear until the understanding becomes busily engaged in beating out ruinous principles to rivet the will in its perversity. Obstinacy is only firmness. Old saws of earthly wisdom have the right of way and can easily get the laugh or the sneer against the sweeping disinterestedness of the supernatural. "All very well," says your modern Shylock masquerading among Christians, "to preach detachment and poverty of spirit, or to warn one against the dangers of money, but *I tell you*, it is nevertheless a very convenient thing to have in the house." Undeniably. But this fact is pressed into service to reach out boldly towards conclusions not warranted by the premises. Under its misleading spell men supposed to be Christian bid defiance to the laws of the Christian Church.

For instance, when that amalgamation of men, sublimely wise in their own conceit and glorying in the very hidden sources of their limited benevolence, preach their creed of mutual benefit to the brother and material condolence with his widow, on his demise, some weak-kneed Catholics are caught by the specious pretence. Their faith forbids such unholy alliance: their avarice or mere earthly maxims urge to it. They rail against intolerance, and extol benevolence (?). Ecclesiastical authority and immediate temporal advantage are put in the scales, and they deliberately bend the beam towards the latter. They put a price upon their allegiance to Jesus Christ and His Church, and they ignobly barter both, when what they regard as a better price is offered. They follow the example of Judas, and it is very, very seldom that such men repent.

Peter, by the sincerity of his repentance, regained all that he had lost. His dignity was not impaired and the merits he had won by his love and generosity of spirit came to life again. So will it be, forever, before God, in regard to him who truly repents and keeps well about him the safeguards of holiness which will save him from relapse.

THE MONTHLY COMMUNION OF CHILDREN.

OUR children are to learn hygiene. While quite young nowadays they are taught all about bodily culture, and this teaching is well reduced to practice. Can young people help taking concern, even at their early age, about the life in them, which cannot last or thrive without so much precaution? That very concern may defeat the laudable purpose of books and lessons in the art of keeping sound the body and its powers. Some delicate frames will grow more sensitive to mere passing ailments, and not a few imaginations will grow morbid. Be it so; the drawbacks are admitted: but the benefits to the health of the community out-balance, it is claimed, the evils of this early teaching, and so our children must learn what life is, and how to make the most of it.

Now the special advantage of beginning to learn hygiene in school is that every effort to know and apply the laws of health must be made in common. In this way all the force of example, of common interest, and of mutual encouragement promotes a respect and attachment for every approved means of bodily life and its well-being.

And the spiritual life, the soul's well-being, and its chief means the Holy Eucharist, the source of true life and of immortality, may that be passed over in silence, or merely recommended in catechetical instructions, and the time of its reception left entirely to the pious mood or convenience of growing young souls that most need it?

The Blessed Sacrament is the life of the soul. The mere thought and desire of it are support to the soul. The prospect of receiving it, and of finding in it new strength to work, and new endurance to suffer, is an exercise that brings into play in the most lively way the young faith and hope and love of the little one who knows whom Christ meant when He said: *Suffer the little ones to come unto Me.*[1]

[1] St. Mark, x. 14.

And then the air of purity they breathe, even when standing in the presence of Him Who was born of the Virgin Mary! And all the deep spiritual joy, and the lofty courage they must bring back "like young lions with breath of fire," says St. Chrysostom, "from the table prepared before us against them that afflict us."[2]

All these and the countless virtues that go to make up our spiritual life are the fruit of Holy Communion, and are received to some extent every time we approach the Holy Table, alone or with others. But every time we join with others in that most sacred mystery, our own dispositions, made more fervent by the example of our fellows, enable us to partake of these fruits more abundantly, whilst our Lord, Who spreads this Holy Table, acts towards us with all the lavishness of a host who has set his heart on a crowded banquet room.

Let children therefore receive Holy Communion by themselves, and as often as they may be deemed worthy. Nay, they should be trained to approach the Holy Table from time to time without the company of their fellows, so as to overcome the timidity or bashfulness that makes them hesitate sometimes in later life to approach the altar rail in presence of the congregation, simply because they have been accustomed to depend on the school or sodality ranks.

By no means, however, let them miss the benefits of receiving Holy Communion in common; and let them share these benefits regularly, every month. These Communions received in common impart a decided stimulus to their young souls, which is wanting when they receive the Blessed Sacrament alone. It must confirm their faith, renew their hope, and strengthen their love to see others approaching the Holy Table with the self-same sentiments as themselves. Why may not these general Communions be made to impart to their souls a glow of fervor and a devout enthusiasm, in the same way as their outdoor exercise and sports together bring the blood to their cheeks and new light to their eyes?

A result these Holy Communions in common, made regularly, must have, is most desirable, and hard too, if not impossible,

[2] Office of the Holy Sacrament.

to secure by any other means. Young people are all day-dreamers, and it is worth while so to fill their opening minds with a wholesome store of holy thought, as to pre-occupy their waking dreams, and crowd out idle vagaries or something worse. Now, most commonly their imaginations and memories revert to their companions, and from thinking of the persons they proceed to dwell on the events in which they have been associated, and then to conjure up new creations in which they might figure together. Let them go to Holy Communion together frequently, and there is no restraining their minds from holy thoughts about the sacred mysteries and about those with whom they have shared them. Dwelling on these thoughts must necessarily keep them closer to Christ, and fill them with so great a respect for the companions who share His Body and Blood with themselves, that they will shrink in their presence from aught that might drive our Lord or His gifts from their midst.

And if Christ our Lord in His Tabernacle put on new array of splendor, and enshrine Himself deep amid gay flowers and candle lights, why may not the child, seeing all this done to invite the little ones, conceive, at least, what the pure St. Agnes spoke of as reality in her regard, that Christ desires to unite Himself and live with young souls as spouse with spouse, ready to put his precious gems on their right hands and about their necks, to make their cheeks blush with His Own Blood, and to fling about them the royal garment of His virtues, in the mystic union of His Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, with their chosen young souls?

And if they think or imagine these things, how will they keep from repeating them, and repeating them what more signal praise can they render Him, Who once appealed with triumph to the Psalm: *Out of the mouth of infants and of sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.*[3] It was when He passed them by and they cried like their elders: *Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.*[4] How much louder their Hosanna and more heartfelt their blessing, now that He comes again to them assembled together to receive Him in their hearts!

[3] St. Matthew, xxi. 16. [4] St. Matthew, xxi. 15.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (July 12 to August 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Alton, Illinois: St. Patrick's Church, Pana.

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Peter's Church, Waldorf.

Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Mary's Convent (Sisters of Mercy), Piqua.

Cleveland, Ohio: Immaculate Conception Church, Youngstown.

Dubuque, Iowa: Cathedral of St. Raphael, Dubuque.

Helena, Montana: Ursuline Convent of the Sacred Heart, Miles City.

La Crosse, Wisconsin: Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Clayfield.

Leavenworth, Kansas: Convent of St. Scholastica (Sisters of St. Benedict), Atchison.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Mary's Church, Plainfield.

Peoria, Illinois: St. John's Church, Bradford.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota: St. Martin's, Huron.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Diplomas of Affiliation, received from the *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Columbus, Ohio: St. Mary's Church, Martin's Ferry.

Erie, Pennsylvania: St. Lawrence's Church, Houtzdale.

Lincoln, Nebraska: Convent of the Visitation, Hastings.

Mobile, Alabama: Assumption B. V. M. Church, Selma.

New Orleans, Louisiana: Sacred Heart Church, and College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans.

Ogdensburg, New York: St. Mary's Church, Ticonderoga.

Omaha, Nebraska: Sacred Heart Church, Omaha.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania: St. John's Church, Altoona.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates should be zealous for the Treasury of the Sacred Heart. The subjoined list of good works and prayers is offered *expressly* for the intentions which are recommended by our American Associates.

It is clear that the greater the number of prayers, the more readily will the requests be granted by Almighty God. Each Associate can say some prayer or do some little work without much effort. This will be little in itself, but this little added to the prayers and works of the other Associates will multiply into the millions, and form an irresistible appeal to the Divine Heart of Jesus.

Were each Associate, then, to resolve henceforward not to let a day pass without offering something for the Treasury, how many more thanksgivings for favors obtained would we not have to record in the Messenger!

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from July 12 to August 12, 1891.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	615,158	11. Masses Heard	190,452
2. Beads	402,457	12. Mortifications	182,928
3. Stations of the Cross .	57,312	13. Works of Charity . .	143,024
4. Holy Communions . .	66,498	14. Works of Zeal	111,452
5. Spiritual Communions .	262,677	15. Prayers	5,221,226
6. Examens of Conscience	79,884	16. Charitable Conversation	65,104
7. Hours of Labor	540,592	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	38,975
8. Hours of Silence . . .	96,182	18. Self-Conquest	127,350
9. Pious Reading	120,857	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	258,662
10. Masses Celebrated . .	17,968	20. Various Good Works .	1,027,475
Total			9,625,133

The above returns represent three hundred and thirty-three Centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 67,872.

——*You shall ask whatever you will, and it shall be done unto you* (St. John, xv. 7).——

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK, JULY 12.—For more than three years I suffered constant headaches. I tried medical aid but in vain. Five months ago I asked the prayers of the Holy League and now I am perfectly well.

EL PASO, TEXAS, JULY 14.—A Promoter returns thanks for the cure of a constant pain in the side. The favor was obtained by wearing the League Badge constantly.

WATERBURY, CONN., JULY 19.—The person recommended to the prayers of the League has received the Sacraments. God bless and prosper the work of our Associates!

TOLEDO, OHIO, JULY 19.—I asked the prayers of the League for the restoration to health of the father of a family. He had had severe hæmorrhages. The prayers have been answered. He is now able to attend to business as usual.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., JULY 20.—My niece was suffering from fever and seemed to be in immediate danger of death. I placed the League Badge on her, promising if she recovered to give thanks in the MESSENGER. In a few minutes the danger passed away.

——, OHIO, JULY 23.—Most sincere thanks to the Sacred

Heart of Jesus, for the return to the Church of my brother-in-law, who refused to have his children brought up Catholics and caused my sister to suffer very much, by not permitting her to attend to her religious duties. I had him recommended to the prayers of the Associates since the month of February.

PATERSON, N. J., JULY 24.—Sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for giving back perfect health to a person who had received the last Sacraments and was given up by the doctors. She was expected to die at any moment but the most loving Heart of Jesus listened to the prayers which were offered for her; not only did she recover from severe sickness but she was also cured of a disease from which she had suffered for nearly thirty years.

ZALESKI, OHIO, JULY 28.—About ten months ago a young man was very anxious to obtain a certain position. There were obstacles in the way which seemed to render all efforts hopeless. His good mother, an Associate of the Holy League, month after month deposited this intention in the box at the Shrine of the Sacred Heart. She now returns thanks. The favor was obtained a month ago.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 29.—I desire in fulfilment of my promise, to return thanks through the MESSENGER for an almost miraculous temporal favor obtained on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, also for the cure of chronic bronchitis with which my mother was afflicted. These petitions were placed in the intention-box at the League Shrine. Also for the conversion of a man who had not been to confession for *forty years*. He was recommended to the prayers of the League last month and has since that time received Holy Communion twice.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., JULY 30.—Heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the reformation of a drunkard. He has been recommended for many months to the prayers of the Holy League and at last the merciful Heart of our dear Lord has responded to the faithful prayers of a widowed mother and the pleadings of a loving son.

SEWICKLEY, PA., JULY 30.—A Promoter of the League implored the Sacred Heart to spare her family when nearly every

home in the parish was visited by the influenza. Her prayer was granted. Two persons away from the Sacraments two years have returned to the practice of their religious duties.

HASTINGS, NEBRASKA, JULY 30.—For several months I have asked that an operation to be performed on my head would be successful and that its results might not prevent my being on duty during the coming school-year. Thanks to the Sacred Heart both favors have been granted.

CHICAGO, JULY 31.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a man who had not approached the Sacraments for over *twenty years*. He has prepared for death and is very penitent. Thanks also for a reconciliation and help in business.

——, MASSACHUSETTS, JULY 31.—Some weeks ago I sent a petition to the League asking for my husband's conversion. He had not gone to his duties for several years. I felt hopeful from reading in the MESSENGER of others who had their prayers answered. A few days ago he suddenly decided to visit the old country and to go to his duties before starting. I now send my thanksgiving hoping it may help to encourage others.

CAPE MAY POINT, N. J., AUGUST 1.—I wish to return thanks for a home obtained by a family which had been asking it since May, 1890, through the prayers of the League. Another person—not a Catholic—returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for two petitions granted after a novena made before the First Friday of July. A light was kept burning before a picture of the Sacred Heart and special prayers were said each night. The answer was beyond the power of words to express.

PORTER, MINNESOTA, AUGUST 2.—We asked for good crops and a settlement in life; we made a novena and had a Mass said in honor of the Sacred Heart for these intentions. Our prayers were answered within two weeks.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 4.—We return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the restoration to health of a man who has been suffering from cancer for nearly a year and a half. The physicians gave him little hope of relief.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, AUGUST 4.—A Promoter's brother returns

thanks for work obtained by means of a recommendation made to the League last month.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 5.—My heart is so full of gratitude and joy that I would wish to ask each of our Associates to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for me. My sister, an active member of a Protestant sect, living in apostasy for *thirty-two years*, was reconciled to God on her death-bed and died in the Holy Catholic Faith. Was not this a miracle of God's mercy?

LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO, AUGUST 5.—Special thanksgiving is made for the recovery of one of our pupils who was dangerously ill, with little hope of recovery. I placed a scapular of the Sacred Heart and a relic from Paray Le Monial on the child as soon as the doctor left, and on his return a few hours later, he found her convalescent. She was up next day and able to go home with her mother. She is now well.

Thanks are also returned for the recovery of a young lady who was insane and in an asylum. She is now well again and home with her widowed mother whose only support she is.

HYATTSVILLE, KY., AUGUST 6.—I wish to express my heartfelt thanks for a very great temporal favor just received through the prayers of the League.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST 7.—My mother was sick for eight months with cardiac dropsy. At the last extremity the doctor recommended an operation as the only thing to save her life. On July 15 it was performed and I promised the Sacred Heart to publish my thanks if it were successful. To-day my mother is walking about, better than she has been for the past three years, not having had one bit of fever since the operation. All that the doctors can and will say is that it was a very rare case and that they are surprised at their (?) success. Thanks also for a very great spiritual favor which I received during the past month.

BOSTON, AUGUST 9.—Last month I sent in a petition to the Sacred Heart asking for the conversion of a brother who was negligent of his religious duties, promising that if my request was granted I would publish my thanks in the MESSENGER. A few days after he made his confession and received Holy Communion for which I thank the dear Heart of Jesus.

TROY, N. Y., AUGUST 9.—An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a child three weeks old from an attack of scarlet fever. The physician had no hope of his recovery. We placed a League Badge on his chest; he improved rapidly and is now entirely well.

FORDHAM, N. Y., AUGUST 10.—Special thanks are offered to the Sacred Heart for a reconciliation recommended twice in the monthly intentions.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 10.—My brother has been a reckless young man for the past seventeen years. During that time he neglected all his religious duties. We had Masses said for him and used every inducement to lead him to a better way of living but in vain. Our mother died. This seemed to give a new impetus to his mad career, we began to despair of effecting any change. We placed a petition in the box for the First Friday of June. Since then an abscess formed on his neck which obliged him to go to a hospital for treatment. This was the means of divine grace. The words of a zealous priest, the examples and tender care of the good Sisters of Charity; but, above all, the prayers of the League brought him again to his Christian duties. His conversion gives every token of a complete change.

MOBILE, ALABAMA, AUGUST 10.—A Promoter returns thanks for the conversion of one who had neglected religious duties for more than *thirty years.*

VARIOUS CENTRES.—Thanksgiving is made for employment and means granted many persons.—For success in business.—Restoration to health in cases considered hopeless.—Grace to overcome lifelong temptations.—Perseverance in good resolutions.—Gaining a lawsuit recommended during four years.—Vocation followed after nine years of struggle and difficulty.—For the success of several Retreats.—For an instant cessation of hæmorrhages on promising to publish the favor in the MESSENGER. For very successful examinations.—For a conversion to the true Faith.—For a home.—Means to pay rent and retain a home. Cure of a violent headache.

"HE GREW IN WISDOM."

(Design of Janssens.)

THE MESSENGER

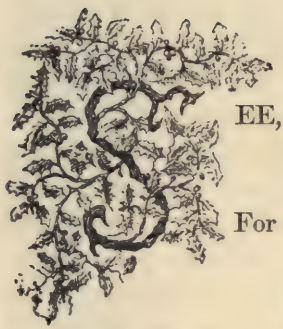
OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VI (XXVI). OCTOBER, 1891. No. 10

BEAUTY'S BEST.

By John Acton.



"EE, Beauty's best!" The poet smoothed a rose
With his smooth palm, nor ever dreamed he erred:—
For Beauty's best hath home in Thee, fair Word
Made saving Flesh. The poet's flow'r were prose,

Set against Thee, Beloved, and its scent
Less than its dust, against Thy Sacred Heart,
Whose odorous balm of Love can soothe the smart
Even of death. . . . . O poet! be content

To call a rose—just that. Or, if you will
(For this were truth), give the queen-flower's name
To the Queen Mother who, past Calv'ry's shame,
Saw her son rise her King, yet meek Son still.

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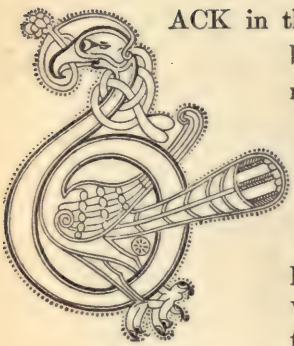
THE THEBAID OF GALWAY.

Ross Errilly.



BACK in the early sixties, while I was still a small boy, the little town of Headford, then as now, numbering about a thousand souls, had no other church than its unpaved market-place, with the leaden Connaught sky for roof. On Sundays the priest said Mass in what dim memory now pictures as a kind of carriage-house, whose wide doors opened in the centre of the eastern side of the wall bounding the square. The congregation, in sunshine or in rain, and much more frequently in the rain than in sunshine, knelt or stood in the square, or sought shelter, as many as could do so, in an open shed 200 feet away from the rude altar and opposite to it. It was but a slight incentive to devotion, you will say, to hear Mass under such conditions; and yet it would be hard, even in Ireland, to find a more devout congregation than assembled every Sunday and holyday of obligation around Father Conway, the parish priest. Perhaps fewer far absented themselves from Mass under those conditions—though presence at it entailed, in the case of many, a walk of three or four Irish miles through the mud—than could be reckoned up in a like number of souls living within five or six squares of one of our commodious and well-heated city churches. "Was not the blessed God of heaven Himself there present to see them and to listen to them? And why should they, poor sinners, begrudge a walk of an hour or two on a Sunday to give Him their heartfelt thanks for the blessings of life and health and food and clothing?"

Heartfelt, indeed, were their expressions of gratitude in their warm, expressive, native tongue. Not thanks alone did they render, but a thousand thanks to God for the rain that drenched them

EXTERIOR OF ROSS ABBEY (From the South).

to the skin through frieze coats and Connemara cloaks. Were they not ever so much better off than their ancestors, whose hardships were yet narrated around the turf fire on the long wintry nights? They no longer had to assemble by stealth and on rare occasions to satisfy their devotion, or to run the risk of being shot down or arrested by the red-coats for complying with their Easter duty. There were no five pounds now set on the head of their pastor. On the contrary, there was no one more feared and respected by Protestant, or more loved by Catholic, than their own dear Father Peter.

Content as the people were to worship under such serious disadvantages, it was not one of America's smallest benefactions to Ireland that she contributed, during the height of the Civil War, the $20,000 which the large stone church of St. Mary's cost. No equal sum was ever better invested or more imperatively needed. On week-days Mass was said in the priest's house, or, during the time of the "Stations," in the principal house of each village, which every one attended, and at which all communicated. A man or woman who omitted Easter Communion was unknown.

On the feast of All Souls, November 2, Mass was appropriately said amid the dead of the parish in the "Abbey of Ross," as the ruins of the monastic buildings of Ross Errilly are commonly called. On November 2, 1862, we were informed on assembling for school, that we were expected to hear Mass at the Abbey of Ross for the repose of our deceased relatives. To hear Mass on a week-day was a privilege not often enjoyed by us. That, together with release from the class-room for a few hours, impelled us to fall into line gladly and march to the Abbey, distant from Headford a little over a mile. With a solemnity and decorum born of faith, not the result of stern discipline, we walked in comparative silence for the space of half an hour, until we reached our destination. I believe not a word above a whisper could be heard from any of the two hundred children present on that day. Were we not going to hear Mass? and for the dead? and in a graveyard? The sacred mysteries of the Christian religion, celebrated among

the bones of martyrs and confessors and hidden saints, had a solemnity for us—reared in an atmosphere of Catholic faith and piety, and accustomed to the reverential mention of God's holy name in praise, in thanks, in salutations, in farewells and in promises long before the dawn of reason taught us its meaning—which one brought up amid different surroundings will find it difficult to realize. Catholics we were to the core, every one of us in the school, so Catholic that not one of us knew what it was to have a Protestant playmate; perhaps not a dozen of our number had ever spoken to a Protestant, young or old. I certainly never had. Our feelings of reverence, or, perhaps, meditation as to how we could best communicate to our parents the unwonted news of our having spent the morning at Mass instead of reciting lessons, may have prevented us from noticing the scenes around us. And yet the view could well repay the little fatigue we underwent.

On leaving the town and facing the northwest, there were visible on our right the Castle and Church of Moyne, both in ruins since the days of Cromwell, and bounding the horizon thirty miles away, the Ox and Nephin Mountains. More in front lay the highlands of Mayo, empurpled by the distance, with the cone of Cruagh Patrick standing sentinel by the sea. Next came the peaks of eastern Connemara, sending out a low range of mountains to skirt the shores of Lough Corrib on our left. This lake, with its placid bosom dotted by countless small islands, would burst into view from any eminence along our path. In our immediate vicinity the country was rich and well tilled, though not in such a way as to arrest the attention of a schoolboy. What would have arrested the attention of any one, even in green Erin, was the burst of richest green pasturage which met our gaze to the right, after we had covered a mile and a quarter of ground. Even if the stately pile of ruins were not in sight, the verdure would have told us that a monastic ruin was nigh. Surely the monks of old must have been good husbandmen, since after the lapse of centuries the effect of their superior tillage is perceptible even to the casual observer. And yet literature is full of flings at the laziness of the monks!

NAVE OF THE MONASTERY CHURCH (Looking East).

Looking towards the north there arose before us, on a slight elevation, gable after gable, of church and cloister, library and residence, shrouded in a rich growth of ivy and surmounted by a tower in perfect preservation, the ruins of Ross Errilly. Ruins they were, though to our imagination it required but little time and little skill to slip rafter and collar-beam into their clearly marked places, to cover over with slate or the more ancient stone slabs, to fit frames and glass between the perfect mullions, in order to have once more an abode suitable for a colony of contemplatives. One cause that may have operated to preserve these buildings in a more perfect state than falls to the lot of most others in Ireland, is the legend yet current in the neighborhood:

"Once upon a time, a Protestant near by wished to erect a new house, and, to save the trouble of quarrying material, thought of helping himself to the stones from the walls of the 'Abbey.' He loaded up one cart and was about to start on his way home, when he found that his horse could not pull. On examination he perceived that the harness had become loosened from the cart, a defect which was soon remedied. He whipped up his horse, but again there was a balk. Another mishap was discovered and, after some delay, set to rights. When he endeavored a third time to proceed, he encountered a more serious impediment. Entering into himself, he concluded that God was punishing him for desecrating the resting-place of the dead, and so he judged it better to seek his building-material elsewhere."

As a retreat for prayer and contemplation the site of the monastery was well chosen. For in the absence of noisy factories and modern modes of locomotion, there was naught to disturb the solitude of the place, save the cry of the moor-hen, the curlew, the lapwing and plover, and the baying of the distant dog. Situated on an elevated portion of a tongue of land, jutting out into a moor, it was all but surrounded by an uninhabitable tract. Below it, on the north, and within bow-shot, flowed, or rather lingered, *Owen duv*, Black river, before losing its murky identity in the lighter waters of Lough Corrib, three miles away. This stream, judging from its present productiveness, must have always

supplied the friars with a goodly stock of pike and trout and salmon for their Friday and fast-day bill of fare. The neighborhood, too, must have been deemed an important one, as the opposite and northern bank of the stream was defended in the last six miles of its course by four strong castles, still in almost perfect preservation. On account of its isolated position a former visitor and superior used to compare Ross Errilly to the Thebaid.

To this he loved to retire, when wearied by the cares of government and distracted by contact with the turmoil of the world, in order to refresh his soul by communion with God and His peaceful servants, as men of old left the broils of Alexandria and sought a retreat among the solitaries of Egyptian Thebes.

Just 540 years ago the monastery was erected by some chieftain, possibly of the de Burgo family, and given up to the Franciscan friars, to pray for the founder, his relatives and his subjects. Later on various additions were made by other benefactors. In 1572, a wide causeway of 200 paces in length was constructed by the Provincial of the Irish Franciscans, Father Ferrall MacEgan, to connect the enclosure with the Headford and Cong turnpike. Its remains are still clearly discernible.

The first illustration shows the ruins as they appear from the south: only the church and its additions can be seen. The cloister, chapter-house, dormitory, refectory, library, kitchen, etc., are hidden from view. The church, 128 feet long and 20½ feet wide, runs from east to west. The tower, 70 feet high, rises on pointed arches and separates nave and chancel. The gable, on the extreme right of the picture, faces the east and contains a large four-lighted Gothic window, the top of which is just visible above the south wall. The chimney rising beyond the church walls belongs to what is called "Burke Castle," the residence of the superior of the Franciscans, when he chose to make Ross Errilly his abode. The small building near this is a mortuary chapel, and contains a large ash-tree hidden by the wall. The next two gables belong to side chapels, later additions to the church, and intended, probably, as burial places for some noble families of the province. To the left of the picture rises the western end of the

THE CHAPELS, ROSS ABBEY.

church, in which is the entrance. In the foreground is the artist's jaunting-car, awaiting, beneath a tree, the completion of his work for the readers of the MESSENGER.

Passing into the interior by the entrance just mentioned, we have before us in the second engraving the lower portion of the tower through which we can just see a modern tomb occupying the place of the main altar beneath the eastern window. To the left, recessed into the northern wall, but not visible in the picture, is the tomb of the founder. Here it was, if memory serves me right, that we heard Mass on the occasion of my first visit. To the right are the side chapels whose ivied gables, broken by Gothic windows, are a prominent feature in the first picture. The third view gives these chapels more in detail. On the right, as we still stand within the body of the church, is seen the window of the western chapel, through which the clustering ivy breaks and clings tenaciously to the stone-like mortar. Between the arches we can catch a glimpse of the window of the eastern chapel. The deeply-moulded arches between the chapels, and those separating the latter from the church, with mortar still adhering in some places, and in others now removed, after centuries of exposure to wind and weather, are open to view. The little mortuary chapel adjoins exteriorly the ivied corner seen across the tomb in the foreground.

On the floors of these chapels and in the body of the church, huddled together in groups, or scattered singly, according as we could find a dry spot from which the temporary altar was visible, we knelt down to hear Mass, and join the Universal Church in the supplications for the faithful departed. There were not lacking incentives to fervor in our prayers. The celebrant, vested in black, reading in low and solemn tones the appeals of the Spouse of Christ in behalf of her deceased children; the bones of these children beneath us, around us, in some cases above us, cried out to us in the words of the Prophet: *Have pity on me: have pity on me, at least you, my friends.*

It was something peculiar to Ross that only the interior of the church and chapels was used as a place of burial. Hence the

bodies could not be laid side by side, but one above the other. In course of time the graves became full of bones, so as to make any further burials in the same graves impossible. Whenever, therefore, a funeral took place, after the filling up of the family grave, the bones of previous occupants had to be first removed and placed on one side, or in a corner of the church, or even outside the door. This explains the presence of the heaps of skulls and bones which lay around us. Our pastor, whose care embraced the living and the dead, got permission from the landlord to dig a large grave at the western end of the church, put in hundreds of the bones, and on this morning said Mass for the souls of those just reconsigned to the earth. Many, very many more remained; but at length, I think, he succeeded in removing the scandal of seeing human bones liable to be troddén on by passers-by, or covered with mould and moss in a corner of the church.

Fervent were our prayers in that sacred place, hallowed by the lives and virtues of sons of seraphic St. Francis, though we understood not then the debt we owed those whose bones lay below and about us. "To hell or Connaught" was the brutal sentence of Cromwell, and our ancestors, preferring the latter alternative, escaped the former, it is to be hoped, and transmitted to us the true faith, God's first gift to fallen man. The sacrifice which they made of their goods, and often of life itself, is an eloquent testimony of the value which they set on the things of God, a lesson which shall never, I hope, be lost on their descendants.

When Mass was finished we were permitted to amuse ourselves in examining the ruins, or in playing hide-and-seek among the mazes of the monastery. It was a dangerous game, as one of us found out; for he was lost, and was unable to make his way out, so he sat quietly down to await the next burial. Fortunately, he was missed from the party. A search was made, and the little fellow was discovered lying in a corner, with despair in his heart and tears in his eyes.

No part of the interior or monastic buildings made a more lasting impression on the mind than the view presented in the

THE CLOISTERS, ROSS ABBEY.

fourth picture, the Cloister of Ross Abbey. It seems but as yesterday since I was chased, or chased others, through its symmetrical arches, since with others I tried to fill with my knee the round cavity made in the large stone in the third arch by a holy friar at his prayers. Go where you would, up or down, in or out, east or west, you were sure, after a few turns, to find yourself once more in sight of its massive and well-carved stones.

Many were the legends which the older boys had to tell about the Abbey, its occupants and its ruin. Chief among them was the story of the bell torn from the tower by the soldiers and cast into the river hard by, and how every seven years its silvery notes are heard calling the friars to prayer. They no longer respond to its call on earth, to bring blessings on their benefactors; but certain it is that they respond to other and higher calls to pray for those who gather about the spot which they have sanctified by their lives. And their prayers before the throne of God are surely heard. For though rich in the goods of this world we may not be, of what avail are such riches beyond the grave? Yet in God's own riches sent down from heaven, the treasures of faith and hope and charity, those who were reared amid the influences and traditions of Ross Errilly, the Thebaid of Galway, are singularly blessed.

These riches they have carried away with them from its hallowed ruins and have developed and displayed in many a clime from Boston of New England to Invercargill of New Zealand. God grant that they may transmit to their sons the virtues they have inherited from their sires! May they impress upon the minds of their children while yet young and docile that not pride and pomp and power, riches and fashion constitute true greatness; but that he or she is truly great and good, who, keeping the heart detached from the world, its goods and its vanities, strives to approach, in sympathy and in fact, the Ideal of all greatness and goodness, Who said to His followers: *Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of HEART.*

DONA FELIPPA.[1]

An Incident in the Career of Columbus.

By Francis T. Furey.

I. Dreaming.

SITTING close by the ocean's shore, Christopher Columbus looked out over the rising waves. With its last rays the setting sun was gilding the church towers and bastions of Lisbon and the emblazoned masts of the ships anchored at the mouth of the Tagus. The far-off bustle of the town and of the harbor, the concordant hum of the sea and the murmur of the dying breeze, were mingled with the airy sounds of a multitude of birds that, soaring aloft and circulating in immense flocks, seemed desirous of reaching the region of the clouds, so that they could the longer enjoy the pleasure of gazing at the sun.

Christopher Columbus' young wife, Dona Felippa de Perestrello, and their son Diego were disporting themselves along the beach, gathering rose-colored sea-weed and pearl-lined shells. The wife and mother, seeing that the day was fast waning, approached her husband and thus timidly accosted him:

"My dear, Diego is becoming drowsy; is it not time to return home?"

"I think it is," he replied.

He arose and started off, his head bowed and his mind absorbed in thought.

Felippa followed, holding her son by the hand. Ere long the child's pace became slower, and turning to his mother he held up his tiny arms and thus addressed her:

"Mamma, carry me!"

She picked him up; but Diego was three years old and his mother was quite delicate; and, while she thus walked along under

[1] Adapted from Madame Julie O. Lavergne.

difficulties, her husband, who had gradually hastened his speed, was soon out of sight, the road they were following being a winding and shaded one.

In the throng of people who had taken advantage of this fine evening to walk out into the country was a peasant woman of large build, good constitution and handsome countenance.

On seeing Dona Felippa she exclaimed: "Ah! is it you, alone, without your maid, and carrying that big boy? Give him to me at once; he is too heavy for you. Shame on you, my little man, for thus tiring your mamma!"

"He is asleep," said the mother. "My husband, as usual, forgot himself at sight of the ocean; but you have come just in time, Antonia; I feel quite weary."

She surrendered Diego to the woman, and Antonia exclaimed as she folded in her arms the future viceroy of the Indies:

"How pretty he is! He looks like the Infant Jesus carried by the St. Christopher of our parish. Let us away, madam; take my arm and hurry along; the night is coming on. But where is Sir Columbus?"

"He has gone ahead," replied Felippa; "he is often thus absent-minded."

"Every one who knows him knows that," said Antonia; "all these sailors while on land are like fish out of water. You wouldn't catch me marrying a sea-faring man! Commend me to a gardener like my Bartholomew. He hardly ever leaves our garden, and whenever we try to get him out of it he seems to feel as if we were tearing him up by the roots."

Scarcely had Dona Felippa and Antonia resumed their journey when they saw Christopher Columbus retrace his steps almost at a canter.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," he said to his wife; "it seems I walked too fast for you. Give me my son, Antonia," he said, turning to the gardener's wife.

"No, indeed, sir," she answered; "your house is on my way. I am going to carry the child to its grandmother. Take Dona Felippa's arm, for the poor lady needs your assistance."

And hastening her pace, she walked ahead. Columbus offered his arm to his young wife, and they went on for some time in silence.

Chistopher Columbus, then about thirty-eight years old, had already seen much of the sea. His tall and commanding stature, his expressive, noble and serious countenance, inspired respect; and this son of a poor Genoese artisan, this mariner returned to civic life and, earning his livelihood by making geographical charts, bore over his whole person the stamp of the old-time nobility of his family and the indelible mark of genius. And so, poor though he was, he had won the hand of a daughter of the nobility, not very rich, indeed, but so beautiful and so amiable that she might well aspire to a more advantageous marriage.

Felippa de Perestrello, then about twenty years old, was small and pleasing. Her long black hair would have easily enveloped her whole person, and her pale countenance was rarely illumined with a smile. She was passionately fond of her husband, and satisfied to be with him under her mother's humble roof, her only wish being to see him appreciate this humble happiness. But his unceasing reveries and distractions, the hours that he spent alone in his study, engaged in labors that she did not understand, made Felippa sad. Having no intellectual sympathy with her husband, she was racked with jealousy of the subject of his reflections. She had a vague feeling that, whilst living in a most affectionate union with him, his thoughts were often removed to an immeasurable distance from hers.

"My dear," she said to him while they walked on, "what were you thinking of this afternoon on the seashore?"

"Of distant countries," said Columbus, "of great plans, my dear Felippa, that I will tell you of later on."

"I hope at least," she rejoined, "that you are not thinking of Porto Santo, that miserable island of which I have grown so tired, where I came so near dying—where my father lost all he had. Think of every other country in the world, if you will, but not of that. And only think of them, I entreat you, but not of visiting them. Providence has, as it were, led you hither by

the hand. We are happy and contented. Spend the rest of your life at Lisbon."

"What, Felippa? Live here always? It were rather tedious. I would like to visit my native land, and bring you with me. You will see Genoa the Proud, Felippa, the city of marble palaces, of terraces covered with orange and palm trees, and that Mediterranean which no tide disturbs and whose azure waves caress flower-clad shores. My old father would be delighted to see you and to bless our child."

"Ah!" said Felippa sadly, "it is not the way to Italy that I see you trace on your large maps, when your compass is extended over the ocean. You are always looking towards the setting sun. Most certainly you are concealing from me some terrible mystery."

They had now entered the city gate and, having traversed several crooked and hilly streets, they arrived at the old Moorish house in which they dwelt, and which was situated in the upper part of the city, at about five minutes' walk from the church dedicated under the name of our Blessed Saviour. It was now night. Bright stars in the heavens and lighted lamps before the Madonnas on the squares guided the footsteps of the belated travellers. Those of the inhabitants who had returned home were enjoying the fresh air on the terraces, or supper inside their dwellings. The curfew-knell had been tolled from the towers of the many convents and churches of the city; and some notes from the guitar, as well as some indistinct songs, the last reports from a city about to recline in the arms of Morpheus, were mingled with the distinct murmur of river and of sea.

Dona Maria Dolores de Perestrello, seated in a spacious arched chamber on the ground floor, was working with her spindle and distaff while waiting for her children. The light of a lamp showed her noble and melancholy countenance, and her widow's raiment gave her almost the appearance of a nun. A black hound, quite handsome, though very old, lay at Dona Maria's feet, and, hanging on the wall, the weapons and escutcheon of the late Dom Bartholomew de Perestrello testified to the character of

the former masters of the house. A young servant-girl was setting the table on which she had just placed the salads, eggs and fruits that were to make the evening meal.

"Dona Felippa is rather late," said Dona Maria. "Is there any fresh water on hand, Nina?"

"It is on the ice, your ladyship, and the grapes and figs were gathered this morning. His lordship will be satisfied. He is certainly coming. See how Nero wags his tail. I am going to open the door."

Nero had got up, and was already on his way to meet his master and mistress. No sooner had he met and caressed them than he returned and lay down at Dona Maria's feet. When Columbus and Felippa came in they hastened to kiss the mother's hand.

"Dear mother," said Felippa, "where, prithee, is Diego?"

"In bed, darling. Antonia brought him to me so sound asleep, that we undressed him without his getting awake. But where have you been, my children, that you are so late returning home?"

"Is it necessary to ask?" said Felippa. "To the seashore, of course. My husband is happy only when the waves are washing his feet."

"Such, Felippa, was your father's disposition. But, children, it is time for supper."

They recited the *Benedicite* and sat down at table. Columbus made several attempts to take part in the conversation, but his thoughts were so pre-engaged that his remarks were always out of place. At last he lapsed into a profound reverie, and, holding his glass of water in his hand, maintained the attitude of a listener. His two companions looked at him in silence, and Nina felt such an irresistible temptation to laugh that she fled to the kitchen.

Suddenly Columbus said: "I would . . . oh, God! I would . . .

"What?" asked Felippa.

"Oh! that I had money!" exclaimed Columbus, "mountains

of gold, the whole of Ophir, that I might redeem Your Sepulchre, O Lord Jesus! And well You know it is not for my own sake I want it."

"Money!" exclaimed Dona Maria. "A Spaniard would not speak thus, my lord. It is with the sword that the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre must be made."

"Yes, mother. But to arm the knights, to freight their vessels, money is indispensable; and I know where I must go in order to get this money."

"Alas!" said Dona Maria, "where is the use of going afar off in search of it? It may be had anywhere by those who know how to work for it. The virgin soil, the parchment sheet, the pliant wax, the lint on my distaff will produce it, if worked by skilful and industrious hands. Do not then keep ever dreaming, my son, and now retire to rest so as to be fit for work to-morrow. The curfew has long since been rung. Let us say our prayers. Nina, come hither."

Masters and servants prayed together; the matron of the family blessed her children, and ere long the house was still with the silence of sleep.

As soon as he found Dona Felippa deep in slumber, Columbus again donned his clothes, and without making the least noise went out on the upper balcony and looked into the heavens.

It was a calm, moonless night. The stars shone in full splendor. Columbus long studied their course towards the west. Their appearance and the deep azure of the heavens so charmed his senses that he thought he heard the celestial choir sing in the infinite space where God has scattered suns like sands on the seashore. Then Christopher Columbus' eyes became fixed on the motionless star that marks the pole, and from his lips he let this prayer escape:

"Queen of heaven, protect and guide me! Grant that I may see my native country, that I may give it glory, power and wealth, redeem Sion from captivity, place Italy in the front rank among the nations, carry the cross of Christ to that unknown world whose inhabitants, seated in the shadow of death, have for such long

ages been expecting the light of the Gospel. Star of ocean, guide me to the new world!"

He prayed long, and, when the early dawn was dimming the stars, Columbus returned into the house, and the rising sun found him working on a map of the world that he was making for the reigning king of Portugal, Alfonso V.

II. Awakening.

When the bells rang for seven o'clock Mass, Dona Maria Dolores, Dona Felippa and Christopher Columbus betook themselves to the church of our Blessed Saviour, as was their custom. They observed that there were more persons than usual about the portal. A few idlers and about a score of children were staring at a white-bearded man who was superintending the erection of a scaffold in front of the colossal statue of St. Christopher, standing at the right of the entrance. Columbus, recognizing the man, thus accosted him:

"Sir Girolamo," he asked, "has any accident befallen the statue of my patron Saint?"

"None whatever, sir; but it needs to be painted and gilt anew. The sea air soon destroys the colors, and this is the third time during my life that I have been obliged to have this work done. From father to son we take care of this statue, which was erected in 1195 by my grandfather's grandfather's great-grandfather, by order of King Alfonso I. If you want to get a close view of St. Christopher, the scaffolding will be finished in a quarter of an hour."

"Thank you, sir: I will come back."

After Mass, Columbus escorted his wife and his mother-in-law to their door. Then, addressing them, he said:

"With your permission, ladies, I will go and see Sir Girolamo at work."

The scaffolding was finished and the painter was at his task. Columbus ascended near him to examine the colossal head of St. Christopher's statue.

"A masterpiece, is it not, sir?" said the aged artist, removing

with a dry brush the dust that had collected in the statue's stone beard.

"Yes, indeed, it is a beautiful St. Christopher; but tell me, sir, what this is that the Infant Jesus is holding in his hand?"

"That globe? You know it better than I do, Sir Columbus. That globe is the world."

"And why represent it thus, Sir Girolamo, since many learned men still hold that the earth is flat and surrounded by a dark and endless sea?"

"I am not a learned man, Sir Columbus; but I know that from father to son, for over three centuries, we have been thus representing St. Christopher. He is supposed to say to the Child he is carrying: 'You are as heavy as the world, my little fellow,' and the Child replies: 'Do not wonder if it be so, Christopher, for you are carrying Him Who has made the world.' Now, those who cannot read may understand—we put the world in the hand of the Infant Jesus."

"Ah, indeed! but why in the shape of a globe?"

"Well! what form would you give it, sir? It has ever been thus represented. In certain paintings I have seen this globe assigned to God as an attribute of creation, and to Charlemagne as a mark of imperial power. The learned will have a fine time in proving to us that the earth is flat when they shall have explained to us why the magnetized needle always points toward the north. Do not speak to me of the learned, Sir Columbus; they neither create nor foretell anything. Artists are much better inspired than they. Do you not think so?"

"I will bear in mind what you say, sir, especially as my views are entirely favorable to the artists. Yes, the earth is round. Its known lands occupy one of its hemispheres, but as for the other hemisphere, the other half, is it credible that God has covered it only with an immense sea? Do you think that it contains no inhabited lands and that the stars shine on nothing there but waves?"

The old painter reflected for a moment. "Perhaps not," he said. "But do you not see, Sir Columbus, that man is the master-

piece of creation, and that what is most beautiful in man is his head? Now the countenance, through which intelligence is made manifest, is only one-half of it. And it would not be at all astonishing to see one hemisphere covered by the ocean, just as we see a fine crop of hair grow on the side of the head opposite to that from which the eyes shine."

On returning home Dona Felippa complained to her mother. "See," she said, "how my husband leaves me to go and chat with Girolamo and look at that great St. Christopher that he has seen a thousand times. And yet he knows that I am happy only when I have him by my side."

"Darling," said Dolores, "it is not necessary for you to be happy in order to work out your salvation; but you cannot do so unless you please your husband. Columbus is a holy man, and he loves you; but you must not imagine that he should have a woman's heart, for to her affection is natural. His intellect is far superior to yours; he has plans and dreams that occupy him day and night. If these concerns draw him aside from his duties, you have reason to complain. But he lives as a good Christian should live, industrious and charitable to his neighbor. Thank God, and remember that woman was created to be man's helpmate, and not his idol. Think of our Queen, our Mother Mary. Our Divine Lord, her son, left her to preach the Gospel to His people. She waited outside of Simeon's house, lost in the crowd, happy when she could see Jesus from afar off. She uttered no word of complaint and, standing at the foot of the Cross, consummated her sacrifice. Every man has a mission to perform in this world. Your husband, my child, has his. You will know it later on. Yours is to follow him, but never to utter a word of complaint."

"Yes," said Felippa, "this, mother, is the way you have ever acted; I know it. My father was ruined by going on voyages of discovery, embarking in imprudent undertakings; and you made no effort to keep him at home?"

"So, so, darling; I tried. While young, we are ever tempted to revolt against our destiny. But I soon found out that I was

struggling in vain. A quiet and uneventful life would have made your father unhappy. To die of weariness is falling a victim to too mean a weapon."

"Grandma, mamma," cried Diego, running towards them, all radiant with joy, "come and see the beautiful flowers that Antonia has brought me; and see! she has given a fish, and a great big one, all to my own self!"

"Did you thank her, Diego?" said Dona Felippa.

"Oh! yes, ma'am; and he embraced me, the dear little angel! If I only had half a dozen children like him, wouldn't I be happy? But I, poor creature that I am, am the only barren plant in our garden!"

When Columbus returned he found his work-table adorned and scented with freshly-gathered orange-blossoms and roses. He was passionately fond of perfumes; and so he thanked Dona Felippa for having so graciously decorated his desk. She thus addressed him:

"My dear, if you also want to give me pleasure, tell me, I entreat you, what you had to say to that old man Girolamo on his scaffolding."

Columbus told her candidly. She listened to him without a single interruption, as was her wont, and when he had finished she began to question him. Quite pleased at seeing how serious and attentive she was, Columbus, removing the flowers, explained to her the map of the world that he had drawn, told her of his voyages and his hopes; and for the first time Felippa realized, in the look of her husband's eyes and in the ardor of his words, the ideal that he was following, the world foreshadowed by his genius. Her hands clasped together, she listened to him admiringly.

"My dear," she said to him when he had finished, "I will pray to God, asking Him, if He has not created this land that you wish to discover, that He will make it rise out of the waves for love of you!"

The winter was spent peacefully. At the time of the equinoctial tides, Columbus returned one day from the royal palace,

carrying in his hand a large reed of a kind unknown in Portugal.

"See, dear mother," he said to Dona Maria, "the king has made me a present of this reed, which was washed up by the sea on the shore of the Azores. It did not seem to have been very long in the water, and, you know, for a month past the wind has been blowing violently from the west. This reed must have come a good part of the way around the world, and from Greater India."

"Or rather from the African coast," interposed Dona Maria. "Sometimes, my son, the ocean-currents overcome the force of the wind. Pedro Correa once told me that he saw on the beach in the Azores a piece of delicately carved wood, and that the west wind had carried it thither. But that proves nothing; for that piece of wood had probably belonged to a vessel lost on the high seas."

"True," said Columbus. "But, mother, pray let me have Dom Perestrello's notes and journal."

"Alas! my son, I will do so, whatever it may cost me."

"Dearest mother, you may depend on it that I will be as careful of them as I would be of precious relics."

"I know it, my son; but I will have to touch them, I—and I have never yet since his death been able to summon up the courage to do so."

She went to her room, knelt before her crucifix, and, rising after having said a fervent prayer, took one of the keys hanging by her side and opened her marriage-chest. Her wedding garments and those of her husband, carefully wrapped and perfumed, were therein packed, as well as parchments held together by a black ribbon, and, attached thereto by a silk string and a seal with a coat-of-arms, the journal of Dom Bartholomew Moguis de Perestrello's voyages.

These light articles, this baggage that a child might easily carry, and that the flames would destroy in a few minutes, were the only tangible traces of twenty-five years' labors, cares and Christian affections—feast-days, hours of anguish, embarkings,

returns, shattered hopes, parting farewells, passed rapidly through the widow's mind. It seemed to her as if all the sorrows of her life were revived, and it was poor Maria's turn to be overwhelmed by them. She hesitated for a moment, prompted to close the box again. Then she said in an undertone:

"No; I must keep my promise. Who knows? Columbus is seized with the passion for voyaging; perhaps, on reading these pages, he will understand what my husband and I have gained by a wandering life and ambitious projects,—how we were brought to grief and ruin; perhaps he will decide to remain at home, as Felippa so much desires him to do. Here they can be so happy!"

And, taking the bundle of yellow papers, she bore it in silence to her son-in-law.

III. The Land Beyond Seas.

Some time afterwards Christopher Columbus received a letter from Florence, one that he had been anxiously expecting. It was a reply from Paolo Toscanelli, Dr. Paul, as he was called, a famous scholar whose opinion was law among all those who dabbled in cosmography. Toscanelli, to whom Columbus had communicated his project of going in search of a western continent, far from regarding his scheme as chimerical, encouraged him to carry it out to the end. From that time on Columbus was bent on going to Italy, for the purpose of inducing the Senate of Genoa to furnish him with the vessels he needed. But Dona Felippa's health prevented him from carrying out his plan, and he could not make up his mind to leave her behind. For some time past she had been languid and low-spirited; yet the physicians could not find that she was suffering from any particular disease.

"These doctors know nothing," said Antonia. "It is a disease to have no appetite, or strength, or spirits, and to melt away like wax, and certainly there should be a remedy for that."

The good soul was at her wits' end to devise some means of amusing Dona Felippa. Every day she would bring her the finest fruits in her garden; and as on her way she met many persons of her acquaintance, she gathered up all the news of the

town, and when she came related it to the young sufferer, recompensed in happiness when she got a smile or an exclamation of surprise from Dona Felippa. Ordinarily Antonia's stories were of quite a lively character, and little Diego took pleasure in them; but one morning the gardener's wife came with reddened eyes and pale cheeks.

"Oh! God forgive me, Antonia!" said Nina. "Has your husband beaten you?"

"He is not so base," replied Antonia, "but I have seen Inigo Nunez's widow and little children, and the sight melted my heart." And with the haste and unconscious cruelty characteristic of some good people in spreading bad news, she at once told Dona Felippa of Nunez's death.

"Ah! what a misfortune!" she said; "such a fine young man, so good, so handsome, so loved by his wife and mother! And the father of four pretty cherubs of children! He was returning from Madeira, his vessel bearing a rich cargo, contented, happy as a king. His bark was in sight of land; his mother, his little children, his friends were running to meet him, and seeing him, called to him. He jumped into a boat to reach shore the sooner, but a wave caught his craft, and he fell into the sea; then a sailor threw him an oar, but its blade struck him on the head, and he disappeared. Ah! what martyrs these seamen's wives are! Never, madam, let your husband go to sea again! But what is the matter with you?"

Felippa, pale as death, had arisen, and was walking towards her husband's cabinet; but she stumbled and fell in a faint. Nina ran to her, and whilst aiding her mistress did not fail to grumble thus against Antonia:

"How foolish you are," she said to her, "to tell such things to her ladyship! Do you not know that her husband is going to set sail in a week?"

"Why should she not be told?" exclaimed the gardener's wife. "A fig for your mysteries!"

"And a fig for your tongue!" replied Nina. "But see, my lady is opening her eyes. God be praised! Go for the doctor, I beg of you, Antonia."

"Yes, without delay," said Antonia. "Ah! I will never again be so ready with my tongue. God help me!" she exclaimed as she hastened away.

When Columbus and Dona Maria returned from Mass they found the physician engaged in bleeding Dona Felippa, who was delirious and crying like a child, saying:

"Mamma, mamma, I don't want him to leave!"

In a few days she was at the point of death. At her mother's solicitation she received the last Sacraments with great composure and resignation. The excitement of the fever was followed by a decided reaction. When evening came she begged to be placed in an arm-chair, near a high window, from which she could see the ocean and the last rays of the setting sun. She asked her mother to adjust her hair and put on the lace veil she had worn on her marriage day. A large shawl of African make covered her shoulders and extended down to her knees.

"Mother," she said, "forgive me! I would like to be alone with my husband for a moment."

Dona Maria led out Diego, and the woman aiding in taking care of the patient followed.

"Grandma," said the little child to her, "mamma is not going to die?"

"Beg of God that He may cure her, my child," said the poor grandmother; and the long-pent-up tears flowed bitterly.

Christopher Columbus, pale and distracted, knelt beside Felippa. She looked at him in silence for a moment, and then reached out her hand.

"My dear," she said, "you have made me happy, and I thank you. Yet I go from this world without a regret, for it would grieve me too much to have to part with you in life, and I could not follow whither you think of going. I have confidence in God's mercy, and the shortcomings of my brief existence will be effaced by the merits of Jesus crucified. If hereafter you think of giving Diego a second mother, do not think of doing so without consulting mine. And in the meantime she will take care of your child. I know you will forget me."

"No, never!" exclaimed Columbus weeping. "Never will I forget you, Felippa—you, my first love, you, my boy's mother!"

"Very good," she resumed with an effort, "if you cannot forget me, at least think of me only with pleasure, as of a friend who awaits you in the land beyond the sea. You once spoke to me of sovereignty, of a crown. 'I want to make my Dona Felippa vice-regentess of the West Indies,' you said. The crown promised to me in heaven is the only one that I will wear. But in comparison with it, those of earth are as nothing. Farewell, Columbus. Now free, you are going to pursue your way, to discover a world. I *know* that you will succeed. A distant and accurate insight into things is given to the dying. I will not forget you. God has granted me the favor of being near you when your eyes first behold the land that is promised you, that awaits you there beyond!" And with her dying hand she pointed to the waves and the western horizon.

These were her last words. At two o'clock in the morning she calmly breathed her last, and her father's tomb, in the church of our Blessed Saviour, received Dona Felippa's frail remains.

A few weeks later Christopher Columbus left Portugal and began those painful journeys, those fruitless efforts that were to fill up fifteen years of his life, until Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castille sent him forth to find a world.

IV. Felippa's Promise.

On Thursday, October 11, 1492, Columbus' three caravels, the *Pinta*, the *Nina*, and the *Santa Maria*, scudding before a strong breeze, pushed rapidly towards the west; but the men on board, having seen only sky and water for two months past, had their store of patience and of courage exhausted. That very day a mutiny broke out. The *Pinta* and the *Nina* came up alongside the Admiral's vessel, and Columbus had to face alone the three united crews of furious men, who demanded in loud tones that they should be permitted to return to Spain. The revolt lasted all day, and every means was taken to intimidate Christo-

pher Columbus; but insults, entreaties, menaces, drawn blades, tears and wrath had no effect on him.

"You may kill me," he said, "but you cannot make me retrace my course."

The evening came. "Let each man return to his post," said Columbus. "Set to praying. This very night we will reach sight of land. Go."

These men, conquered by his constancy, obeyed. Ere long the sailors were again at their work in silence. The moon rose resplendent. This tropical night was bright as is day in the far North. A strong current carried the vessels towards the west. The *Pinta*, a swift craft, ploughed ahead. At midnight the Admiral ordered sails down. The phosphorescent sea rivaled the starry heavens in splendor.

Christopher Columbus, standing in front, was engaged in prayer. The day that would soon dawn was the anniversary of Felippa's death. It was at two o'clock in the morning that she died, sixteen years before. He remembered her last promise.

"Felippa," he said in an undertone, "think of me in that heavenly country whose shore your bark has so long since reached! Pray that I may reach the shore of the New World."

It was two o'clock. Suddenly he became conscious of a delicious perfume and saw glide in front of him a large butterfly as white as snow. Its wings glistened like satin in the moonlight. The airy messenger flew around jauntily in front of Christopher Columbus, then, taking its flight towards the west, disappeared. At the same instant a light flashed on board of the *Pinta*, and the report of a cannon-shot was heard.

"Land! land!" the sailors exclaimed.

Columbus fell on his knees and intoned the *Te Deum*.

At sunrise he planted Christ's standard on the shore of the New World, which he took possession of in the name of their Catholic Majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella.

And to this newly-discovered land Christopher Columbus gave the name of *San Salvador*, in honor of Jesus Christ and in memory of the church in which Dona Felippa lay buried.

THOUGHTS ABOUT ST. PETER.

IV.

PETER'S complete conversion was the first visible triumph won by the Redeemer's merits during the time of His Sacred Passion. And the conquest was made all the more plainly visible by the conduct of the sorrow-stricken man, when the merciful look of Jesus had brought him to himself by awakening him to a consciousness of his guilt. *And Peter*, says the Evangelist, *going out wept bitterly*,[1] moved to the very depth of his soul by that spirit of compunction which abode with him forevermore through life. "He sinned once and bewailed it always."[2]

Now, over and above the seasonableness of this conversion, to which allusion was made in the MESSENGER for September, we must remember that it was the fulfilment of a prophecy and the result of an efficacious prayer. For, on that blessed night when our Lord had instituted the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, and was speaking to His Disciples of the Kingdom over which He was to establish them as rulers, He said, in very pathetic strain: *Simon, Simon, behold satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat! But I have prayed for THEE that THY faith fail not; and THOU being once converted, confirm thy brethren.*[3] The obvious meaning of these words, in the language used by St. Luke, namely the Greek, is such as to furnish conclusive evidence of Peter's great commission to teach and to confirm the others in all that belongs to faith. The Latin text gives plain testimony to the same effect. But in the English, the meaning is not brought out so unmistakably, because of the ready interchange of *you* and *thou*, when addressing one person. Wherefore, in the English version, the text can mean that all the words were addressed to

[1] St. Luke, xxii. 62. [2] St. Augustine. [3] St. Luke, xxii. 31.

Peter alone: although none but a very undiscerning reader could fail to be impressed by the sudden transition from the plural to the singular. Anyhow, it is a comfort to know that a sound argument cannot be built upon an ambiguity of the English Testament; so long as we have the original text stating the matter plainly and beyond the possibility of being misunderstood by an intelligent reader or an honest critic. This it does most forcibly in the present case.

Addressing all the Apostles through Peter, the Lord tells them of the eagerness with which the evil one was striving to crush them and render them unfit for the work of mercy and love marked out for them. All of them were to be sorely tried and assailed by the manifold and ever-changing strategy of the enemy; but for one of them the Master Himself asked the gift of unfailing faith, so that he might become the mainstay of the others. This he was to do by authoritative declaration of God's *truth* and God's *law*, whenever a need for such declaration should arise. It is precisely what we state, in language somewhat more technical, when we say that Peter was made an infallible teacher in faith and morals—infallible interpreter of God's truth and expounder of God's law. And all this, not because of his own merits or intelligence or steadfastness of purpose—for in all these he was inferior to many of the others—but because Jesus chose him and established him and prayed efficaciously for him. He was even to fall into sin, but he was to arise again and, *once converted*, to *confirm the brethren*.

Besides the sublime endowment of official infallibility conferred upon Peter, he received also solemn confirmation in the office of Supreme Pastor. The promises which had been made to him—*I will give to thee*, etc.; *On this rock I will build*, etc.—were fulfilled. Nor is there a single word said by our Blessed Lord to imply that He even remembered the sin for which the repentant Disciple wept so bitterly. True, commentators see in the triple question: *Simon, lovest thou Me?* an allusion to the three denials in the house of the high-priest. But, if there be such allusion, it is safe to say that a grave admonition never wore a gentler guise.

Not only to Peter, but also to the rest of the Disciples, it must have seemed a splendid showing forth of the infinite tenderness of divine mercy! The Rock had not been cleft: the Master of the household was not to be deprived of his keys. The commission of the Chief Pastor was ratified by the charge to feed both lambs and sheep—that is, the *whole flock* of the Good Shepherd.

In that text of St. Matthew where *indefectibility* is promised as a portion of the Church's dowry, Peter is declared to be the Rock upon which she is to be built. And he is assured that *the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*[4] Now, it seems to me that if I were called upon, in this nineteenth century, to read the New Testament "without note or comment," I should be sorely puzzled to know what is meant by the assurance that *gates*, however vigorously they may attack, shall never win the victory. What strange phantasms should flit across my imagination of high gates rushing onward in deadly assault! And the Gates of Hell? Are they horizontal or perpendicular? Is their onslaught to be like a nineteenth-century torpedo-boat or monitor, keeping low down towards the surface and striking at the foundation? Or must they stand erect like lofty towers, and, falling down, batter the edifice from above? How could I answer these questions if I were doomed to work out the solution by my own unaided perusal?

"But," queries an advocate of private judgment, "is it not as easy for you to understand as it was for an unlettered man like St. Peter, when he heard the words first uttered?" Not altogether. First because there have been eighteen hundred years of changes in the customs of mankind. Secondly, because in St. Peter's day, and in the common language of the people, the picture presented to the imagination by the word *gates* offered no difficulty whatever. The truth conveyed by it was easily and clearly understood. For in the olden time it was the custom to have walls encircling a city; and in these walls the gates of egress or ingress were very prominent features of their architecture. They were sometimes highly ornamented, and not unfrequently flanked by towers. Through them the armies marched forth to sub-

[4] St. Matthew, xvi. 18.

due the enemy; unto them, also, was brought the merchandise from afar. In this way the gates became the "grand stand" for the march-past of the warriors and, at the same time, the chief market-places for the exhibition and purchase of wares. And, as army movements and aims are of interest to all true patriots, the wise men, the statesmen, the men with large interests at stake were accustomed to assemble at the gates to hold counsel about the projects which were hatched and the enterprises which were undertaken. And again, as mercantile barter can scarcely be carried on without disputes arising from the collision of interests, it grew to be a custom to have judges present at the gates to arbitrate and decide in matters wherein the rights of purveyor and purchaser might clash. Thus, we have in the gates the central point of the city's or the nation's strength, welfare, commerce, justice and judgment.

In old Homer's lay we find the beautiful Helen described when she went forth to witness the combat between Menelaus and Paris. She passed through the Scæan Gate where "the elders of the people" had assembled. And he tells, in rhythmic numbers, of the comments passed upon her by "the nobles of the Trojan race who in the tower sat."[5] Elders and nobles, lords and commons, senators and representatives were there! Was not the custom prevailing at Troy very like a carrying-out of the ordinance we find in Deuteronomy: *Thou shalt appoint judges and magistrates in all thy GATES?*[6] It was there they were wont to assemble; and, in regard to the culprit, it was enacted: *They shall take him and bring him to the ancients of his city and to the GATE of judgment.*[7] Furthermore, when in Holy Writ the virtues of the valiant woman are so admirably itemized, it is plainly stated how her reflected spendor shall shine forth to the great advantage of her husband. And how is the gleam of that glory to be recognized? *Her husband is honorable in the GATES, when he sitteth among the senators of the land.*[8] Thus it becomes apparent that the *Gates* represented the power, the plans, the policy, the strategy, the whole strength of a city or of a kingdom. Hence, when our Lord says: *The gates of hell shall not prevail*

[5] Book iii. 145. [6] xvi. 18. [7] Ibid., xxi. 19. [8] Proverbs, xxxi. 31.

against it, He means that neither by open violence nor by hidden ambush—not by heresy or schism or treason—not by wiles or treachery—not by any aid or resource to which the powers of hell may resort, shall they be able to destroy that Church built upon Peter which He, the Lord Himself, has made indestructible.

Here it might very reasonably be asked why it is that, in our modern times, we have no vestige left of the great importance and the wide significance of the word *Gates*, as we have been considering it? Here, also, it may be answered that, by special providence, we have just what we need for full illustration of our argument. The enactments of the "Sublime Porte" are the decisions of the Ottoman Empire. The *Porte* means the Gate; and the gravest decisions of Islamism, the policy of the Grand Turk, the State papers of Constantinople, when sealed with the great seal and promulgated to the other powers as the ultimatum of the Sublime Porte, may be read, by one who understands the meaning of the words, as simply stating: "Thus we have decided in our Gates." Not that the Musselmans have kept up a distinction from other nations in regard to their Legislature or Executive, but merely that the name *Porte*, or *Gate*, has been by special providence preserved to prove that it means the whole strength of an empire or kingdom, however it may be applied.

Dear old St. Peter! I must part with you now. I have not spared your shortcomings nor exaggerated your glorious endowments. You stand, next to the Holy Family, as the central figure of the New Dispensation, the authorized spokesman and Vicar of Jesus Christ, since He ascended from earth to heaven. In you our Lord seems to have chosen to give a portrait of a good natural temperament, a genuine human character, undergoing supernatural training. There were, it is true, some mishaps during the process; but every fault or failing seems to have sprung rather from an excess of natural good-heartedness than from a want of it. The divine, at last, conquered the human, not by destroying, but by perfecting it. From the happy abode whither the love of Jesus has brought you, look upon us sinful members of your flock, O great St. Peter; and pray for us.

MISSION SANTA CLARA.

ONE MISSION'S HISTORY.

Mission Santa Clara, Cal., Founded January 12, 1777.

By George O'Connell, S.J.

FROM the story of one of the California Missions the history of all can be broadly portrayed. The character of the Indians, the methods pursued by the Fathers, the glory of their prosperity and the shame and ruin effected by secularization, are the same in every instance. Let us tell briefly to-day the story of the Mission Santa Clara, the eighth to be founded in Upper California, and the one perhaps where the traditions are best preserved. Its founder was Father Thomas de la Peña. He set up his cross on the banks of the Guadalupe on the 12th of January, 1777.

I.

The great Father Junipero Serra had taken up the chain of the California Missions where the Jesuits had been compelled to abandon it at the time of their sudden and cruel suppression by the Spanish monarch. Salvatierra, the Jesuit, had begun his work near Cape San Lucas in Lower California, and had pushed his line of missions all the way up the forbidding peninsula, till, when he died, he had founded thirteen, and had about entered into the present State of California, or Alta California, as it was then

styled. He found a worthy successor in Junipero Serra, who strung out the missions from San Diego, in the entrance south to Sonoma, up beyond San Francisco. The Mission Santa Clara he did not found in person, but entrusted to Father de la Peña.

Father Thomas de la Peña came down to survey the valley in company with the Comandante Rivera of Moncada. He especially desired a location where his water-supply would be unfailing, and where he would be easiest of access by the neighboring tribes. This he found on the banks of a small tributary from the west of the Guadalupe River. This site must have been within the limits of the celebrated Laurelwood Ranch of Mr. Peter Donahue, where a deserted barn now stands. The old Kiefer Road once ran down past the place, and crossed the Guadalupe by means of the well-known but now obliterated Spanish Bridge. This road, or its first rude predecessor, brought the redman to the Mission.

The savages called the place Thamien. The name was preserved in the title of the Mission—*Santa Clara de Thamien.* The place was, however, more commonly known as Socoïstika, or the *Laurel Trees,* a name which it well deserves to the present day. The ancient Indian chief, Marcello, the last of his race to die, and a man who was present at the first foundation, used to speak of it as Tshaitka. The nearest Indian tribes were the Socoisukas, the Thamiens and the Gergecensens, while the Olhones (or Costanes, i.e., *Coast* Indians, as the Spaniards used to call them) often came in from the coast beyond the Santa Cruz Mountains on the west. In habits and intelligence, they were like the Digger Indians of to-day. As many as twenty-three dialects were spoken amongst them, and what they did speak might rather be called a gibberish than a language. Dana called it the nearest approach to a downright *slobber* that he could imagine.

They were above the medium height, and were powerfully built. Their color was a dark black, their faces flat, their lips thick, and their hair long and straight. Rings and other ear-ornaments were in great vogue amongst them, and the women loved to tattoo their faces and arms, and the men to bedaub themselves from head to foot with streaks of red paint in outlandish patterns.

THE SECOND CHURCH IN SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

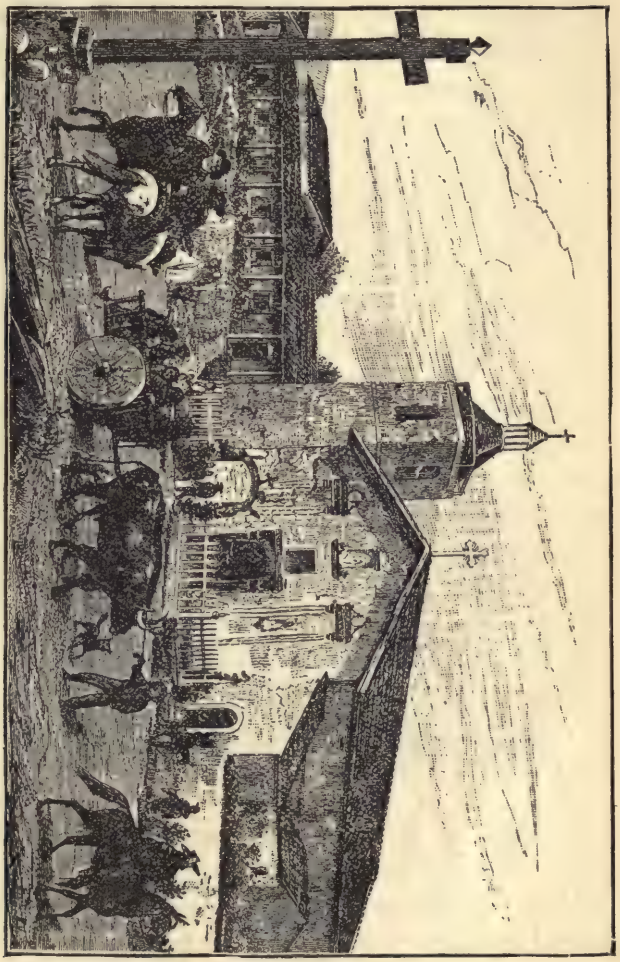
Their huts in summer were only a rough heap of bushes, but in winter these were sometimes thirty feet in diameter. Their food consisted chiefly of acorns, berries, roots, insects and snakes, but, being dextrous in the use of their bows and arrows, they often feasted on deer, rabbits, hares and birds, and with nets and spears caught trout and salmon in the streams.

Their religious notions were meagre, but exhibited the never-failing belief in a Supreme Being. They adored the sun, and believed in an evil as well as a good spirit which they should propitiate. When any one died, the body was decked out with flowers, feathers and beads. It was then laid upon a pyre of wood, with a bow and arrows beside it, and was burned amid great shoutings, while the friends of the deceased wished the spirit a happy journey toward the setting sun. They cherished a tradition that their forefathers had come down from the North. This would link them with the Asiatics who migrated to America across the Aleutian Islands. The office of chief usually descended from father to son. Slavery was hardly known amongst them, but polygamy was the common practice. Stealing and other gross vices were ordinary and habitual. Their proneness to these vices was largely the cause of their utter extinction after they had once mingled with the dissolute white settlers, a story which history is repeating to-day in many of the lovely islands of the Pacific.

II.

When Father de la Peña had decided to locate the mission at Socoïstika, or the Laurel Trees, he returned with Moncada to San Francisco, whence that officer set out for Monterey to send up the few white settlers and the handful of soldiers who always accompanied the missionary founder. The latter were by no means unneeded, for more than one Franciscan had watered his California Mission with his heart's blood. Nine soldiers and a settler with his family soon arrived, and under the military command of Don José Moraga, the vice-governor, and the spiritual direction of Father de la Peña, they proceeded to lay the foundations of Santa Clara. This they did on the 12th of January, 1777—a day deservedly called the valley's birthday.

Father de la Peña's first care was to erect the Mission Cross. It was cut from a redwood tree, and was blessed and solemnly set up in what was to be the centre of the Mission. It is the same ancient relic that stands to-day in front of the Mission Church. It



MISSION SANTA CLARA IN 1851.

has been tenderly covered with light pine, except for a section at the base, to preserve it from the gradual ravages of time; and a garden-plot has been laid out around it.

Eight days later, Father José Antonio de Murguia was sent from Monterey to join Father de la Peña, and under the direction of the two, the church and settlement soon sprang into being. They marked off a square of seventy rods, on the four sides of which respectively they built the church and the pastoral residence, the office and work-shops, the guard-house and barracks, and the store-house. The church was in keeping with the wilderness it came to redeem. It was made of timber hewn in the neighborhood, and was plastered with *adobe* clay and roofed with earth. The first child baptized in the Mission was a little girl, whom of course the Fathers felt bound to call Clara.

Fathers de la Peña and Murguia had hardly begun their labors at Socoïstika when a scourge broke out among the children. It was a propitious time for the missionaries, and they were indefatigable in hurrying hither and thither through the valley. They were thus enabled to baptize dozens of little ones at the moment of death, and the little ones did not forget them at the throne of God. The hearts of the parents were touched by the unwearied kindness of the Fathers, and their reverence for them was vastly increased by the number of cures they were able to effect. Conversions followed quickly and within eight years these two unaided Franciscans had reclaimed no less than seven hundred brutal savages, transforming them into civilized and intelligent Christians, living in adobe houses and pursuing either the trades or the lives of cattle-raisers and farmers.

The records of the baptisms are still religiously preserved at Santa Clara College. They are the earliest written records of the valley. Father de la Peña wrote with a delicate hand, in small fine characters, but with the most scrupulous legibility; while Father Murguia dashed off his words with a large, bold sweep, such as we might expect from one who spent his days in the open field at the plough with the Indian, or at the carpenter's table, or the shoemaker's bench. Many an entry has also been made in the register by the venerable Junipero Serra, who visited the mission several times in his capacity of president. His letters are small but not cramped and are always dark and legible.

The Indians were soon induced to dwell in adobe houses clustering near the Mission church, and were nearly always under the eyes of the missionaries. Every one arose at sunrise and went to the church for Mass and morning prayers, after which they breakfasted. Their diet was enviably healthy. Beef, mutton, venison and all sorts of vegetables were constantly on the table, besides wheaten cakes and puddings and a nourishing porridge

THE MISSION CROSS, SANTA CLARA.

called *pinole*. After breakfast, they went to work, either in the fields or in the shops, till about twelve o'clock, when the *Angelus* bell called them to prayer and dinner. Recreation and the siesta followed dinner till two o'clock, when they returned to their labors, which were concluded at the sound of the evening *Angelus*, at six o'clock. Next came evening devotions, family prayers and the rosary. Supper was then served, and games and athletic sports closed the day.

The young unmarried women lived in a separate building, under the care of virtuous matrons, where they were shielded from danger and taught all the useful employments of domestic life until they reached a marriageable age, when it was not hard to find them suitable husbands. They were especially expert in making clothes of wool, cotton and flax. Their hall, which was called *el monjero*, had no doors or windows facing on the public road, a necessary precaution against intrusion by the naturally vicious savages. The young women were known as *las monjas*, or the nuns, but with nothing of our strictly religious meaning attaching to the term.

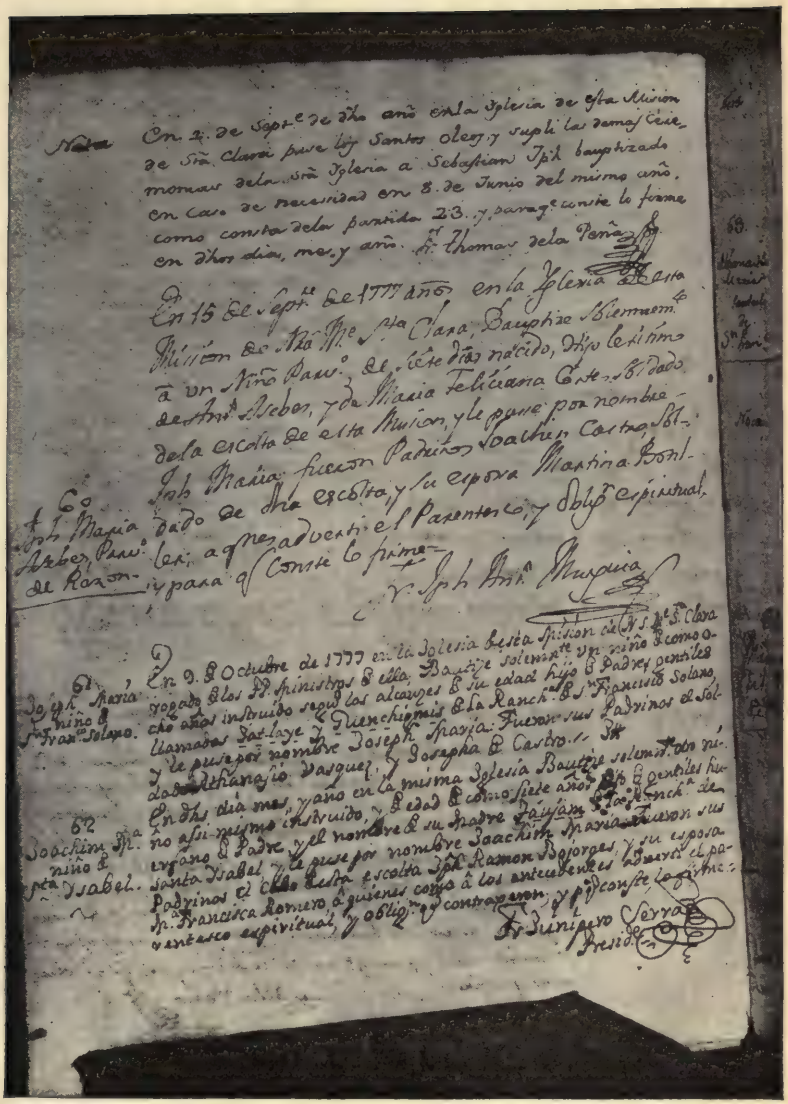
The dress of the ordinary Indians consisted of a linen shirt, a pair of trousers and a woolen blanket, but the *alcaldes*, or overseers, were dressed in cloth like the white men. The women were supplied every year with two chemises, a gown and a blanket. The mission-supplies came in launches down the bay from San Francisco to Alviso, whence they were carried overland to the Mission on horseback, and were usually paid for in hides, tallow, furs, corn and cloth. After a good sale in return of the mission products, the Fathers made liberal distributions to their neophytes of wearing-apparel, handkerchiefs, tobacco, glass trinkets and musical instruments. On the latter the Indians soon became surprisingly accurate players, and always accompanied the church services.

Within fifty-six years, the Fathers had baptized some 8500 neophytes and performed 2500 marriage ceremonies.

III.

Great variety of incident is not to be expected in the chronicles of such a mission. The first important event was the destruction of the settlement at Socoïstika. In January and February, 1779, it was twice flooded by the turbulent Guadalupe. Several of the houses were overthrown, and in 1781 the Fathers were compelled to change their location.

The spot they now selected was called Gerguensun, or *the Valley of the Oaks*, by the natives, while old Marcello called it



FAC-SIMILE OF HANDWRITING OF FATHERS MURGUIA AND SERRA.

Tshatcapschi. It is within the limits of the present town of Santa Clara, not far west from the Broad Gauge station, in the field south of the junction of the Narrow Gauge road and Franklin Street. Like its predecessor at Socoïstika, not a vestige of it now remains. Its adobe walls have long since fallen and been mingled with the plowed earth of a grain-field. Father Murguia was its architect and builder, and laid its corner-stone on November 19th, 1781. It was finished and dedicated on May 15th, 1784, but just four days previously the loving architect died of a burning fever and was laid at rest in its sanctuary. Father Diego Noboa succeeded Father Murguia, and followed loyally in his footsteps, deserving equally the deepest respect and veneration of the historian.

The Mission Cross was duly removed with the Mission from Socoïstika to Gerguensun. In the latter place, a pretty story was related of it by Marcello. One year, he said, the people suffered from a dreadful drought. They were almost in despair for want of water, when the Fathers gathered them round the Cross, to make a novena there for their special intention. On the ninth day a copious spring of delicious water burst from the ground not far away. There are now several springs of water near by, with any of which the miracle might be associated.

In 1794, Father de la Peña's physical condition was so weak that his superiors were compelled to recall him to Mexico. Here his health rapidly improved and he did great work for souls till he died, February 9th, 1806. Father Noboa left Santa Clara at the same time as Father de la Peña. They were succeeded by Fathers José Magin and Manuel Fernandez, the latter, however, remaining only one year and being replaced by Father José Viadèr.

Fathers Magin and Viadèr labored together at the Mission Santa Clara for thirty-five years. Under their management it reached the height of its prosperity and began its downfall. It was under their direction that the famous *Alameda* was planted from the Mission Santa Clara to the Pueblo San José. It consisted of a double line of magnificent willow-trees stretching with

beautiful windings for about three miles, and affording impenetrable shade in the hottest days of summer. All the great religious and civic processions were wont to pass down its full length. Father Magin employed two hundred Indians in planting, watering and protecting the young trees, and for the whole distance he had them dig a ditch to irrigate the trees from the Guadalupe. Within the last ten years the venerable willows have been destroyed to make way for a street-car road, and the walk from town to town is now like a tramp across the Sahara, dry, sunny and devoid of beauty.

The church which Father Murguia had erected at Gerguensun was doomed to destruction. Its walls were seriously cracked by an earthquake in 1812, and in 1818 they were ruined beyond redemption. The third or present site was decided upon, and the new church was opened in 1820. It was two hundred feet long, forty-two feet wide and thirty feet high, with adobe walls six feet thick, and boasted of a belfry-steeple sixty feet in height. The overseer of the building was old Marcello. In 1841, the adobe steeple was replaced by one of wood, with a clock and a gallery to adorn it. The clock had four faces in those days and afterwards did service as the college clock, till but a few months ago, when it was replaced by the present one. The two old bells were religiously re-hung in one of the two new towers which were subsequently built for the church. Those of the roof were lashed together with raw-hide thongs and covered with the familiar red tiles. Outside, the church was brilliant with coloring and bore the pictures of Saints Clare, Francis of Assisi, and Antony of Padua.

By 1862, the ravages of time were so great that the present fronting had to be built for the church; and in 1885 the old adobe walls had to be removed as unsafe, thus broadening the church by twelve feet. At the same time, the dingy little windows had to be enlarged and the roof raised, but in every other respect all the old characteristics have been carefully preserved. The visitor still gazes upon the same quaint reredos and altar that came from Mexico in 1802, the same sanctuary ceiling that was painted full

of saints and angels by the Indians under Father Viadèr's direction, the same mural decorations, the same pulpit that Father Magin so often filled, and the same great Mexican crucifix which is said to have once stretched forth its arms to embrace him.

Father Magin reposes side by side with Father Peter de Vos, one of his Jesuit successors. Father John Nobili, the first of the Jesuits to take possession of the church when its mission days

INTERIOR OF MISSION CHURCH, SANTA CLARA, IN 1891.
(Old Mexican reredos, altar, pulpit, crucifix, and Indian frescoes still intact.)

were over, in 1851, lies buried, likewise without a tombstone, at a similar place on the Epistle side.

IV.

Father Magin went down to his grave feeling that his work was to be ruined. The first plan of secularization, by which all the missions in California were to be taken from the missionaries and turned over to Government administrators, was published by

Governor Echeandia in 1828. Father Magin saw that the scheme was one of robbery, and that his poor neophytes could never survive the blow. Time proved his foresight. Ten years saw the missions utterly destroyed. Twenty years saw the Indians exterminated.

Father Magin—Magin Catala is how he used to write his name, the surname being derived from his native province of Catalonia in Spain—died November 20th, 1830. So great was the repute of his sanctity, that in 1884 Archbishop Alemany opened an ecclesiastical court at Santa Clara College to inquire into his virtues and miracles, with a view to his canonization. The inquiry lasted for two months and many prophecies and other miracles seemed to be well attested, and the Archbishop was encouraged by the auditors of the Rota to continue his inquiries; but a number of obstacles have since prevented it, and the cause may now be said to be practically abandoned.

Father Viadèr left the Mission in 1833, and died not long afterwards, probably of a broken heart, in Spain. He was succeeded by Father Garcia Diego, afterwards Bishop of Monterey, and Father José Bernardino Perez, his secretary, who remained with him about two years, when he returned to Mexico and afterwards became Guardian of the College of Zacatecas. Father Rafael Moreno succeeded him. Meantime, the work of secularization had been going on ruthlessly throughout the State. Some of the missionaries were ordered out of the country, others were persecuted till they died of their misery, and all were hampered till they could do nothing for their neophytes. The latter became discontented and vicious, and fled in hundreds to the mountains. At Santa Clara the order of secularization was published in December, 1836. Father Moreno died three years later, and was succeeded by Father Jesus Maria del Mercado. By 1840, the once glorious Mission had sunk so low that there was no product but that of hides, and all industries were suspended. Two-thirds of the cattle and sheep, apparently all other available property of any value, had disappeared. Only one hundred and thirty neophytes remained.

The last of the Franciscans at Santa Clara was Father José Maria del Real, who succeeded Father Mercado in 1844. In his time, under Governor Pio Pico, the last details of the extinction of the missions were given in a decree of September 10, 1845. In July, 1846, Commodore Sloat at Monterey raised the American flag over California. General Kearney shortly afterwards, as military Governor, gave orders that the missions should remain controlled by the priests in charge until proper judicial tribunals should be established. With all the mismanagement and fraud of a dozen kinds which the decree of secularization had fostered, little was left of the once boundless domain of the Mission Santa Clara. It consisted of hardly two-thirds of the property now held by the Jesuit Fathers at Santa Clara College.

In 1851, Archbishop Alemany requested Father John Nobili, a Jesuit missionary from Oregon, to open a college on the ruins of the Mission. Father Real accordingly turned over to him the few adobe ruins and tumbledown sheds, the orchard, and the sadly-neglected church, and retired to Mexico. With his departure, the beautiful and mournful story of the Mission Santa Clara was ended.

READING FOR THE SOUL'S COMFORT.

By the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J.

I.

THE devout Thomas á Kempis, speaking in a meditative mood to God, says: "Thou hast given me, in my infirmity, Thy Sacred Body for the refection of my mind and body, and Thou hast placed a lamp to guide my feet, Thy Word. These may be called two tables, placed on the right and left in the sacred treasury of the holy Church."

Each of these tables is just as necessary as the other, but in different ways. That which offers the food of the divine word

enables us to approach the other, which exhibits the Holy Eucharist. We should never approach the sacred table of the altar, did we not first understand and accept God's word that He it is Who is there, and that we must eat of Him, in order to live. In their efficacy, then, both tables must be frequented. We draw near to Him, and are enlightened; and, when our eyes are opened, we draw nearer still, and our hearts are fed. The nourishment of the intelligence is the radiance of the Word of God; the health and life of our hearts within is the unction which distils from the charity of God, incarnate in the Holy Eucharist.

The Word, which Thomas á Kempis speaks of, is that revealed in the Holy Scriptures, and it is manifold indeed. Whatever light of intelligence can possibly be needed by man in the course of his many wanderings here below, in his darkness and his griefs, in his brightness and his joys, in the midst of solitude as well as in the throng of the multitude, is all conveyed in the manifold speech, phrase and instruction of Psalmist, Prophet and Apostle, who break up and distribute, in their own manner, the multiform wisdom of God. They do, every one of them, what Christ our Lord came expressly to accomplish Himself, Who, being in the bosom of the Father, came to narrate in speech and parable, in word and action, in form and movement so divine, what He had heard from the Father, and had come to share with men. He gave us a right to understand the message which he brought. It was not His intention that, whether in the spoken word, or in the written word, so much eloquence, which is altogether divine, should be expended in vain. He would not have any path left deserted in that garden of chaste delights, which, like a skilful gardener, He has been laying out from the beginning, in those Holy Scriptures which He Himself has dictated from the first. No refreshing retreat of spiritual love should be left unfrequented, no flower or fruit be left to bloom and mature, as in the desert air. St. John Chrysostom, pleading for spiritual light, uses this very ground on which to rest his confidence: he says, "Thou wouldst not, O Lord, have so many pages of awful mysteries written in vain!"

As to any other book written by man, the more it favors the features and the words of these revealed pages, the greater will be its force and power, its penetration to search the inner feelings, and to touch the heart. The profound thought and direct style, which pierce deep into the abyss of the heart, are luminous with pure light, according as they resemble this model so high and efficacious—God's own Word to men, which, as St. Paul says, is more piercing than any two-edged sword, reaching to the bones and the marrow, penetrating unto the division of the soul and the spirit.

A marked illustration of this is the fact that the *Imitation of Christ*, which is the most widely circulated of all moral books in the world, is one which has done little more than weave together a tissue of phrases and thoughts from Holy Scripture. The inspired thought is either directly quoted, or is felt to be underlying the devout writer's own expression. His mind, like that of a truly cloistered soul, was entirely imbued with God's word; and he wrote whereof he knew, because his heart was full of it. The same we see in a higher model, the canticle of the *Magnificat*, composed by the Blessed Virgin. It was itself inspired, yet it was her own thought; and that, we observe, was prompted throughout by other phrases and words in the Old Testament. It shows us where she had formed her ways of thinking, and her very style.

This exhibits to us the secret spring and meaning of all spiritual reading, which is to support the life of the soul. It must be the conversation of God with man. Whenever His word is delivered to us, whether as spoken or as written, it is God Himself Who is talking to man. And, when He speaks, it is worth our while listening to Him. We do well to draw nearer to His feet, that we may hear the better. It is very good for us; since His speech is like Himself, all good.

One of the first effects of it is a degree of understanding in the soul, loosening its tongue, and suggesting what to answer. This is the exercise called prayer. It springs wholly from enlightenment; and, when it comes into play, it exerts over the

omnipotence of God a power not limited by the Divine Goodness: *You shall ask whatever you will, and it shall be done unto you.*[1] Whoever asks as he ought, abiding in Christ, and with Christ's words abiding in him, receives all that he asks for; he can command what he wants, since God's Providence has placed itself at his disposal. Prayer on the part of the faithful soul disposes and arranges things in the very way God most desires. He has indeed many ways of fulfilling His general designs over the world; for an infinite wisdom places an infinity of resources at the disposal of His governing Providence. But when the preference of a soul rises before Him, as expressed in prayer, it determines one out of the many ways, which otherwise it would suit Himself perfectly well to follow. It makes this way more pleasing to Him than any other. And, instead of passing on, He stays with you, because you have asked Him. Ask, and His Heart yields.

Now this prayer is all suggested and supported by the vigor of spiritual enlightenment or the spirit of faith. The life of prayer depends upon the knowledge of God's ways, which we should learn while we are on earth. No doubt, this knowledge comes first by hearing. But, as preachers and spiritual instructors are not always by us, whereas books are, the springs of written instruction remain alone accessible, when others are practically closed. Even in times far gone by, when books were not so easily had, the Apostles referred to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, as the source of consolation, strength and light. St. Paul expressly appeals to *the consolation of the Scriptures.* The Apostles, replenished as they were with every divine gift, needed comfort for themselves, as they bestowed it on others. They were not always on the heights of contemplation. Or, if they were, they received there nothing save what God chose to impart. Often enough, that left their care and solicitude and anxiety, and their need of prudence, foresight, labor, patience, just as before. And the Saints of all times have come down from the loftiest raptures only to find their trials and distress, their need of longanimity and infinite forbear-

[1] St. John, xv. 7.

ance, just where they had left them on entering into prayer. For so it is that God wishes to be honored by men. He has given them this occupation, in the days of their pilgrimage short and evil. And to the *consolation of the Scriptures* they had recourse habitually; just as continually we must have recourse to God for our daily bread, which is given every day.

APPEAL TO THE HEART OF MARY.

By J. F. Fitzgerald.

MOTHER, take back the dreaded words;[1]
It can not be
That thou canst ever plead in vain;
Oh, hear e'en me;
The world *is* full of sin and woe,
Sweet Mother mine,
And thou alone canst stem the tide
Of wrath divine.

Then, Mother, lift thy pure sweet hands,
And for us pray,
That He will touch the hearts so steeped
In sin to-day,
That ere another sun shalt set,
They'll softer grow,
And, bathed in His own Precious Blood,
Be white as snow.

[1] In one of the Apparitions of Pellevoisin, our Blessed Mother, in speaking of the punishments we have reason to dread on account of the sins and infidelities of mankind, said: "I can no longer stay my Son's arm."

Oh, Mother, stand as once thou didst,
On Calvary's height,
And offer up the Blood that flowed
In thy dear sight;
Each dying gasp, each sacred tear,
That blessed prayer,
"Father, forgive";—thou, martyred soul,
Wert thou not there?

Then at His sacred, bleeding feet,
With sorrow's dart
Broken—transpierced—Oh, Mother, lay
Thine own pure heart;
In silent, prayerful pleading, stand
The Cross anear,
And martyred Mother, *canst* thou think
He will not hear?

A LOVER OF THE EUCHARIST.

MOTHER MARIA TERESA, FOUNDRESS OF THE CONGREGATION OF ADORATION AND REPARATION.

THÉODELINA DUBOUCHÉ, now far better known by her name in religion, Mother Maria Teresa, was born at Montauban on May 2, 1809. Her parents, without being infidels, says the Abbé Hulst, her biographer, professed practical indifference to all religion. Her father diverted from the faith by the prejudices of the last century; her mother engrossed in worldly affairs and contemning every kind of religious practice; a brother who died young after a life of dissipation —such were her early surroundings; but Providence showed its divine power by causing a lily to blossom among thorns, and sanctity to germinate amidst indifference and impiety.

From her earliest years Théodelinda showed the qualities and defects of her Southern nature, her father being from the South of France and her mother of Italian descent. Had their little daughter been brought up in a Christian manner, she would have been extremely pious from her childhood. She possessed a lively disposition, a quick but reflective mind, ardent feelings and rare artistic talent. Before the age of five years she began to admire everything in nature and to take pleasure in thinking of Him Who had created them. Always recollected in church without knowing why, her mother laughingly called her "the little devotee."

But her good dispositions were not cultivated. She heard God spoken of with coldness or indifference, and no one strove to inspire her with love for Him. Her parents went to church but rarely and for appearance' sake. For the same reason and to please the village curé, they erected in their garden each year a repository for the procession on Corpus Christi.

Théodelinda relates that her mother, ever ready for amusement, took pleasure in dressing her as an angel, to scatter flowers on the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, and she never doubted that the God of the Eucharist had favorably received this simple homage of His future spouse, and shed on her soul at that time the first graces of her vocation. Towards the end of her life she writes to her confessor: "I still remember what the Blessed Sacrament said to my heart when I visited the repository prepared in my mother's garden."

Before she had reached the age of seven years, her baby conscience understood that her parents were not walking in the right path, that nevertheless it was her bounden duty to respect them, and that she should devote herself to them out of love for that God Whom they did not serve. Her family considered her a little wonder, but they loved, esteemed and laughed at her. From this profane circle God called her, and imprinted on her soul that first mark of faith and love that was never to be effaced.

Her piety was not in any way sentimental. She was animated with the feeling of duty and a firm resolution to die

rather than offend God mortally. Thus, without any exterior assistance, that perfect charity infused by baptism developed itself in the heart of the child.

Certain faults appeared in her character, and her education did not tend to correct them. She compared herself with those who surrounded her, and, feeling her own superiority, she became difficult to manage. When her impertinent repartees had evoked bodily punishment, remembering the maxim she had so frequently seen when learning to read—*kiss the hand which chastises you*—she never failed after correction to kiss her mother's hand.

When about ten years of age, she was sent to school at Orleans as a boarder, but she could only remain there a short time owing to her independent character. She had taken for her emblem an open cage, with the motto, "Liberty makes me faithful." Nevertheless, these few months of captivity worked an important change in her character. Until then she had but few religious *instincts;* she then received religious instruction, and her soul eagerly imbibed celestial truths.

Whilst still young she made her first Communion, but alone and under circumstances little calculated to develop her natural piety. Imagine a child between ten and eleven years of age condemned to a retreat of three days without religious exercises, sermons, pious books, the direction of her confessor, or help of any kind. God doubtless permitted this strange conduct on the part of her superiors, to show that He alone wished to be her Master.

Those three days of seclusion and silence were spent by Théodelinda in serious meditation. She considered her difficult position with respect to her family; the distance which separated her from them in religious matters, and the future struggle she would have to make. She felt that a powerful tie bound her forever to the Catholic Faith, and that the only means of corresponding to this light was courageously to embrace virtue—such as she understood it—and to isolate herself, by a life of occupation, from the worldly and frivolous circle around her.

She left school immediately after making her first Communion and began at once, with a courage beyond her years, to put in

practice the plan she had laid down for herself. With very little spiritual direction this young soul might have been made a great saint; but so far from that, she was continually warned against religious influences. Her mother frequently told her that devotion leads to madness, and she was troubled at seeing her go to church so often, and separating herself from society. Seeing her child shutting herself up all day with her pencil and books, she consoled herself, however, with the thought that Théodelinda would grow up a clever and superior woman; so the mother's frivolity took pleasure in the daughter's seriousness.

The maturity of the child was truly singular. Study, nature and art alone attracted her. History inflamed her heart with passionate admiration for great actions. "Jeanne d'Arc," she says, "Jeanne Hachette, all illustrious women were my heroines. I studied their lives as I should have done the lives of the Saints."

Although Théodelinda remained faithful to the resolutions which were to separate her from her worldly relations, still it was difficult for her not to imbibe some of the prejudices instilled into her. She only knew one person who practised his religious duties. This was one of her father's clerks, whom she secretly admired, because he alone had courage to go to Mass on Sunday. Thus, alone and unassisted she might gradually have lost her faith, but grace was struggling in her soul against family influence. Love preserved her faith.

She says she triumphed over all the assaults made on her convictions by the thought that *Christianity demands all*, and that it is more exacting than the noblest philosophy. From that time she began to take notice of the sensible favors by which God wished to gain her whole heart to Himself.

"When I was fourteen years old," she says, "whilst preparing one day for confession, I felt a kind of ecstacy, which did not last long, but I was so transported with love that I thought I was going mad." Then, her reasoning nature gaining the upper hand, she became afraid of this grace. "Really," she thought to herself, "my mother was right; one does indeed lose her head when too devout."

Her confessor, of whom she had felt some mistrust, dying about this time, she took another, whose direction rendered her still more reserved. He wished to give her a rule of life, and forbade her amusements in which she saw no sin, and in which she joined simply in order not to irritate her mother by a refusal. Her conscience told her she was in the right; she was indignant at the thought of restraint, changed her confessor and became more distrustful than ever.

She was then sixteen years of age. Study and the love of her parents had until then occupied her life. Her brother's death, which caused the family great sorrow, developed her sensibility in a singular manner. She began to feel an extraordinary desire to love God. Whilst still a child, shortly after her first Communion, she continually sought to inflict suffering upon herself.

"To surmount a difficulty," she says, "I would have persevered to my last breath; and my mother used to say of me that I only liked to do what gave me pain and trouble."

Her intellectual tastes continued to develop themselves. Her love of the arts, especially of painting, continued to increase. In order to make progress in it, she obtained her mother's permission to work at the museum, and she there passed whole days. On her return, when she did not go into society to please her mother, she would shut herself up with her books.

II.

We quote from Théodelinda's own record of her life, written in 1852 in obedience to the command of her confessor, the following account of how God took possession of her heart:

"At the age of twenty-two my life underwent a change. I was called upon to accompany my father, who then filled an official position in the North,[1] and who wished me to accompany him. My mother would not change her residence, so I had to separate from her. I found myself alone and independent in the midst of the world, where I was too well received for my vanity not to be excited.

[1] Mezières. M. Dubouché was named treasurer of the Department of Ardennes on Jan. 1st, 1831. Théodelinda joined him during that year.

"The prefect's wife and daughter were fortunately good Catholics, and as they were likewise women of talent and sense, I began to feel an ardent affection for them. . . . Their position obliging them to keep open house, I no longer ceased to frequent fêtes, dinners, concerts, and balls. Seeing me adopted as one of the family, every one paid me attention and flattered me, whilst the men did all in their power to make themselves agreeable to me. All this pleased me very much. I became less prudent, less serious; I spent more time over my toilet. A young man thought he had made an impression upon me. His attentions flattered my imagination, but did not touch my heart.

"When I was again alone, I was troubled and uneasy, and I prayed earnestly to God that I might not offend Him. That merciful Father saw my folly and took pity on me. He began powerfully to work on my heart. The light of faith no longer sufficing, He wounded my heart as with a sharp arrow. . . . Now that I was free, I went to daily Mass, during which I was so recollected that one might have thought that I was a saint; but then in the evening I recommenced my worldly life.

"Nevertheless, God, Who watched over me, gave me a great grace; He sent me the small-pox, which cut short my worldly career. In His mercy, He did not call me away to judgment in that dreadful moment. What would have become of me? However, I saw death close at hand. Our Lord, who had tried gentle means, now allowed terror to take possession of me. But my heart was not yet won.

"I left that part of the country a few months later. The world of pleasure no longer attracted me; but I was now bewitched with wit and talent. To please me, my parents removed to Paris; I was just twenty-four (1833). I determined to cultivate my talent for painting, and accordingly worked from eight to ten hours daily in a studio. I eagerly frequented the society of celebrated persons. God, Who wished to inspire me with a disgust for all things by seeing them near, permitted an elderly man, illustrious by his writings, to take a particular interest in me. He

received at his house the most distinguished persons in art and literature. On more intimate acquaintance, however, with these remarkable men, I found them so full of silly vanity that my illusions respecting human glory vanished."

On her arrival at Paris, Théodelinda sought a confessor. She found one whom she thought too severe and chose another, the mildest she could find.

"This good priest," she says, "was far too indulgent. God doubtless permitted it to be so on account of my weakness, which as yet could endure no yoke. I began to feel a longing for more frequent Communion, but I did not think myself worthy. Until the age of twenty-five I continued to approach the Holy Table only four times a year, as I had done since my first Communion. God doubtless pardoned me this infatuation of false humility which made me fear to cause it to be said that 'devout persons were no better than any one else'; for He showered down on me His graces and lights.

"I had a painting-master who possessed great talent; we were united by an affection which always remained good, simple and pure. Nevertheless, he was not a Christian. If he had been, he would have been a saint, for God had gifted this soul with the noblest qualities I ever met with in a single heart. In his affection for me, on account of some little good I did to the young girls, who, like myself, came to take lessons in painting, and also on seeing that I showed some little affection for my good parents, he would sometimes say to me: 'If there are still saints in this world, you will be one.' If I had been what he supposed, I should have obtained his conversion, whilst, as it was, I had the misfortune of seeing him die without the Sacraments, although I did not leave his bedside for a fortnight. He used to say to me: 'My dear child, I hope in the goodness of God.' During his last night on earth, I said the prayers for the agonizing by his side; he prayed with his lips; he surrendered his soul to God whilst kissing my crucifix. God has His secrets of mercy; but the fate of this beloved soul still weighs sorrowfully on my heart. . . .

"Whilst speaking of this," that is, her influence over her

fellow-students, "I may mention that a little later, in imitation of the artists in Rome, I formed an *Association of St. Luke.* On that Saint's feast-day, every year, the members assembled at a Mass said for our intention, and nearly all received Communion. At one time we numbered seventeen. When I call this to mind, I look upon it as a prelude to what God demanded of me later. . . .

"The first extraordinary and prolonged grace I received was on my return from the Louvre, where I had admired the energy and strong feeling of faith of the Spanish paintings. I had remained a whole day before several. I remember principally a *Saint Francis of Assisi*, and a female martyr. On the evening of that day, whilst saying my night prayers, I was, as it were, transported. An ardent fire of divine love sprang up in my heart; and ever since that night all the rage of hell has been unable to quench this flame, although the smoke and dust of this world have often prevented it from bearing fruit."

Decidedly God had conquered, and fresh graces completed the change in Théodelinda's life. One of her greatest joys at this time was the conversion of her beloved mother.

"During months of interior trial I often offered my tears and my mortal anguish for the soul of my poor mother. God in His goodness then cast a look of mercy on my family—my mother's conversion was entire and perfect. Separated from God for fifty years, she had forgotten everything. She prepared for the Sacraments with the willingness and simplicity of a child."

On January 4th, 1842, Madame Dubouché died. Théodelinda assisted at her mother's last struggles, firmly persuaded that her purgatory was ended even before she expired.

Work and prayer now filled up the measure of Théodelinda's life, but, in the midst of ceaseless efforts for the good of others, the ardent longing for her father's conversion stood uppermost. One can easily imagine what this holy soul suffered, to see him so far removed from God. Praying by his side in the evening seemed to her more effectual than argument or reasoning.

One evening she cast herself on her knees beside him, kissed

his hand, and exclaimed, almost beside herself: "How do you think I could bear to be separated from you for all eternity?" She passed the whole of that night in prayer. The following day she told her confessor what had passed between her father and herself, and asked him to see her father. He came and was well received, but the victory was far from complete. The poor father said to his daughter, with a bitter smile which betrayed a desire and a regret: "They wish to convert me; but it is too late; I can no longer have faith."

But prayer had begun the change, and prayer was to accomplish it. The feast of the Immaculate Conception was at hand. Mr. Dubouché, acting on an irresistible impulse, sought the priest. On the feast of St. Catharine, November, 1845, he told his daughter with tears: "My child, this is the happiest day of my life. I have regained my faith!"

III.

Théodelinda had a great desire to unite herself in some way to the spirit of Carmel. Something in her heart spoke to her constantly of this devotion. At one time she thought of joining a community of hospital Sisters, but was dissuaded by the Superioress, whose advice caused her joy and surprise. "Perpetual adoration will suit you better than our life," wrote this enlightened woman.

Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was full of ardor. "I feel," she writes to her director, Father F. Lefèvre, "that if such were the will of God, I should wish to live on earth for centuries, so as to adore Him in His Sacramental love."

The decisive grace, however, which was the origin of her mission was the vision which God vouchsafed her of the Holy Face, from which sprang the congregation of the "Œuvre Réparatrice," or Work of Reparation. It was the Thursday after Sexagesima Sunday, February, 1846, that this divine vision was granted her for the first time.

Mother Isabella of St. Paul, Prioress of the Carmelites of the Rue d'Enfer, to whom she had become devotedly attached,

and to whom she had confided the wonderful graces she had received, sent her to her confessor, who ordered her to reproduce on canvas the Image, now ever present to her soul. An inward voice had said the same thing to her, and although she had never painted without a model, she undertook the work. She devoted four Fridays to the task, and great was her joy when she found that there was a resemblance.

"Many artistic faults will be found with it," she wrote to Father Lefèvre, "but for me it is the recollection of a great grace." Eventually, fearing to become too much attached to this picture, she gave it as a present to her confessor.

We cannot enter into a detailed account of the graces which Théodelinda received during a retreat at the Carmelite convent, but it is important to mention the first revelation which led to her vocation of Reparation. With her father, she had taken up her abode in the Court of the Carmelites. Scarcely had she begun her new life under the shadow of the cloister than the Revolution broke out. It was from this social commotion that sprang the Congregation of Reparation.

Permission was obtained to celebrate in the Carmelite chapel penitential exercises of devotion for forty days. On Passion Sunday, April 9th, 1848, the devotions commenced. Abbé Bertholon had placed on a small altar the precious painting which Théodelinda had given to him. Each day a Mass was celebrated before this picture of the Holy Face in reparation for the injuries done it.

Théodelinda's idea was to assemble forty persons, each of whom should consecrate one entire day to exercises of Reparation. Instead of forty she found two hundred and fifty, who applied themselves to the devotion eagerly and devoutly. Whilst Frenchmen were cutting each other's throats in the streets, the new associates of the Reparation were praying before the monstrance. While the crisis of June was filling all hearts with consternation, the Carmelite chapel had become a centre of attraction to all who were animated by the idea of Reparation.

Théodelinda took an active part in this work which drew

people to the foot of the altar. While in other places they dared not expose the Blessed Sacrament, she had obtained permission to prolong the exposition during the octave till eleven o'clock at night, and twice even through the entire night. Across streets which had been transformed by the barricades into battle-fields, courageous women found their way to this sanctuary. Théodelinda multiplied herself to be of service to them. Her house was theirs. She provided food and shelter, and courageous words for one and all. A divine strength supported her. In the midst of the tumult, news was brought her of the death of Monseigneur Affré.

"I went to venerate his body," she says, "which had been exposed for three days, with a feeling of extraordinary faith and devotion. I communicated in the *Chapelle Ardente*, and, when kissing his feet, I begged him to keep the promise he had made, and establish at Paris the Confraternity of Reparation."

The Abbé Hulst has admirably told the arduous struggle of this brave soul to establish a work which has plainly proved itself an inspiration of the Holy Ghost for the good of souls. Her own admirable life and character well deserve the fullest light that can be shed upon them, more especially the fifteen years in which she so bravely struggled, under all manner of obstacles, to found her great work.

"It is interesting," says her biographer, "to note in her life the virtues for which she was most remarkable—poverty, humility and love of suffering. The spirit of poverty had in her preceded the religious vocation. If it had not been her duty to keep a comfortable home for her parents, she would have deprived herself of all that she possessed. As she always gave away more than she possessed, she was obliged to obtain by continual work the resources which she needed."

To work in order to live, seemed to her to be the law of those who profess to imitate Jesus of Nazareth; and that word—*Nazareth*—Maria Teresa had made the motto of her institute; for in the life of Nazareth she found the finished model of the Reparation. This is what she says:

"Labor is a divine precept, the first reparation demanded by God of the sinner. Labor regenerates man. . . . Jesus made Himself all to all. His daily life should be imitated by great numbers—it is the best means of bringing men back to the belief that evangelical simplicity is not a mere fable."

Such was her conception of the Institute of Reparation, modelled on Nazareth, consecrated to the Eucharist, vivified by the spirit of Carmel.

A few weeks before her death, Maria Teresa took up her pen to write for the last time to her children. It was to draw up a kind of will.

"I leave you," she said, "a magnificent inheritance—the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar."

Mother Maria Teresa died on Sunday, August 30th, 1863. Her last wish was that her spiritual children should be true children of St. Teresa of Jesus. Her remains were laid in the vault of the Institute of the Reparation, in the cemetery of Montparnasse; but five months later, February 26, 1864, they were translated to the crypt beneath the new chapel, underneath the spot where the Eucharistic Throne was to be raised. There they now rest on the spot she most envied when alive. Since the opening of the new sanctuary, her remains serve as a foot-stool to the altar of the Adoration of Reparation.

THE READER.

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In connection with the General Intention for this month, it is interesting to read the statistics of the Mission of Madagascar as furnished by the *Missiones Catholicæ* of 1890 and the *Missions Catholiques* of 1891. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus are assisted by the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Priests of the Society of Jesus .	48	Orphans	1,105
Brothers of the Society of Jesus	10	Baptisms	5,424

Scholastics of the Society of Jesus	2	Baptisms, Children	3,327
Stations with resident priests	14	Baptisms, Adults	2,097
Stations without resident priests	381	Christian Brothers	19
Churches	71	Sisters of St. Joseph (three natives)	28
Chapels	186	Confessions	85,206
Churches in course of erection	17	Communions	58,573
Chapels in course of erection	94	Confirmed	1,348
Seminaries	1	Marriages	308
Native students	15	Christians (Catholics)	29,267
Mission schools	630	Catechumens	69,158
Boys in school	7,532	Population about	5,000,000
Girls	8,110		
Orphan Asylums	10		

* *

There is always room for a new Life of Christ. No one need hope to exhaust the subject. If all that Jesus did and said were written, *the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written.*[1] Not all the doings and sayings of our Lord have been written, nor have we yet discovered all the details and meaning of what the Gospel writers left us. Meantime, commentator, chronologist and topographer go on amassing new materials so rapidly that ordinary readers of our Lord's life in the New Testament are glad to get from time to time a summary account of their researches. The results of such researches are all the more acceptable when presented in such a way as to elucidate obscure passages of the sacred text without interfering with its precious integrity. There is so much virtue in the simple Gospel words, that we lose something by substituting in their stead any merely human recital of what they record, be it ever so well conceived or elaborated. It is always a gain to hear about Christ from those who lived in close personal relations with Him as St. Matthew or St. John, or with His closest followers as St. Mark and St. Luke. Given their texts, or better, a harmony of their several accounts of the life of Christ, with notes to help us through difficulties, and we can build up our own life of our Master—a life which our pious study and labor will make as real in our hearts' deeds as in our heads and words.

The Reverend A. J. Maas, S.J., has lately written a *Life of Christ* such as we describe, and Mr. B. Herder, of St. Louis, has published it. The Gospel history intact, as gathered by the best

[1] St. John, 21, 25.

and latest harmonists, is distributed into parts, chapters and paragraphs, making as many as one hundred and ninety-four short passages, to each of which is prefixed the title, Gospel references, and season or date of occurence. For explanations needed the eye is attracted to notes at the foot of each page, by having the difficult word or phrase printed in heavy type. These notes are more than a verbal commentary. Persons, places, events; religious customs, feasts, fasts, sects, prejudices and dissensions; civil usages and parties and their relations with ecclesiastical powers, with other points, all come in for explanation and leave nothing to be desired for an intelligent reading of the text.

One of the maps in this Life is itself a book. It presents in brief compass the journeys of Jesus during His public Life. Nine great journeys in all, back and forth in town and country, over river and sea, and hills to climb everywhere; here they are traced in outline, the stations carefully marked, and references added to the texts in which they are narrated. An index of subjects with a list of references to the Gospel texts make the book still more serviceable. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has commended the work for its gravity and discretion.

* * *

When we cannot make our way in the Gospels, and sometimes even their holy pages seem puzzling or uninviting to our dull or indifferent spirits, it is well to have some trusty guide to divert us to some favorite passage. Father St. Jure, of the Society of Jesus, has been well tried for over a century as such a guide, and he is the more to be trusted that he knows how to make us go direct to Christ for personal instruction and entertainment. Much of his larger works is summarized in *Christ Our Teacher*, lately done into English, and published by McCauley & Kilner of Baltimore, with a beautiful commendation by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Perhaps the highest merit of this neat book, not larger than a pocket-book in size, is that its chapters are so short, so precise, so direct and so personal, as our Lord's words always are, that one can use it alike for reading or for meditation.

* * * *

Only a man who has handled theology in class-room, pulpit and council can hope to give in clear, scientific statement a hand-

book of our religion to suit teachers and pupils of different grades—preachers, readers and inquirers into the mysteries of holy faith.

Father Wilmer's *Handbook of the Christian Religion* was long ago pronounced successful in this manifold purpose, and twenty years have but confirmed the first approbations with which it was received. It lays down not only what we are to believe, but also in very clear detail what we are to do, and why we believe and act as we do—dogmatic, moral and apologetic theology. In editing this work in English the Reverend James Conway, S.J., has omitted a paragraph here and there, but he has amply compensated us for such omissions by additions of his own, on some new points, or rather on old questions whose answers need a more emphatic statement to meet the outcry with which they are denied. In this day of materialism, we need to hear that our souls are spiritual beings, created by God, not evolved from brute matter; and it is well to have at hand some statement of how the Commandments should help us decide the question of right to private property. Father Conway's statements are not mere emphases, but arguments which leave no room for further questioning. Benziger Bros. have published the work in a neat volume.

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Father Legrand, Secretary of the Patriarch of Jerusalem and Diocesan Director of the League, writes joyously of the wonderful success of the recent Novena of Reparation made in the Chapel of the Religious of Our Lady of Reparation. The religious orders in Jerusalem, Dominicans, Franciscans, Lazarists, Fathers of the Assumption, Fathers of Sion, Missionaries of the Sacred Heart attended the exercises and each evening one of their number preached. On the last day the Right Rev. Vicar of the Holy Land celebrated Mass and the Superior General of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart gave the sermon. Heretics and schismatics were present every evening and many of these have since come back to the Church. Father Legrand adds that among the recent Local Centres aggregated to the League is the parish of Gifneh, in the diocese of Jerusalem, where, tradition says, Mary and Joseph returned after their search for the Child Jesus.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR OCTOBER, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

THE MISSION OF MADAGASCAR.

IT is not uncommon to hear persons remark that we have quite enough to do to maintain the Church at home, without busying ourselves about places very far away. Neither is it to be forgotten that a well-known humorous writer of this age won much approval for his endeavor to show that interest in "foreign missions" usually brings about a neglect of the mission which each one has nearer home. The broad sketch of Mrs. Jellaby, Mr. Quail & Company, amounting almost to burlesque, was looked upon by the reading-public generally as a stern lesson given in season, and likely to do good. But it had two radical defects—ignorance of what is meant by the *Church*, and, secondly, the sophistry of drawing a general conclusion from a particular fact.

I.

The Church does not mean either the buildings in which we worship, or the works of charity and mercy we carry on, or the sermons we hear and the prayers we say. These are but some of the means we make use of to keep up in ourselves a healthy and active membership. For the Church is the Body of Jesus Christ, and the members thereof have a certain closeness of union with and a dependence upon their Head which is less than *physical* union and dependence, yet more than *moral*. They are the *mystic* body of Christ, a body of which the existence and the nature are as real as the pyramids, though not discernible by mere human

ken or power. The members are united to the Head suchwise that they receive influence, light, strength and encouragement flowing down to them through the ministrations of those to whom He has assigned the special organic functions which they discharge. Hence St. Paul says: *But doing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up in Him Who is the Head, even Christ: from Whom the whole body, being compacted and fitly joined together by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in charity.*[1] *

No local boundaries hedge in this Church. She is as really in Madagascar as she is in Rome. One faith, one government, one sacrifice and one sacramental system show forth the identity of the body everywhere. Among all the members there is a communion of interest for the welfare of the body and of each member. Wherefore, it would be just as reasonable to say that a man's brain need not be worried in devising means for the cure of his wounded foot, as to say that a genuine member of the Church of Christ need have no concern about those who are far removed from him by space. Rather ought it be to his zealous care to imitate the example of a skilful physician who, in ministering to the needs of the material body, strives to direct the vital energies towards the part which is not afflicted. And, as charity is the life-principle of the Church, the Holy Father invites the Associates of the Holy League to turn the forces of that charity towards an afflicted part of the mystic body of Christ. The charity of prayer, at the very least, ought to be shown towards the Church in Madagascar. That much done, something else will follow.

II.

Madagascar is a very large and not very attractive island lying to the southeast of the African continent, and separated from it by the Mozambique channel, about two hundred miles wide. It is inhabited by four different classes of men; of African,

[1] Ephesians, iv. 15, 16. * See MESSENGER, February, 1890, Page 13.

Malay, or uncertain origin. Chief among them are the Hovas, who occupy the centre of the island and have established their capital at Tananarivo. It is with them and their fitful polity that the interests of the Church are mainly concerned.

The Dominican missionaries, aided by the Portuguese, converted many of them in the sixteenth century. But the progress of religion was very slow in such a barren soil. The most devoted of the missionaries, Brother John of St. Thomas, was poisoned by the natives. After them, some Jesuits from Goa accompanied a body of Portuguese merchants, about the year 1620. They could effect nothing; and when a few months of useless endeavor had passed, they returned to the place from which they had come. Then St. Vincent de Paul, at the request of Louis XIV., sent his missionary children to the colony of Fort Dauphin, lately established by the monarch, in the neighborhood of the old Portuguese settlement, to the south of the island. Many of them died from fever, and their places were quickly filled. But there was growing amongst the people a hatred of the French Governor, and, though the prospects of the Mission seemed bright, the natives arose in their might and either massacred or expelled all the colonists. From that time, with changing fortunes, some pious missionaries essayed the ever difficult enterprise of converting the Malagasies, as the inhabitants of the island are called.

In 1820, the London Missionary Society sent out some dissenting ministers, and the effect of their presence at Tananarivo was to excite bitter hatred against the Catholic missionaries. Father Soulages, in 1832, and after him Father Dalmond in 1837, strove earnestly to spread the Gospel among the Malagasies. The former was bitterly opposed, through the instigation of the dissenters, and died of starvation and neglect, in a miserable hovel to which he had retired to escape his persecutors. The other, with the title of Prefect Apostolic, continued his zealous labors, and established missionary stations in the northwest and in the extreme south of the island. He had already converted several hundred of the natives, when, in 1844, his apostolic heart was gladdened by the arrival of the Jesuit Fathers who had been sent to aid him.

Battling against the lowest kind of superstition and ignorance, thwarted at every step by the intrigues of the dissenters, baffled in their most benevolent efforts by the hatred of some and the caprice of others among the native rulers, the zealous missionaries were reaping a rich harvest of souls. In their work they were aided sometimes by the friendliness of members of the royal family. But a fierce storm soon broke over the infant Church. A royal decree ordered the expulsion of all Europeans from the island, in May, 1883.

III.

For three years the missionaries were absent, and during that time there was an extraordinary and a very gratifying manifestation of the influence which they exerted over their flock. Forty young neophytes organized themselves into a "Catholic Union," to supply, as far as possible, the place of the absent Fathers. Meetings were held every Sunday at the usual hours for Mass and Vespers. Prayers were said, the music of Mass and Vespers sung, catechism taught, marriages celebrated before witnesses, children baptized, and the dead buried in a Christian manner. By their zealous labors the faith was kept alive, and everything belonging to the church service was in such good condition that, on Easter Sunday, 1886, the day after his return to Tananarivo, Mgr. Cazet, the Vicar Apostolic, was enabled to celebrate Pontifical Mass and Vespers. He then visited the different stations and was everywhere received with the greatest gladness.

The school-teachers make a Retreat of three days, in silence, every year; the school-inspectors receive Holy Communion, in a body, every month. The people from the interior of the island are constantly begging for schools, teachers and places to worship. Fifty dollars will put up a building suitable for school and chapel, and one dollar and a half per month will maintain a teacher.

We recommend to the prayers of our Associates this great island of Madagascar, which has already given such splendid examples of fidelity to the faith. Forty years ago there were very

few Christians there: to-day there are 30,000, with 70,000 catechumens, out of a population of 5,000,000.

OFFERING FOR THE INTENTIONS OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular that God's law and the love of His Sacred Heart may reign throughout the Mission of Madagascar. *Amen.*

THE MONTHLY COMMUNION OF CHILDREN.

TRUE lovers of children never tire of the beauty and pathos of their simple wish that 'it might be always First Communion Day.' Who has ever witnessed their innocent and peaceful faces at the altar-rail or their modest manners for hours afterward, without praying in some anxiety that their lives may be made up of such days?

What 'lives of such days' means in the prayer of adult, teacher, parent or pastor, is clear enough, but not always so definite in detail as the wish of the children. These, of course, love and would keep forever the God-Man dwelling in their souls, and they cherish the innocence which draws Him to them; but their love and desire are divided frequently, and a large share goes to mere circumstance, to the external beauty of God's house or to the partners in their holy privilege, and a good measure goes to the extra fondness and consideration necessarily shown them when the renewed beauty of their souls enhances the charms natural to their guileless years. From being fair that share may easily grow excessive, and absorb young souls entirely, unless

their instructors take care to fix their young minds on what alone can last with them forever.

What may last forever and go on increasing with each Holy Communion is the right disposition of soul brought to the Holy Table and the special good gift acquired, or habit confirmed by the grace of the Holy Sacrament. The holy thought, pious affection and strong resolution which any soul brings to Holy Communion must grow holier, more pious and stronger still when the source of all true life comes to invigorate our souls. This is one of the most important laws in the life of the soul. Just as surely as that certain drugs enable our bodies to derive greater nourishment from ordinary food, so also the divine powers of Christ received in the Holy Eucharist enable our souls to think of better things, to will and accomplish them with ease and pleasure. This effect is inseparable from the Blessed Sacrament worthily received. The outward ceremony may grow less from year to year until it reaches the minimum of pomp in the candle light and white laid table of the death-room; the inward grace, the holy thought and deed may last and grow always.

Why not apply this law in our anxiety that the little ones should live the life of the Blessed Sacrament? From the start they must find in Holy Communion some very real and sensible fruit, or they will soon lose all relish for it. Why not make them realize how it can help them to a stronger grasp of some good principle, or to a more cheerful compliance with some irksome duty. It is a simple practice to pick out for every Communion-day some clearly defined favor, gentleness, meekness, riddance of annoying thoughts, peace of soul, contempt for selfish and worldly motives. Young souls are keen to detect, swift to acknowledge, and sure to adhere to any source of favor. Let them once experience the power of this supreme source of all good, and their eyes will not soon cease *to look in hope to thee, O Lord, Who givest them meat in due season.*[2]

To make this practice become a habit, no means is so sure as making them repeat it together in monthly Communions. The

[2] Psalm xliv. 15.

common desire and effort for some great favor and the mutual satisfaction in securing it, must increase their esteem for the gift itself and their love for the infallible means of obtaining it. Nor need the practice be limited to individual graces. Let each one ask these by all means; but let all fix upon some general favor good for them all at any time, or proper to the season or month of the ecclesiastical year. Thus, devotion to the Holy Angels, the devotion of this present month, might very properly be the favor which young souls, the jealous wards of Angels, would ask when they approach to eat the *Bread of Angels*, the bread worthy of angelic ministers, and fit to make angelic lives.

Or, there is the devotion of the Most Holy Rosary, which children take to as they take to gathering wild flowers, a devotion associated with our Lord in the Tabernacle as our Blessed Mother was with Him in Nazareth. If enrolled in the League the Daily Decade of the 2d Degree offers a new object of their Communions; and if enrolled in the Apostleship of Study, the work of the League especially chosen for children still in school, there is the ample range of all the holy purposes for which this Apostleship is designed, a filial attachment to the Church, zeal in their class-work, the consecration of their hours of play and of silence to the Sacred Heart, and a strong aversion to any form of society or organization which bands men together *against God and against His Church*. Any one of these holy purposes may serve to make their Holy Communions more efficacious, and fruitful. Besides, the Apostleship of Study presents these high aims in no vague or unattractive way. Its Decorations are so expressive of all its holy purposes, so clear a proof of the merit of those who wear them, and so highly favored with Indulgences, that they serve at once the double purpose of adornment, and of inducement to pray and labor for the various good qualities they denote.

For this reason they may be made to emphasize dispositions and habits which Holy Communion requires, and, because it confirms the same, to recommend it as the source of all good gifts.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (August 12 to September 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Albany, New York: St. Mary's Church, Oneonta.

Boston, Massachusetts: City Orphan Asylum (Sisters of Charity), Salem.

Brooklyn, New York: St. Agnes' Seminary, Brooklyn and Babylon Academy (Sisters of St. Joseph), Babylon.

Cleveland, Ohio: St. Mary's Church, Wakeman.

Davenport, Iowa: St. Patrick's Church, Corning; St. Bridget's Church, Villisca.

Detroit, Michigan: Detroit College, Detroit.

Hartford, Connecticut: Sacred Heart Church, Waterbury.

Louisville, Kentucky: St. Joseph's Infirmary (Sisters of Mercy), Louisville.

Marquette, Michigan: St. Mary's Church, Norway.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: St. Clara's Academy (Dominican Sisters, 3d Order, Congregation of the Most Holy Rosary), Sinsinawa.

Nesqually, Washington: Convent of the Sacred Heart, Pomeroy, and Sacred Heart School (Dominican Sisters), Seattle.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Cecilia's Church, Englewood.

New York, New York: Our Lady of Mercy Church, Portchester.

Scranton, Pennsylvania: St. Mary's Church, Dunmore.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota: St. Vincent's Church, Springfield.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

Diplomas of Affiliation, received from the *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Arizona, Arizona: Catholic Church, Flagstaff.

Davenport, Iowa: St. Peter's Church, Council Bluffs.

Detroit, Michigan: Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, Detroit; St. Mary's Church (2), Wayne.

Fort Wayne, Indiana: Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (Sisters of Holy Cross), Academy, near Fort Wayne.

New Orleans, Louisiana: St. John Baptist's Church, New Orleans; Immaculate Conception Church, Washington.

New York, New York: St. John Evangelist's Church, Goshen.

Providence, Rhode Island: St. John Baptist's Church, Centreville.

Springfield, Massachusetts: St. Mary's Church, Southbridge.

Vincennes, Indiana: Church of St. Pius V., Troy.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from August 12 to September 12, 1891.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	336,790	11. Masses Heard	139,985
2. Beads	286,410	12. Mortifications	238,307
3. Stations of the Cross .	32,408	13. Works of Charity . .	332,705
4. Holy Communions . .	50,396	14. Works of Zeal	364,693
5. Spiritual Communions .	275,655	15. Prayers	3,904,393
6. Examens of Conscience	112,260	16. Charitable Conversation	64,095
7. Hours of Labor	500,590	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	63,985
8. Hours of Silence . . .	172,649	18. Self-Conquest	124,340
9. Pious Reading	71,913	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	195,453
10. Masses Celebrated . .	1,133	20. Various Good Works .	354,681
Total	4,622,885		

The above represents the returns from two hundred and eighty-seven Centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 67,872.

——*In everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your petitions be made known to God* (Philippians, iv. 6).——

NEWARK, N. J., AUGUST 12.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a gentleman seventy years of age, through the prayers of the League. He had always been hostile to Catholics and firmly fixed in his own opinions.

——, NEW JERSEY, AUGUST 12.—A Promoter returns thanks for the removal of obstacles in the way of a vocation to the priesthood and for a sum of money received when much needed.

PITTSBURGH, PA., AUGUST 13.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a member of our community. She had hæmorrhages and medical remedies gave her no relief. We had recourse to the Sacred Heart, and now she is entirely cured.

WEST BROOK, MAINE, AUGUST 17.—I promised an offering to the Sacred Heart if the members of my family would be protected from fever which was in our tenement. Blessed be the Sacred Heart, the favor was granted me.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 21.—We return thanks for the cure of a baby that was seriously ill for a week. We were all afraid we should lose her. I placed the Badge upon her, and she immediately became better and is improving each day.

——, MARYLAND, AUGUST 22.—I wish to return thanks for

the graces of conversion and a happy death granted my brother who had neglected his religious duties for *twenty-three years*. He made the Mission last January and since then bore his great sufferings in patience. During his last illness he received Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum and died a most peaceful death on the eve of the Assumption.

ALBANY, N. Y., AUGUST 22.—We wish to give thanks for the return of a young girl to the practice of her religious duties after an apparent loss of faith for nearly ten years; another person recommended for nearly two years received the grace of conversion; desirable employment was secured by one who had petitioned for it since last October.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., AUGUST 22.—Most fervent thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a person who had been suffering from chronic rheumatism. Doctors used every effort but could do nothing for him. I prevailed upon him to join the League and wear the Badge. I then recommended him to the prayers of the League. During the first and second months the change in his condition was scarcely perceptible, but during the third month he began to walk about, a thing which he had not done for nine months before, and on the first day of June he was able to go to work for the first time in one year.

CONCORD, N. H., AUGUST 23.—Promise was made, that if my health were restored I would have the favor published in the MESSENGER. I wish to make known the mercy of the Sacred Heart and the efficacy of the prayers of the League by publishing my thanks for the favor granted me.

——, OHIO, AUGUST 23.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a lawyer in my parish. He lived a most exemplary life during the time that intervened between his baptism and his death. His wife and child also were converted to the faith. A Catholic bitterly hostile to the Church was reconciled in illness and received the last Sacraments.

DENVER, COLO., AUGUST 24.—A religious wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a former pupil frequently recommended to the prayers of our Associates.

SHREVEPORT, LA., AUGUST 25.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a lady in whose case surgical aid was deemed absolutely necessary. Upon the reception of the Badge, she was cured without it, much to the astonishment of the attending physicians, who pronounced the case without parallel in medical records.

——, PENNSYLVANIA, AUGUST 26.—An Associate returns thanks for the conversion of a man who for *ten years* entirely neglected his religious duties. Nearly three years ago his family recommended him to the prayers of the League and continued to do so month after month until last April, when at the opening of the Forty Hours' Devotion in his parish he assisted at Mass and received the Sacraments. Since that time he has gone to Mass every day.

BOSTON, AUGUST 30.—My brother was dangerously ill and would not go to confession. I sent in a petition to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the good Sisters and the school children made a novena for him, and I promised if our prayers were heard, to publish my thanks in the MESSENGER. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, he had the grace to receive Holy Communion several times before he died.

ST. LOUIS, AUGUST 31.—A gentleman who had not approached the Sacraments for *seven years*, was, unknown to himself, recommended to the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart, during the month of June. He has since received the Sacraments.

KANSAS CITY, MO., SEPTEMBER 2.—After five years of untiring devotion to the Holy League, we are at length rewarded with spiritual and temporal blessings far surpassing all our expectations. We trust that all Associates of the League may pray with renewed courage, confident that in good time the Sacred Heart will grant every request.

ST. PAUL, MINN., SEPTEMBER 5.—I had two debts which I could not meet, so I asked the Sacred Heart to help me. I then went to my creditors and stated my case; from the smaller debt I was released by paying one-half and on the larger I had to pay but one-third.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6.—A Promoter returns heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a brother who had not been to confession for *six years*.

——, MASSACHUSETTS, SEPTEMBER 8.—An official order was recently issued by the school board of our city, that all teachers should stand an examination in October. The announcement coming at this time of the year was a great surprise. I promised the Sacred Heart, that if I did not have to comply with the order I would publish my thanks in the MESSENGER. Last week I was informed that I was one of four exempted.

MILWAUKEE, SEPTEMBER 8.—Special thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor received. It had been recommended to the prayers of the Associates with a promise that should the favor be granted, public thanks would be returned in the MESSENGER. The difficulties to be overcome were such as to leave no room for doubting the interposition of Divine Providence.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for positions obtained by several persons.—For news received from absent relatives, one of whom had not been heard from in twenty-one years.—For the conversion of a man who, during the *sixty-three years* of his life, had practised no religion. He had never been baptized.—For the recovery of several persons from severe illness.—For the conversion of a brother who married out of the Church and abandoned the practice of his religious duties for *twelve years*.—For deliverance from terrible physical suffering.—For the settlement of an estate in favor of relatives who were in great need.—For temporal assistance, employment and means granted in unexpected ways.—For the conversion of a man away from the Sacraments for *eighteen years*.—For the grace of vocation to the priesthood.—For a change in employment and increased wages.—For means speedily granted to meet pressing debts.—For successful surgical operations.—For the conversion of a lady in her *eighty-sixth year*.—For the happy deaths of several Associates.—For the conversion of two persons, one five, the other twelve years away from the Sacraments.

THE VISION OF ST. STANISLAS KOSTKA.

(Design from the Studio of Gagliardi.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VI (XXVI). NOVEMBER, 1891. No. 11

THE SACRED HEART.

By Maurice Francis Egan.

HIS Heart led the Precursor through the night
Of Advent time; It was the glowing star
That made the Magians struggle from afar
In hope serene; beneath Its wondrous light
King Herod trembled; for It, strong in fight,
St. Stephen suffered; 'twas the potent bar
That kept Augustine from the gilded car
Where vice triumphant rode o'er God's own right?

It is a star, a barrier,—hope, love!
It is an instrument of music sweet,
It is a rose, a fragrant blossom-rod,
It is our flesh; It holds all Heaven above,
It is a guide eternal to our feet,
It is a Heart,—the very Heart of God!

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THE HELPERS OF THE HOLY SOULS.

OUR LADY OF PROVIDENCE,
Queen of Purgatory.

DEVOTION to the faithful departed is not only the expression of a dogma, but it is also the consolation of bereaved and sorrowing hearts in this earthly pilgrimage whose stages are but too often marked by the graves of the tenderly beloved.

Of all the dire denials of Catholic doctrine made by Protestantism, none perhaps is more appalling than that which, casting souls ruthlessly into hell or sending them presumptuously to heaven, suppresses belief in Purgatory and consequently abolishes prayer and sacrifice for the dead. It is a terrible thing thus to break that sacred communion which should continue, even after death, to unite the faithful with those they have loved on earth. Devotion to the departed is natural to all Christians. Nay, we find its traces in nations yet plunged in heathen darkness. In whose heart does not the prayer: *Have pity on me, at least you my friends*, awaken an anguished echo? Yet what do the majority of men answer to this heart-rending appeal? Alas, for human weakness! "The sentiment is universal, but even when it is founded on faith, it does not always bear the fruit it ought to produce."[1]

[1] *The Life of Mère Marie de la Providence, Foundress of the Helpers of the Holy Souls.* By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. London: Burns and Oates.

Undoubtedly, the dead are too often neglected even by those who fondly loved them while on earth. It was reserved for the latter half of this century to witness the creation of an Order entirely devoted to their relief, which would raise its voice incessantly in the name of Christ's Church Militant on earth in favor of the Church Suffering in Purgatory. This Order is known as the Society of Helpers of the Holy Souls. It was founded in Paris in 1856 by Mademoiselle Eugénie Marie Josephine Smet, who took the name of Mother Marie de la Providence. This friend of the Souls in Purgatory was born at Lille in France, March 25, 1825. Educated in the convent of the Sacred Heart at Lille, where she distinguished herself not only by her intellectual acquirements, but also by many loving traits of devotion to the Holy Souls and confidence in Divine Providence, she returned to her family in September, 1843. From that time until the foundation of the Society, she led a most exemplary life of piety and zeal.

God's blessing rested upon all the good works she undertook for His service; quietly, but surely, He was forming her for her future mission. The first clear indication of that mission was given her on the feast of All Saints, 1853. On that day Eugénie, whose charity for the Holy Souls had been constantly increasing,

MOTHER MARY OF PROVIDENCE,
Foundress of the Helpers of the Holy Souls.

first conceived the distinct idea of forming an association in their favor. The next day, All Souls, whilst she was absorbed in thanksgiving after Holy Communion, she was suddenly struck by the following thought: "There are Communities that respond to all the requirements of the Church Militant, but not one that is entirely consecrated to the Suffering Church by the practice of works of zeal and charity." At the same moment, she felt herself interiorly called upon to supply this want by founding a Religious Order in favor of the Souls in Purgatory. Thenceforth the great struggle began.

In the midst of her anguished perplexities she submitted her idea through a friend to the saintly Curé d'Ars, who became the organ of the Holy Ghost for the future Foundress. The first answer she received was this: "Tell her that she may found an Order for the Souls in Purgatory as soon as she pleases." A second answer was the following still more re-assuring: "Tell her that the idea of founding an Order for the Holy Souls comes directly from the Heart of our Lord and He will bless this heroic self-devotion." This was on the 29th of November, 1855; on January 19, 1856, Eugénie arrived in Paris. The foundation of the Society dates from that day. On the 22d, the Foundress obtained the permission of his Grace, Archbishop Sibour, to establish her Order in Paris. To his authorization the Archbishop added these remarkable words: "Go, my child; faith which transplants mountains can build houses. I give you leave to say openly in Paris, that the Archbishop is heart and soul with you in this work; and if you want advice or help, come to me." The Church having spoken by the lips of Monseigneur Sibour, nothing henceforth could arrest the progress of God's work. So after a few months of great trial, in an apartment in the rue St. Martin, the Mother Foundress and her spiritual children took possession of No. 16 rue de la Barouillère, on the eve of the feast of the Visitation, 1856. This cradle of the Society is still the mother-house of the Order. On the 8th of the following November Eugénie solemnly consecrated herself and her community to Mary Immaculate, with characteristic simplicity of faith, placing the

ALTAR AND DOME,
Chapel of the Helpers, rue de la Barouillère.

keys of the house at the feet of the Blessed Mother of God. This touching little ceremony took place before that same statue of Our Lady of Providence, from the lips of which in years gone-by she had seemed to hear those prophetic words: "One day I shall be in a Chapel."

A few days afterwards a monstrance having been presented to the Congregation, Mère Marie exclaimed: "I see that our Lord wants to give us His blessing," and went immediately to the Archbishop to obtain leave for exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction on several days of the year. When the Archbishop glanced at the list she had drawn up he said: "Why, my child, you are asking for privileges which long-established Congregations would not think of soliciting." The new Foundress replied: "O Archbishop, do you not know that the youngest children in a family are always the boldest and the most indulged?" The kind Archbishop smiled and seemed about to sign, but as he was taking up the pen, he stopped and said: "No, really, I cannot give so extensive a permission." Mère de la Providence was not to be daunted. "Archbishop," she urged with a voice full of emotion, "do give it, the Souls in Purgatory are holding your pen!" "Do you think so, my child?" his Grace said, as if impressed by the thought, and forthwith signed the paper. A few days afterwards this pious prelate was numbered with the dead. He had fallen by the hand of an assassin. But between the day of Eugénie's last interview with Archbishop Sibour and that on which they shed bitter tears for his loss, the Helpers of the Holy Souls had accomplished the important act which united them to our Blessed Lord. On the feast of St. John the Evangelist the Foundress, with five of her first companions, pronounced her first Vows, receiving in religion the name of Mary of Providence. Henceforth all Mère Marie's energies were devoted to establishing the Order on a firm and lasting basis.

In this great work she was directed and helped by Father Fessard, S.J., then Provincial of Paris, and above all by Father Basinau, S.J., the future Chinese missionary who guided and counselled her during the first seven years of the foundation.

CHINESE HELPER WITH GROUP OF NATIVE ORPHANS.

Later on Father de Ponlevoy while Provincial continued with other holy priests to watch over this new Order, which they all felt was destined to render signal services to Holy Church. Finally, Father Olivaint, the noble martyr of the Commune, led her intrepidly and joyously to the feet of that All-Merciful Judge before Whom he himself was so soon to appear. On the 7th of February, 1871, feast of the Agony of Our Lord, Mère Marie de la Providence gently fell asleep in Him for Whom she had so valiantly and lovingly labored and suffered. She was not yet forty-six years of age. Amidst all the horrors of the Siege of Paris and the cruel sufferings of the terrible malady which caused her death, the *Fiat* was ever on her lips and God's own living charity in her heart. Father Olivaint assisted her in her agony and gave her the last blessing. "On the 26th of May, in this same year, this soldier of Christ, this true son of St. Ignatius, ascended to heaven with the martyr's palm in his hand. One of the most precious jewels in his crown will be the Foundress of the Helpers of the Holy Souls."[2]

Let us now glance at the organization and practical working of the Society. Besides binding themselves by the ordinary vows of religion, the Helpers take a fourth obligation which, in the spirit of the "Heroic Act of Charity," is a complete surrender in favor of the Souls in Purgatory of all their works of mercy, their religious consecration and prayers, the Indulgences gained by them during life and the suffrages to be offered up for them after death. They unite the exercises of the active life with those of the contemplative, drawing from prayer strength and means to labor profitably in the service of their fellow-creatures, always with a view to the solace and deliverance of the Holy Souls. The Society of Helpers, as Father Garside expresses it, "is a tree planted upon the earth, but the cooling shade of its branches reaches far into the world unseen. To Purgatory it owes its existence; before its gates it is ever faithfully watching and pleading, and thither flows the perpetual current of its manifold charity."[3]

[2] *Les Auxiliatrices*, by Father Bouix, S J.

[3] *Helpers of the Holy Souls.* By Father Garside. London: Burns and Oates.

To pray, suffer, work for the Souls in Purgatory—such is the motto of the Helpers, engraved on their crucifix and woven into every action of their life. They are aroused in the morning by the indulgenced invocation: "My Jesus, mercy!" All their prayers throughout the day finish with the well-known supplication: "Eternal rest grant them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them!" When the clock strikes, each Helper says: "My God, we offer for the Holy Souls all the acts of love by

GARDEN OF THE NOVITIATE OF THE HELPERS,
Beaulieu, Jersey, Channel Islands.

which the Sacred Heart of Jesus glorified Thee during this hour whilst He was on earth." After the Office of the Dead said by the Choir-Nuns (the Lay-Sisters do not recite this Office), and the various other religious exercises of the day, their last prayer at night is again a supplication for the loved sufferers of Purgatory.

The principal work of mercy to which the Helpers devote

themselves is the visiting and care of the sick poor. During the time which is not occupied by their spiritual exercises, they go to the homes of the poor afflicted by sickness and bring them every relief and consolation religious devotedness can devise, rendering them the humblest services that their state requires. Thus all their work as well as their religious formation brings them back constantly to the charity, modesty and humility of the Sacred Heart.

But what they strive above all to effect is to awaken thoughts of faith and its immortal promises in hearts estranged from God by indifference and impiety, following out in this the teaching of Mary of Providence who often used to say: "Let us always remember that our vocation is an apostolate. We are bound to bring souls to our Lord, whether we find them upon earth or seek them in Purgatory."

The Helpers also undertake, according to the requirements of the place in which they are settled, numerous other works of zeal and charity; such as the religious instruction of children and adults, sodalities for women and girls of the working-classes; meetings for governesses and business employees, free-circulating libraries, catechism classes, the direction of industrial schools, etc.

All these works are gratuitous, their Rule forbidding compensation, for the Helpers in their self-sacrifice and labors must have no other end in view than the greater glory of God procured by the relief of the Holy Souls.

With the view of still further augmenting the treasure of merits and satisfaction for the Holy Souls and of obtaining for them a succession of daily increasing prayers, this Order has added to its ranks Honorary Members, Associates and Benefactors, who enter into a union of prayer and sacrifice and participate in the privileges enjoyed by the Society.[4]

It may not be inappropriate to quote here the following letter from the late Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus, which seemed to Mère de la Providence a crowning

[4] For further details, see Father Garside's work mentioned above.

instance of the protection of St. Ignatius and a pledge of his interest in her spiritual children:

"Devotion to the Souls in Purgatory," he says, "has always been dear to our Society, and one of our predecessors, Father Laynez, the immediate successor of St. Ignatius, looking upon it as the necessary result of the end of our Institute, especially recommended it; consequently, I felt inclined at once to agree to the request contained in your letter, and to apply, out of the number of Masses I have at my disposal, five hundred for the relief of the Holy Souls. . . . I beg our Lord to continue to shed His blessings abundantly on you, Reverend Mother, and on the fervent souls who have joined you in the holy work you have undertaken. In the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I remain,

Your very humble servant in Christ,
PETER BECKX, *General of the Society of Jesus.*

His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., deigned to bless the Third Order of Lady Associates and grant it special Indulgences in 1859. On June 9, 1873, the same Pontiff deigned to grant the Society a Brief of Approbation and on June 25, 1878, the Constitutions of the Society were approved by Pope Leo XIII.

Such is the tree; let us now see the branches it has already put forth. Mother Mary of Providence never forgot this maxim of Bourdaloue: "It is not enough to pray for the dead, we must also and above all things sanctify ourselves for their sakes." Pushing the application still further, she used to say: "Let us never forget that personal sanctification is the first step towards apostleship. It is not necessary that we should be spread abroad in every direction; the important thing is that we should be good Religious." Thus she writes to Bishop Grant in answer to a request for a foundation in London as early as 1864: "Our first foundation last year at Nantes has exhausted our means and our subjects, for we never shorten the two years novitiate which precedes the first vows. On this account we have been obliged to refuse many offers made since the foundation at Nantes." The same spirit continues to rule the Order to this day to the greater glory of God. The religious formation of the Nuns is never sacrificed for the material extension of the Order, however pressing the demand for foundations may be. Nevertheless the Society continues to develop rapidly though steadily, and even before her death the Foundress had sent her children to a far distant mission.

MARTYRDOM OF ST. DENYS,
Chapel of the Helpers, Montmartre.

August 4, 1867, Monseigneur Languillat asked to have the Helpers for the Mission of Kiang-Nan, which had been confided to the Jesuit Fathers of the Province of France. After she had prayed and had consulted Father de Ponlevoy and Father Olivaint, the Foundress, convinced that such was God's will, gave with mingled joy and sorrow a colony of her children, who were conducted by Monseigneur himself to Shang-Hai where Father Basinau was waiting to receive them.

The particular work which the Helpers were invited to undertake was the superintendence and training of a Congregation of Chinese Catholic maidens, now known as the Presentandines. These Chinese maidens are trained in the spirit of the interior life and in the practice of good works. They have a novitiate apart and bind themselves by a simple promise to the mode of life they have adopted. They visit the sick, baptize the poor abandoned children whom they find in danger of death, keep orphanages and schools in distant and scattered districts. Sometimes two or more reside in houses called *Konsou*, which serve the purpose at once of church, school, and place of instruction for catechumens. The Helpers took the direction of an Orphanage of the Holy Childhood, which is a most arduous and at the same time most interesting work of missionary zeal and charity. It now shelters more than three hundred children, many of them abandoned by their parents on account of their ugliness or infirmities. These poor little ones are sometimes left on the roadside or at the door of the convent by the pagans themselves, who have sufficient humanity left not to kill their helpless offspring. Sometimes they are thrown over the wall into the enclosure, scantily covered by a few rags, or wrapped up in straw; they are often half devoured by vermin and ill with a variety of diseases. In other cases again they are brought by native Christian women who buy them at their birth. It sometimes happens that they are wrapped up in sheets of paper and that the pagan bearer asks, quite simply, to have the *paper* back!

There is at present a certain number of Chinese Helpers chosen from the native Christian families. One of the first Chi-

nese Nuns was presented two years ago to His Holiness Leo XIII., who deigned with paternal kindness to bless in her all her Chinese Sisters.

The London convent which had been asked for in 1864 was founded in 1873 by the united efforts of the late Marchioness of Lothian, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and other Catholic ladies.

Since then many other communities have been established in different countries in which they propagate devotion to the Holy Souls and carry on works of spiritual and corporal mercy in the spirit of their holy Foundress. Italy has convents at Turin and sunny Florence. At Beaulieu, in the Island of Jersey, the second Novitiate of the Helpers was founded principally to prepare Sisters for the foreign missions.

Each of these foundations would in its turn furnish pages replete with interest to the Catholic reader, but space allows us to speak of one only—the Convent of Montmartre. Few spots indeed have so many holy remembrances clinging around them as this which was the scene of St. Denys' martyrdom and the birthplace of the Society of Jesus. Ages ago a little chapel, which tradition ascribes to St. Genevieve, was erected on the spot where St. Denys and his companions, St. Rusticus and St. Eleutherius, were put to death.

In 1096 it became the property of the monks of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; and in 1133 Louis the Great and his wife Adelaide of Savoy concluded a bargain with these religious through which the Chapel of the Martyrs became a dependency of the ancient Abbey of Montmartre.

In the sixteenth century St. Ignatius of Loyola and his companions consecrated themselves to God by vows of religion in this chapel, thus laying the foundation of the Society of Jesus. Half a century afterwards, Henry IV., accompanied by all his court, came there on the day of his abjuration, and gave thanks for his reconciliation to the Church.

Numbers of saints, century after century, visited this holy spot.

The Abbé le Rébours and the Fathers of the Society of Jesus,

to whom belonged the ground on which the ancient chapel stood, agreed to offer to the Helpers of the Holy Souls the site of the former chapel. The Archbishop of Paris and his coadjutor sanctioned and encouraged the foundation, and the Nuns took possession of this venerable shrine on the 9th of October, 1877, thus founding a convent of their Order on the very spot where once stood the Abbey of Montmartre. It is an interesting fact that one of its former Abbesses, the holy Mother Adeline, had been remarkable for her singular devotion to the Souls in Purgatory, and instituted a Congregation for their especial assistance.

The Helpers, after passing some years in a temporary residence, have at last, by the blessing of God, been enabled to erect a more fitting sanctuary for this holy pilgrimage and a monastery wherein they can develop their works of charity. These abound in the thickly-populated neighborhood of Montmartre and bring forth abundant fruits of benediction.

There we will now leave them, with the earnest hope that, responding to the pressing demands that have been made for their presence in the United States, they will soon be amongst us, carrying out humbly and faithfully their motto: To pray, suffer and work for the Souls in Purgatory. And in doing so, they will make new conquests for Christ's fold on earth; for to make a last quotation: "The Helpers of the Holy Souls may well be termed, also, helpers of every sinning and suffering soul within their reach."

A SUNDAY ON THE SIPSEY RIVER.

By the Author of "Old Black Jo," "A Story of Old Virginny," "Poor Little Dick," "Joseph's Dream," etc.

I.

MAMMA, MAMMA, come and see the women with such funny bonnets on, going up the road. Me and Dan was playing down by the gate, and a great big wagon came along, full of 'em—"

"Full of what, who, Lucy?" said Mrs. Ingle, looking up from the churn and giving the dasher a momentary rest as she turned toward little Lucy who, with rosy cheeks and tangled curls and eyes brighter even than usual, had tumbled into the spring-house to bring the news. "Are they coming here?"

"No'm, they're going up the branch road; 'cause they asked Dan the way to the railroad camp. And you just ought to see their funny white bonnets go flippetty-flap, just like my guinea-keets' wings, on the top of their heads." And the lively child, putting both hands up to the height of her ears, imitated precisely the motion of the queer bonnets she was trying to describe. "Come down to the stile, Mamma, and you can see them go by."

While the little maid was speaking, a sudden, strange expression flashed from her mother's eyes. Rising hastily, she untied her apron, spread it over the churn, dipped her fingers in the spring, dried them quickly, and hurried down to the stile, which she reached just in time to catch a glimpse of three white bonnets —the snowy cornettes of Sisters of Charity. Signalling to the driver to stop, she ran out into the road and overtook the conveyance, which was a lumbering, old-fashioned coach, something like an ambulance, drawn by a pair of weary-looking horses covered with swamp mud. Within were three Sisters of Charity, accompanied by a muscular Irish driver and a half-grown boy.

They were on their way to Birmingham, they said; and as they must reach that city before September, and the railroad would not be finished for several months, they had come many miles by private conveyance, travelling about forty or fifty miles a day. They hoped to reach the railroad camp before night, and there they expected to find Father Morgan, an old friend, who was attending to the spiritual wants of the Catholic laborers, and had promised the travellers a comfortable resting-place.

Mrs. Ingle told the Sisters they were the first Catholics she had seen for several years except her sister who visited her at rare intervals; and she begged them to stop with her a few hours, pleading that it was almost time for the noon-day meal, and that she wanted her husband and little ones to meet them. The Sisters, delighted to find a Catholic family in the midst of the wilderness, cheerfully consented to stay to dinner, and in the meanwhile to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Ingle's interesting family. But their visit was a very short one, and they departed bearing an urgent invitation to Father Morgan to visit the plantation.

There were seven children, three boys and four girls, ranging in age from two years to eleven. There was sturdy, blue-eyed John, his mother's own right-hand man; then came Mary, the oldest daughter, with a dignity and womanliness far beyond her nine years; next came Dan, rollicking Dan, always in mischief, always in rags and always in a good humor, followed by his unfailing shadow, Lucy. The twins, William and Annie, aged four, and two-year-old Minnie completed the group. Three of the children had never been baptized, as they had arrived since their mother's last "trip to town," and consequently, it is easy to surmise that not one of the little ones had ever been to confession, nor had Mrs. Ingle herself been able to receive the Sacraments for about five years.

The plantation into which we have so unceremoniously introduced ourselves was in the "backwoods" of Alabama, at least eighty miles from a city large enough or advanced enough in civilization to support a Catholic mission; and as there was no railroad as yet nearer than fifty miles, it can be readily understood that

Mrs. Ingle's visits to church were laborious journeys. She had no trustworthy person with whom to leave the older children during a long absence, their grand-parents being too feeble to undertake such a heavy responsibility; and a trip of fifty miles over rough country roads, then thirty more in the steam-cars, with a houseful of small children to care for, is not an experience many women can contemplate with any degree of equanimity. When there was only one baby, it was easy enough to get to her Easter duty; when there were three or four, it was barely possible; but when the fifth and sixth little strangers put in a simultaneous appearance, the poor mother's heart failed entirely, and she had been praying ever since that some good missionary priest might find his way to that part of the Lord's vineyard and visit her desolate little flock.

Had her husband been a Catholic, it would no doubt have been an easy matter to arrange for the visit of some zealous priest in one of the nearer cities, or to have had the children taken to church and to the Sacraments; but he was not a member of the Church and although a good, kind husband and father, he could not appreciate the great importance Catholics attach to the observance of their religious duties. He was fond of saying that his wife was the best and kindest woman in the world, even though she did not go to camp-meetings and revivals as her neighbors did; and that she was bringing up her children to say their prayers and do their duty; and how could any one do better than that if she lived next door to church and went to meeting every day?

And she, poor woman, happy in his love and approval, kept hidden in her heart the bitter loneliness and pain and discouragement which have little solace in this world save in the life-giving Sacraments; and so she lived from day to day hoping for a better time. The prospect of a new railroad through their own county was welcomed as a rainbow of promise; and the sight of the white bonnets that "went flippetty-flap" was like a message from home.

II.

A few days after the flitting of the white cornettes, a solitary horseman was seen wending his way towards Mrs. Ingle's hospitable home. He was a man of middle age, perhaps a little older; for many a silver thread glistened among the thick raven locks which crowned his shapely head, and a few deep-lined furrows marked his brow; but these might have been written by care rather than age; for his form was erect and stalwart, his complexion, bronzed by exposure to the sun, was of a healthy ruddiness betokening strength and activity; and his hazel eyes were bright and piercing, with all the vivacity of youth. As he rode steadily on, he gazed around him with no little curiosity and interest, seeming to recognize the place, as in truth he did, but only from the accurate description given him by the good Sisters; for as the reader has doubtless surmised, this was no other than Father Morgan on his errand of charity to this little flock so strangely found in the wilderness.

The dwelling was similar to thousands occupied by families in moderate circumstances throughout the rural districts of the South. It consisted of a double log-cabin, having two rooms on either side of a wide open hall; a single log-cabin on one side a little back of the main building served as a kitchen, and in cold weather also did service as a dining-room. The house was weather-boarded and covered by a sloping gable roof, which projected far enough front and back to protect wide rustic verandas.

A few rude attempts at ornamentation were visible, but it was quite evident that between the chickens, the children, and an occasional marauder from the pig-pen or stable, it was a forlorn hope to try to keep the yard more than passably decent; and Mrs. Ingle's efforts at horticulture had at last been confined to the vegetable garden, of which she was justly proud, and which was in fact renowned for miles around as producing the earliest and best vegetables and the sweetest herbs in all the county. The house was surrounded by giant old trees which spread their protecting branches high above the weather-beaten cabin, and had sheltered the denizens of the forest for many a year before the

woodman's ax had wakened the echoes of their wild-wood home. An unusual degree of comfort was apparent in the surroundings of this little home, humble as its description may appear to those accustomed to the more pretentious modes of city life, owing to the fact that Mr. Ingle's parents had settled here fifty years before, when the surrounding country was an untrodden wilderness. They had brought with them notions of thrift and economy learned in a less genial clime, instilled the same severe principles of sturdy industry into their children, and gradually accumulated around them the comforts of a long established home.

This is the class of Southerners least understood by the majority of their Northern brethren, or it might be better to say least known to them, because so seldom portrayed by our writers. With a standard of aristocracy dependent neither on the depth of their purses, nor on the number of their slaves, nor on generations of blue-blooded ancestors, these are the men that stood in the breach when all seemed lost, and built upon the ruins of the old order a stronger and more enduring civilization. These are the real architects of what is so vaguely known as the "New South."

Perhaps some such thoughts as these flashed through Father Morgan's mind as he ascended the gentle slope leading to the house, but philosophical reflections were put to flight by the greeting which awaited him. All the children led by their mother were in a group at the open gate—we may remark in passing that such a thing as a *closed* gate seldom greets a visitor in the South—and their smiling faces gave evidence, were any needed, of the joy with which they bade him welcome. The irrepressible Dan, with an awkward jerk at his ragged cap, sprang to the horse's head, while John waited to carry in the saddle-bags. The priest saluted Mrs. Ingle with a hearty "God bless you, my child," and she led the way to the porch, saying that she would introduce the children after he had a chance to breathe.

As they ascended the steps leading to the front porch, Father Morgan stopped to enjoy the view. Stretched around them was an ever-varying expanse of meadows and hills; facing the south, they could see from the limit of the horizon one hill after another,

crowned with its inevitable wreath of sombre pines or scraggy cedars, toning gradually down into the warmer tints of the valley below. The road over which the traveller had come was visible for several miles, save where it was hidden by the thicket which skirted the lazy looking stream winding its way between the hills. On one side of the road was an immense field of corn, its yellow tassels waving to and fro like billows of molten gold; on the other side uprose a forest of cotton plants, with their variegated blossoms, their emerald bolls and snowy fruit. To the east the ground gradually rose and the road was lost among the thickly wooded hills; while to the north a dense forest of stately pines and massive oaks formed a fitting background for the home known to all the country round as "Ingle's Rest."

"Yes, it is very beautiful," said Mrs. Ingle, in reply to the look of admiration excited by the magnificent view spread before them. "When I first came here, I thought I would never grow weary of gazing at it; now I seldom notice it, but if I were to go away, no doubt I would miss it very much."

"That is the way with many of our blessings; we grow so used to them, that we forget their presence. Our Lord has given you a lovely home, my child."

"Yes, Father, He has been very good to me," replied the mother, as she glanced involuntarily at the group of children, who crowded together like a flock of sheep following the priest with looks of timid reverence and lively curiosity.

He smiled and laid his hand upon the head of the nearest, Lucy.

"I am afraid you will find them terrible little savages, Father," said Mrs. Ingle. "It is so hard to teach them in this wilderness, so far from church and school. And yet if we could only have a priest to visit us now and then, I would be very happy here."

Upon examination, Father Morgan found them much better instructed than he had dared to hope, and as this was Friday, it was agreed that the next day should be devoted to their further instruction and to their first confession, and that Mass

should be celebrated privately in the best room on Sunday morning.

III.

Mr. Ingle was away from home on a distant part of the farm when Father Morgan arrived, but he returned in time to welcome the guest to the evening meal.

He was a tall, slender man, with somewhat of the weather-beaten look frequently found in men whose lives are passed in laborious out-door occupations. His eyes were dark-blue, with a genial, kindly expression, but his other features were sharp, and betokened a high-strung nervous temperament. He welcomed the priest with great cordiality, and seemed most anxious to render his stay pleasant. Father Morgan conceived a great liking for this plain, unpretending farmer, and in a few moments they were chatting like old friends.

John Ingle was a man of solid good sense, and though the circumstances of his early life had prevented him from acquiring a fine education, he had picked up considerable general information. His mind was liberal, his judgment sound, and he was capable of sustaining an intelligent conversation. He was much pleased with his guest, who had in a high degree the faculty so essential to all who desire to do good, and to none more than to the minister of Christ, of making himself *all things to all men* and of accommodating himself gracefully to all circumstances. Their talk naturally drifted to the subject of religion.

"When I married my wife," said Mr. Ingle, "she belonged to the Catholic religion: I belonged to none. It seemed to me, that if either of us changed our faith, it ought to be the one who was not yet a member of any church. If I had been a Catholic, and she a member of no denomination, I would have wished her to become a Catholic—providing of course she could believe in that religion; and I have always thought that were I ever to unite with any church, it would be the one that my wife belongs to; but—" here he paused and a look of embarrassment came over his face, as if he feared he had said too much—"but you will think me very foolish, Mr.—Father Morgan."

"Not at all, my friend," said the priest smiling. "And while I am not sure of the soundness of your doctrine carried out to its ultimate conclusions, I admire the generous spirit which prompts it. You very justly conclude that it would be unfair to wish any one to give up certain convictions for uncertainty; yet how do you know that your wife's faith would satisfy you? Or why do you not at once embrace it?"

"There are many things about the Catholic religion that I like, but there are a few I find very hard to accept. I have learned a great deal about it by helping to teach the children their catechism and we have read several Catholic books together during the long winter evenings. I confess I could see nothing in them to object to. But sometimes I think I can be just as good a Christian without binding myself to observe the rules of any church."

"Speaking of being a Christian, of course you believe in our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ?"

"I do, most assuredly, and in the truths taught in His Gospel."

"Well, has it never occurred to you that there must be some meaning in these words: *He that will not hear the Church, let him be to you as the heathen and the publican?* And again speaking of those whom He had commissioned to teach the nations, He said: *He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me.* Now how can you either hear or refuse to hear a body of men, as coming to you with the divine commission of Christ, unless they can show in a clear and unmistakable manner that they are the direct successors of those men to whom He gave this mission, and to whom He gave power that was to last until the consummation of the world. And yet you are commanded to hear them under the penalty of eternal punishment. Do any of your ministers even attempt to claim for themselves an authority coming to them directly from the Apostles of Christ?"

"None of those with whom I have talked have ever seemed to think there was any necessity of making such a claim, and some of them have said to me when I asked upon what they based

their claim to be able to teach and to expound the Scripture, that they had felt in their hearts the unmistakable inspiration of the Holy Spirit. This would never satisfy me, and I have studied as far as my limited means would permit the history of the various denominations. I can not trace any of them back to the time of Christ: I am told that some Episcopalians make the claim of descent from the Apostles, but I do not think they can prove their claim. But, Father, I am not learned enough to be able to decide such questions; and the more I study the more I feel this. But I must confess also, that the more I study and inform myself, the more I am convinced that the hatred felt towards the Catholic Church by my neighbors and by many good people all over the country is caused, at least to a great extent, by ignorance."

"There is no doubt of that, my friend, and there is no doubt that it would take a long life-time to study the arguments which are brought up for and against this or that doctrine. The man who disputes with you will be often very much like 'the Irishman's flea,' just when you think you are sure of him, off he goes and renews the attack in an entirely different place; and your labor is thrown away. The only way to study this question is first of all with earnest prayer to beg of God to enlighten your mind and to pour into your heart the spirit of His love, which will make you willing and anxious to do His holy will; then take up a simple line of argument which I will point out to you. Keep to this one question: Where is the Church which Jesus founded and which He commanded all men to hear? Christ is God; He promised that His Church should never fail; and that He would be with her all days, even to the end of the world; His word must be true, for God cannot be the author of falsehood, and this Church must have been through all these ages a visible body teaching with authority. Whatever I can do to assist you, I will do with all my heart."

"Thank you very much, and I hope you will not be ashamed of your pupil. But will you not preach for us while you are here? I suppose you would rather hold your communion service in private; but as we always have a houseful here on Sunday, if

you will preach for us, I am sure that we can promise you a big congregation."

So it was agreed upon that there was to be preaching in the afternoon; and the news of the presence of a Catholic priest spread like wild-fire through the neighborhood.

IV.

Sunday morning dawned warm and sultry. Not a breath of air seemed to stir the branches of the trees, and everything betokened a day of unusual heat. The summers in the latitude of northern Alabama are not by any means so warm as most strangers expect to find them, and at Ingle's Rest there was rarely a midsummer night which was not cool and refreshing; so that this sultry morning was to the minds of the weather-wise a sure token of an approaching storm.

At an early hour the whole family was astir. Father Morgan was walking up and down reading his breviary or engaged in meditation; Mary was helping to dress the little ones in their Sunday clothes, while Lucy and her mother were busy arranging the room in which Mass was to be said. As Mrs. Ingle had spent several years of her youth in a convent school, she knew all about the requirements of the sanctuary. She had no parlor to use as a chapel; for the best room in a log-cabin is generally the guest-chamber; and if it has not more than one bed in it, the guest may consider himself fortunate.

The room then assigned to the priest was the place selected as the chapel on this happy occasion; and ever after it was known in the family by this name. It was a large square chamber; instead of being plastered, it was ceiled with smooth boards which had been painted white. An ornamental border of many-colored paneling ran around the upper edge of the side walls and the edge of the ceiling giving a very lively, if not strictly artistic, appearance to the interior. An immense star with eight points, each of a different shade, was painted in the middle of the ceiling, and from the centre of this variegated star was suspended a pretty hanging-lamp used only on high and mighty occasions.

It was afterwards explained to Father Morgan who, we must admit, had some little quiet curiosity on the subject, that the ornamentation of this room was the work of a travelling artist from New England who had spent some weeks with the family; and feeling the time hang heavy on his hands, had asked permission to exercise his skill on their best room, with results highly gratifying to his professional pride. To the simple country folk in the neighborhood it was a marvel of beauty, and the artist had received invitations without number to prolong his stay among them.

The furniture was very simple. One corner was occupied by a large double bed; an old-fashioned wardrobe stood in another corner. A bureau of home manufacture, stained with walnut juice and highly polished by incessant rubbing, a small washstand and a few chairs completed the list of necessary articles. An immense fire-place filled one side of the room; in front of this was a very tall mantel-piece, above which hung a sweet picture of Raphael's *Madonna Della Sedia*—only a chromo but a good one—surrounded by a wreath of colored grasses. On either side stood china candle-sticks holding wax candles. The mantel-piece was also the receptacle of numerous small articles, books, pictures, and dainty trifles put up there out of the reach of destructive baby fingers.

Father Morgan said he could manage nicely in this pretty room, as he called it, to the great delight of the children; and early Saturday morning they were out scouring the woods in search of flowers to decorate the altar. Mosses, leaves and blossoms were all called into requisition to form a bower of beauty for the Guest Who was to honor this humble chapel with His presence; and the good priest declared that he had never seen an altar more lovingly prepared. The bureau, which had a flat top and a movable mirror, was used; a snowy cloth, a crucifix, candles, a small bowl, a towel, and two glass bottles which did service as cruets, were supplied by the provident housewife; and the priest, who was equipped for the missions, furnished everything else required for the celebration of Holy Mass.

And before this humble altar the family gathered in the early morning to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, the same *clean oblation which is offered up from the rising to the setting of the sun* on the grand altars of marble basilicas or on rustic altars in savage wilds, with the sky for a canopy and the mossy ground for a carpet.

It were useless to attempt to picture the feelings of the Catholic wife and mother who for so many years had been deprived of the sacred privilege of hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion, or to describe the reverent awe and curiosity of the little ones. Mr. Ingle too followed the services with great respect and attention, and two of the servants were present.

After Mass, breakfast was served, consisting of snowy biscuit with fresh honey, golden cornbread and fried chicken; and all did justice to the substantial meal. During the forenoon, the children had a half-hour's instruction and the three younger ones were baptized. Not a word escaped Mr. Ingle's attentive ear. Indeed, Father Morgan was surprised at the avidity with which he seemed to devour instruction, and many fervent prayers rose up from the heart of the zealous missionary that his words might bear good fruit in the soul of this honest man.

V.

Before eleven o'clock, a regular caravan of country vehicles appeared. It was amusing to watch the variety of turnouts. First came a huge market-wagon drawn by a team of oxen. The wheels were made of sections of big trees and the wagon was ponderous in the extreme. It advanced at a funeral pace, with mournful creakings and moanings; but the clatter of tongues underneath the white canvas cover had a more festive sound.

This primitive vehicle brought the family of John Tucker, one of Ingle's tenants, who lived about a mile from the home, in a cabin in the bottom lands; there were the father, mother, four sons and two daughters. When they reached the gate, they found Mr. and Mrs. Ingle there to welcome them, and the emptying of the wagon was accompanied by vociferous "how d'ye's"

and cordial hand-shaking on the part of the men and boys, while Mrs. Ingle and all the children affectionately kissed the mother and daughters.

Scarcely were these visitors welcomed when Dan and Lucy, who seemed to be perpetually stationed on the outposts, announced the coming of "Aunt Mattie." A smart-looking double-seated buggy, drawn by two large mules, drove up; and Mr. Ingle's sister, a fine-looking woman of about twenty-five, and three small children under five years old, were handed out by her husband Tom Murray, a young man of her own age. The little ones were instantly seized by their cousins and a procession made its way to the house, consisting of Mrs. Ingle carrying the youngest of the newly-arrived, Mrs. Murray with little Minnie in her arms, Mary and Lucy each bending under the weight of a little cousin, then the twins following hand-in-hand, looking as if they hardly knew what to make of all the hub-bub.

The boys were off with their father and Uncle Tom and a colored man to the barn to see to the welfare of the live-stock; and ere they returned three more arrivals had taken place, swelling the number of self-invited guests to more than a score. There was another uncle, with his wife and two sons, who came in a market-wagon drawn by one large work-horse, Mr. Sykes and his half-grown son on an old gray horse, Mr. Brown with his wife and two daughters in a two-wheeled wagon drawn by one lone steer. All these were received with warm and hearty greetings, while later in the day a large number of the farm-hands and tenants living within walking distance put in their appearance, drawn together by the rumor that they would have a chance to listen to the preaching of a Catholic priest.

The married ladies repaired with Mrs. Ingle to the kitchen and dining-room, where amid an endless clatter of dishes and tongues the noon-day meal was prepared.

The boys and girls gathered together on the shadiest veranda, not in couples, as is customary in more civilized parts of the world, but in two groups: the girls on one side, all huddled together as if leaning upon one another for support, and the boys

sitting or standing in awkward, constrained attitudes at a respectful distance. There was very little conversation; now and then an unusually bright remark from one of the boys evoked a titter of laughter on the part of the girls and the poor victim of their ridicule subsided, hanging his head and flushing painfully. Finally some one ventured to broach a subject of universal interest, the preaching they expected to hear from the Catholic priest after dinner. A few whispered remarks as to the impression produced upon different ones by the appearance of the stranger served to break the ice; and in a few moments the more intelligent of the young people were engaged in an earnest discussion in low and guarded tones, the general opinion expressed being that it was a pity such a fine-looking man should be a "Romish" priest, and that it was strange any one as nice as "Aunt Mary," as Mrs. Ingle was affectionately called by most of the young people, who were more or less connected with the family, could bear to belong to such a "horrid" Church.

Meanwhile the older men, making themselves quite at home in the best room, were getting acquainted with the priest. They were all countrymen of limited education; but the ease and simple good sense with which they conversed was astonishing, the more so from the fact that in the presence of women they would have been awkward and tongue-tied.

There was to a keen observer a strained appearance in their manner of greeting the stranger: indeed one or two of them took no part in the conversation merely listening with evident mistrust —these were the pillars of the local religious associations—but in general the demeanor towards Father Morgan showed a determination to hide prejudices and to make his visit as agreeable as possible. Had he not possessed unlimited tact, it would have been easy to precipitate a warm and disagreeable religious discussion; but with the skill of a master he directed their talk into safe and pleasant channels, effacing himself in the effort to draw out the best qualities of his companions. Cunning Father Morgan! he was only biding his time.

About one o'clock dinner was announced. The table stretched

to its utmost limits accommodated only about half the guests, so that two dinners had to be served, and some of the young people were pressed into service to help dispense the bounties of the Sunday dinner. The food was plain, substantial and plentiful. There were pot-pies and cold pies and custard pies, bacon and greens, a variety of fresh vegetables, pickles and preserves, fresh milk and buttermilk, and home-made beer. The elasticity of country kitchens and country beds is proverbial, but Father Morgan thought he had never seen more hearty and generous hospitality than that displayed by these "back-woods" people. Mrs. Ingle flitting here and there with her calico dress protected by a large gingham apron, her sleeves partially rolled up, arranging everything with her own hands—for she trusted only the roughest work to the servants—was the picture of cheerful and cordial welcome, and the sight of her pleasant face and bright smile seemed to add an indescribable flavor to the good things prepared for her guests.

Dinner over, all adjourned to the yard in front of the house, where seats were hastily improvised under the trees, and Father Morgan took his stand upon the front porch. The children were clustered together on the steps, an attentive group, an occasional whisper or giggle from the younger ones being sternly silenced by older sisters and brothers; indeed the Ingle babies seemed to stand in as much awe of Mary as of their mother, and the grave, authoritative air with which she accepted the task of managing them sat strangely upon so young a girl.

READING FOR THE SOUL'S COMFORT.

By the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J.

II.

THE direct source of all our enlightenment is God Incarnate. This too is the subject of all our spiritual reading. It is, besides, the object more or less direct of all else that we read, know, do, or suffer. If He is our health and our life, then

all our desires and our efforts must gravitate towards Christ. It is little to say this of ourselves alone. All who have ever lived have instinctively gravitated towards Him, whether they knew it or not. For in Him the treasures of mankind were deposited from the first, as belonging to Him, and in His gift to dispense unto us. All the Scriptures speak of Christ. Before He came, the hearts of men turned towards Him, Who was yet to come in the fulness of grace and truth; and, whatever else they craved, it was implicitly Himself they desired in all. When He had come and was seen at last among men, all the New Testament revolved about Him; and in it we study Him. When He had ascended into heaven, taking with Him our captivity captive, whatever followed and is to follow, must turn to Him, as the flower buds forth, and the world glows, and mankind breathes in the light of the sun. Thus St. Gregory, explaining how the whole Providence of God over the world centres in Christ, applies happily to this matter the beautiful scene of Christ's entering Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, when all those who went before in the joyous procession, and those who pressed around Him, and the others who followed, joined alike in one and the same refrain: *Hosanna to the Son of David!* Whether they will or no, the hearts of all men are responsive to only one melody; and that is the canticle of the Messias coming, and of the Redeemer ascending, and of the Bridegroom returning.

Being the very brightness of the Father, the Mirror of God's Majesty, and the Sun of Justice, He is quite enough for us; as the sun that shines in the skies is enough for the light and the warmth of this world. But that sun in the skies does not shine upon us, only with direct rays. Its beams are refracted through creatures, and reflected from them. It lends to material things various colors and tints, blending, forming and changing hues, with degrees of lucidity and transparency: it creates the beautiful prospect in the transparent medium; it reveals the opaque mass by the laws of perspective. But all this witchery of light adds nothing to the illumination of the sun. It is merely a derivation from its beams, which are equal to this, and much more besides

which can afford to be split up, divided and distributed among fitting material subjects, and can show thereby. how many tints and rays and possible vibrations the pure white light contains. All corporeal creation is a fitting subject for this; since nothing is absolutely black; nothing is blank darkness; which neither could be seen, nor could even exist.

Just so is it that the supernatural Sun of Justice distributes His rays amid the singularly varied forms and figures of His Saints. He finds in them a garden to paint with the colors of the rainbow; He darts His rays upon them as on a living world of winged thought and love, which He plays with and plays in. Transcendently calm and tranquil Himself His beams tremble on the heaving, uneasy sea of human activity, and glance down into pellucid depths of interior life; and all the while He and His glory are ever the same; while nothing could be more changing with the hour, yea, and with the moment, than these same created splendors in His Saints. On the side of man, everything that is lends its part towards showing off the light and love of God. Sin is the least and last thing that is; for it is sheer disorder and perversion in the immortal soul, which ought to be far otherwise than sin makes it to be. Even the sinner's soul is singularly fair in its possibilities; nor would it be the horrid evil it is, but because of its conspicuous capacity to be different from what sin makes it to be.

The Sun of Justice, we speak of, is the life of Christ our Lord, with its peculiar charm of being exactly like our own life. *He was made flesh, and He dwelt among us.* He was seen among men, and conversed with us. He was in all things made like to His brethren, except in sin. The Saints enjoy the prerogative of being most like Him. In imitation of Him, their lives have been most successfully raised to the supernatural. They show how this life of ours can be elevated and most naturally so. Not more naturally indeed than our Lord and His Blessed Mother, still in many subordinate ways have they exhibited the grace of God, and the character of Christ, and the power of an indissoluble divine life, all in a world of most varied history, in every walk of exist-

ence, in every vocation and avocation, in action and suffering, in light and shade, with the most finely blending tints of virtue, and in a maze of human movements intellectual and moral. His chosen souls have been a garden of delights which He loves to glance at, and to dwell on with His divine regard, and to bedeck with ever-renewed beauty by His regarding them.

The Saints were very plain people. In one sense, they became the more so the more saintly they were. Their lives were not spent in a halo, except before God. There is a good reason for this. A sound judgment and common sense are the only just and adequate basis of a supernatural life. Sanctity is the perfection of good judgment, of prudence, of uprightness, of integrity, and of every other virtue which is conceived as the making of a steady, plain mind. To the carnal eye, they may not have appeared thus. But the way they appear depends largely upon the state of the mind which views and judges them. *And the sensual man doth not take in the things of God.* Besides, the affairs of human life are very intricate; the motives of hearts are not visible; nor is every point of view the right one. Though the distance of sufficient time elapsing after their death enables us to distinguish the greatness of true Saints, yet while they live, their history has been but a tangled web of actions, and of sufferings. These, at first ordinary, were done with a most pure intention; then oftentimes becoming extraordinary, they were ever most so in the intention, which still escaped detection.

Here lies the charm of their varied form and feature for us. Their actions were exclusively or largely ordinary; and so were their sufferings. It was the most pure intention which made them worthy of being raised to something illustrious, at least in merit before God. Who is there that has not the same capital to turn to the same account? Who is there, that is put in so out-of-the-way a kind of life as not to find in some of them an exact model to adore with his affection, and to reverence by his imitation? For this purpose, an accurate study of the model which suits each individual among us consists in drawing out the lessons of conduct and life into the personal applications, which the model

suggests. Hence it is that, as a rule, not short biographies or mere accounts, are most replete with grace for us; since they rather describe what is extraordinary and unusual in the pattern; but full biographies, which can afford to dwell upon particulars, which can find time to admit us into the privacy of the Saint's home and surroundings and intentions, of his prudence, his assiduity, and the careful husbanding of his talents, these are replete with enlightenment and with an energy put forth to attract us, and win to imitation. Withal, this very individuality of the saintly character has most of the charm that belongs to the unusual and the singular.

Besides practical models, the principles also of spiritual science must be apprehended, in order to appreciate and to understand. We cannot imagine a carnal mind, which has not learnt the primary elements of the spiritual catechism, taking up a Saint's life and making anything else out of it, except perhaps matter for criticism and cynicism and sarcasm. What such a mind understands not, that of course it blasphemes; as it has done with the life of One greater than any of His Saints. Principles must be apprehended and understood in the abstract, to enjoy their application in concrete fact and life.

To mention an example of such a study, every one knows the *Practice of Religious Perfection*, by Father Rodriguez. Nothing can be more solid, as is proved by the universal use of it in the religious orders and among the faithful at large. It is as widely spread in its own line as the *Imitation of Christ;* the latter being a statement in succinct form of principles, almost as Holy Scripture would speak; the other being the exposition of these principles in the order of a scientific treatise. A connection between the two may be discerned in the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, as well in order of time, as in the very significant fact that the Retreat of St. Ignatius introduced into the science of principles a systematic element of personal practice and exercise. The true abstract treatise on spirituality supposes exercise to be going hand-in-hand with the lessons.

In the same view, all spiritual reading should be reflective and

meditative. To read cursorily twenty pages in an hour is not necessarily to have understood a bare fraction thereof. In these matters, it is probable that, the more rapidly one reads, the less he understands in a way to favor assimilation. And the result is, that deriving neither fruit nor unction, the superficial soul will not persevere in the reading.

Perhaps the mention of meditative reading conveys the notion of prayer; since meditation is a form of reflective prayer. That is so; and the more of a prayerful attitude kept up by the mind when reading, the richer the fruit will be. The very prayer itself of meditation is nothing but ruminating devoutly over principles which have been apprehended; and, according to the richness and fulness of the principles stored up in the mind, will be the unction and product of the meditation. Certainly, substantial reading matter will ever fill the mind with the unction of comfort and the refreshment of intellectual light, that *consolation of the Scriptures* whereof the Apostle speaks.

In short, all the exercises of the spiritual life lend one another a helping hand, mutual aid and assistance. No one of them can be dispensed with. The spiritual exercises are an integral system, like a corporate organism. The soul is made up of many faculties; and the external, personal life, in which the body takes so visible a part becomes subject to many conditions, if perfection is to be practised. All these conditions have to be consulted; all faculties to be fed. The memory is to be stored with principles, and with facts illustrating them. The intelligence must draw out and assimilate the lessons conveyed. The will and heart should warm with the meditation of divine things, and apply them with a degree of affection to the actions and the sufferings of life. There is that most important faculty of the imagination, which has to be tamed and trained and made serviceable for the vocation of a child of God. And the whole person is to be formed to religious decorum, so as to reproduce in the exterior the spiritual bearing of the divine type; whereunto St. Paul's words may well be applied: *I beseech you, brethren, by the modesty of Christ.*

FIRST CHURCH IN SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

RAMBLING STORIES OF AN OLD MISSION.

By George O'Connell, S.J.

STANDING for the first time in the shadow of the lonely old Mission Cross, solitary relic of the days of de la Peña, the visitor at Santa Clara finds it hard to realize the transformation which has been effected in so short a time. The Mission was founded only a hundred and fourteen years ago, but what a history has been crowded into those years! Ten thousand Indians converted to Christ by the patient Franciscans, and ten thousand Indians utterly exterminated by the greed of the Mexican republic and the vices of the white settlers; a dozen great towns and a hundred flourishing villages grown up and enjoying all the blessings of civilization; the Mexican flag replaced by the Stars and Stripes; the Franciscans gone with a people's benediction, and on the site of their Mission a Jesuit College arisen!

Nothing in the exterior of church or college suggests the Mission days. Since 1851, when the Jesuit, John Nobili, started

THE GUADALUPE RIVER, NEAR THE SITE OF THE FIRST CHURCH.

the college, under orders from Archbishop Alemany, change after change has been demanded by the wants of the time until the low-ceiled, dingy and dusty adobe buildings have been forced to yield to the beauty and comfort of modern life. Only an actual visit to the interior of the church or college can help us to realize the glorious past. In the church, the walls are of the same drab color and are ornamented by the same floral designs as when it was built by the sturdy Father Viader and his faithful old Indian overseer, Marcello.

Father Viader may well be called "sturdy," for one night, when coming home late from a sick-call, he was set upon by three Indians, who to their amazement soon found their heads knocking together and their bodies soundly thrashed. The Father then lectured them severely on the enormity of their offence, and the three became his very best friends. One of them, we are told, was Marcello himself. Marcello had been present when Father de la Peña first set up the Mission Cross on the banks of the Guadalupe, and lived on to see the Mission prosper, decline and be destroyed, and to die the last of his race. The Mission Church was a monument to his zeal. The Indians worked at it under his direction, and woe betide the laggard! Marcello's zeal was great and his right arm powerful. He died in October, 1875, toothless, deaf and almost blind, but practising his religious duties with the most scrupulous fidelity to the end.

Who the artist was who painted the great picture on the ceiling of the sanctuary is unknown, but the work was probably executed by the Indians under directions from Father Viader, who had charge of the temporalities of the Mission. In mixing their paints, the workmen used the juice of the cactus instead of oil. Their manner of procuring the beams which were to serve as rafters in the church was decidedly edifying. A gang of men went into the Santa Cruz Mountains with one of the Fathers, and there cut down with their axes the required number of redwood trees, the wood of which is said to be everlasting. Then with the same axes, for they had no saws, they cut out the beams forty feet long by one foot square. After this they mounted the beam on

ALTAR AND CRUCIFIX, SANTA CLARA CHURCH.

their shoulders, and, solemnly receiving the blessing of the priest, they carried it the whole distance home, over fifteen miles, without once daring to stop. They did the work as a religious duty, and would have been ashamed to rest themselves for a moment. The present top-piece of the sanctuary-railing is one of these old beams polished and carved, at the expense, we may add, of more than one chisel, so hard was the wood.

The life-size crucifix now enshrined in a modern altar is a genuine example of the old school of Mexican work. The wounds of our Saviour are portrayed with awful vividness. It is to this crucifix that the legend attaches that it once stretched out its arms toward the saintly Father Magin, as if to embrace him as he knelt in prayer before it. Many such stories are told of this Father. Once, for example, in the midst of a sermon, he suddenly stopped and asked the prayers of the congregation for the repose of the soul of a man who was dying at that moment in a hut in the mountains. Investigation proved that the man died at the very moment. He was several times seen lifted from the ground while in prayer. It is even told of him that on one occasion, despairing of convincing the Indian women of the enormity of some of their sins, he invited them to enter the graveyard with him, and there made some of the dead speak from their tombs and declare their souls to be now in hell for just such sins.

The bones of Father Magin lie buried under the floor of the church outside the sanctuary-railing on the Gospel side. He and Father Murguia are the only two of the long band of Franciscan missionaries who died at Santa Clara; but Father Murguia's grave has never been discovered. We know it was in the sanctuary of the church he built at Gerguensun, or the Valley of the Oaks, near the present Broad Gauge station, but that church was destroyed by an earthquake in 1818, and whither his body was removed, if at all, we have never been told. Fathers de la Peña, Noboa, Fernandez, Sanchez, Perez, Mercado and Real, all died in Mexico, Father Viader in Spain, and Father Moreno at the Mission San Jose, not far from our present Alviso. Father de la Peña's return to Mexico from the beloved Mission he had

founded, and from the Valley where he had first invoked the spirit of civilization, is one of the most painful episodes of the Mission history. In 1786, after nine years of unexampled toil and the exercise of the most exemplary virtues, he was publicly accused by two of his neophytes of having caused the death of two Indian boys by the brutality of his punishment. Very few credited the assertion, but it was made the occasion of much pain and anxiety to the good Father, so much so that his health broke down completely and reason itself seemed threatened. In 1794, Father Lasuen, the President of the Missions, felt compelled to retire him to Mexico. There the hoped-for improvement took place, and Father de la Peña became Guardian of the college of San Fernando. One year after his departure, his accusers retracted their charge in full, and were only saved from well-deserved punishment by the intercession of the Father in their behalf. It was pretty clearly proved that they were instigated to their infamous charge by the comandante of the Pueblo San Jose, whose immorality Father de la Peña had more than once rebuked.

The conduct of these Indians gives us an insight into the character of the whole people. It was always fickle, and liable to break out at any moment into the most violent excesses. The lot of the Fathers was one of incessant diligence. The famous rebellions of Estanislao and of Yoscolo may be called the last expiring efforts of the savage nature to reassert itself. The former occurred in the spring of 1829, when Fathers Magin and Viader were still in charge and the mutterings of secularization were heard on every side. Governor Echeandia and others had already begun their persecutions of the Fathers and had grievously undermined their influence with the Indians. Estanislao was a native *alcalde*, or prefect, from whom the Stanislas River was named. He prevailed upon a large body of neophytes from Santa Clara and San Jose to provide themselves with arms and to take to the mountains. At first only fifteen men were sent in pursuit of the fugitives, but these were miserably defeated. Then forty men were sent, but coming upon the Indian palisades, they too beat a retreat. Finally M. G. Vallejo was sent with a hundred men,

EL MONJERO, OR THE CLOISTERS OF SANTA CLARA.

infantry, cavalry and artillery. A shocking butchery of the Indians was the result, even old women being shot down in cold blood. Estanislao himself escaped, and his wild project was ruined. He was shielded by Father Duran of San Jose, who afterwards secured his pardon. This Father also sought, but in vain, to have Vallejo punished for his infamous cruelty.

Yoscolo's rebellion occurred in May 1831, after the death of Father Magin, and while Father Viader was alone in the Mission. Yoscolo—or Goscolo—was a talented young Indian who at the age of twenty-one had been made a sort of chieftain over all the neophytes at Santa Clara. This post gave him certain responsibilities in the way of maintaining discipline, in which he one day failed and was to be punished for doing so. It is believed he did so purposely to have an excuse for his rebellion. He refused to be punished and organized a band of five hundred men to resist. The Mission guard of a dozen soldiers was powerless against them. That night the rebels broke open the Mission stores and abstracted what they wanted, and then forcibly entered *el monjero*, where the young women of the Mission used to live till they married, and persuaded about two hundred of them to join in their flight. This *monjero*, known as the *cloisters of Santa Clara*, stood on the south of the two fields now facing the college grounds, but having become unsafe and disreputable in recent years had to be demolished.

Driving a thousand head of horses before them, Yoscolo's band were soon safe in the fastnesses of the Coast Range Mountains. Vallejo with two hundred men sought in vain to dislodge them, and they might have been safe forever if they had not rashly made another descent on the Mission and this time galloped off to the Santa Cruz Mountains. These are but a few miles wide and have the ocean beyond them, so that they afforded but scanty shelter. Juan Mesa, the captain of the Mission guard, now organized a band of one hundred men and gave chase. On the mountain at the side of the present town of Los Gatos, Yoscolo's men came out boldly to fight him. They were armed only with arrows and Yoscolo formed them into a square and ordered them

THE MISSION HYMNAL.

to lie flat so as to aim with greater security. The battle raged all day long, and the Indians surrendered only after one hundred of their warriors had been slain and not an arrow was left them. Nine or ten whites only were killed. Yoscolo and half a dozen of his prominent followers were at once beheaded, according to the custom of the time. The others were returned to the Mission, where they led good lives afterwards.

Such memories as these attaching to all we see in the Mission Church help us to realize the mighty change which has come upon it. They differ vastly from some of the gentler scenes in its history. How few, for example, of the many merry ramblers through Penitencia Canyon of the City Park of San Jose, stop to inquire whence the name arose. They would be astonished to learn that it was hither the good old Padres of the various missions used to assemble regularly to receive from one another the Sacrament of Penance. Under the willows which shade the bank of the little stream they were wont to confess their sins and to wander and recite their beads, and so they called the stream La Penitencia. The good taste of the Fathers, always famous, was never better exemplified than in their choice of this spot. Some would come riding like trained *vaqueros* on horseback, while others adopted the odd *calesa*. This was a wagon fitted with windows before and on the sides, but without glass. It could seat two persons and was drawn by two mules.

So, in the college library the Jesuit Fathers still cherish the ancient hymnal out of which the Indians were wont to sing the hymns at Holy Mass. There is many another ancient tome in the library, but visitors are attracted most to the hymnal. Some of its pages are almost black with the thumbing of so many hands, but they are of sheepskin and bear well the passing of time. It is all hand-written, and is bound in great leather-covered boards and bordered round with solid brass. It is at least two hundred years of age, probably much older, and is the labor of love of some old Spanish monk. Its quaint method of musical notation would alone date it back a couple of centuries. At all of the missions, one of the Fathers made it a special point to instruct the

Indians in vocal and instrumental music. It was a distinction of which a family was proud to have one of its members in either the band or the choir, and the missionaries found this study of music one of their most invaluable aids in softening and refining the rude dispositions of their neophytes.

THE BELLS, MISSION SANTA CLARA.
(Given to the Franciscans by the King of Spain.)

The Mission bells that hang in the old owl belfry are three in number. The one that hangs highest, so as to be scarcely visible from the street, was recast in 1864, but its material is quite as old as that of the other two. It is this bell that rings out the *Angelus* so sweetly that its silvery tones have stirred more than one of our local poets to sing of its beauty. The two other bells have a venerable appearance, which does not belie their century of life. The largest is inscribed: SANTA·CLARA·1798·AVE·MARIA·PVRISIMA. The second bears two inscriptions: above, AVE·MARIA·PVRISIMA; and below, SANTA·CLARA·RVELAS·ME·FESIT·1799. The bells were a present to the old Mission, being given with the one condition that they be rung every evening as a call to the faithful to say the *De Profundis* for the souls departed, a custom which has been scrupulously observed ever since.

AN ENGLISH COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The Grave of Father Rawes.

By J. C.

"Here waits, till the Resurrection,
The body of
Henry Augustus Rawes, D.D.,
Priest of the Most High God
And Servant of the Holy Ghost,
Superior of the Oblates of St. Charles,
who died in the Catholic faith
April 24, 1885,
aged 58 years.

A FEW words about this "Priest of the Most High God" and "Servant of the Holy Ghost" may prove interesting to the readers of the Messenger. Many of them know well the name of 'Father Rawes' through being themselves 'Servants of the Holy Ghost,' the Confraternity so called having been organized by him. But this is by no means the only claim Father Rawes has upon our admiration and affection. His eloquent hymns "To the Holy Ghost," "To Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament," "To the Mother of God," and others, are in themselves sufficient to awaken in the heart of every reader a lively veneration for the author. Nor are these hymns all we have from that gifted and eloquent pen. Prose that reads like inspired song, and poetry that is inspiration itself, flowed freely and abundantly from a heart filled to overflowing with love of God and His Church. It is impossible to read either his prose or poetry without being drawn nearer and nearer to the Source of all grace, from which Father Rawes received "the Light, and Life, and Love" that filled his own pure soul.

Through a Promoter of the League, who was one of the earliest members of the Confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost, the writer was permitted to see some of the letters of the

gifted author of these beautiful hymns so familiar to all; of "St. John the Evangelist, the Beloved Disciple," "Devotions to the Holy Souls in Purgatory," "Septem, or Seven Ways of hearing Mass," and indeed a long and rich catalogue of devotional works, one and all breathing the purest, most intense love of God. Who can read unmoved his "Beloved Disciple"? How touching is the expression of gratitude to St. John to whom "he owes all that is of any, *even the very least*, good there may be in him."

In one of his letters to E. C. A., Father Rawes says, speaking of the spread of devotion to the Holy Ghost in England, France and America:

"After the Cardinal published the decree of the Vicar of Jesus Christ erecting the Archconfraternity, it seemed as if countless souls caught fire, and were aflame with the love of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost is the finger of the Father's right hand; and it seems to me that the finger of our Lord's Vicar is the shadow of that uncreated Finger of God. . . . As for last week, I never had such a week of God in my life. It seemed to many and to me, as if, having been with Him for a while on Horeb, we had come down to *the voice of the people shouting*. . . . Write to all to whom you can write, and say that I beg them earnestly to pray without ceasing that our Lady may put it into the hearts of the priests of her Son Jesus to erect Confraternities."

He had great faith in union of prayers. After a 'union of prayer' with the Confraternity, at St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, London, we had a great desire to visit the grave of the founder of the Servants of the Holy Ghost. A tablet on the door of the church he loved so well, bearing his name, and asking for prayers for the repose of his soul, made us feel that we would like to pray beside his tomb.

It was out of London, we were told, at the cemetery of Mortlake, where he had himself expressed a wish to be buried.

On Monday, June 15, after Solemn High Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, on the occasion of the Conference of the Diocesan Synod, we proceeded to Mortlake. It is only a short distance

from the metropolis. In less than an hour we were there. On our left hand, as the train steamed into the little station, we beheld a fine cemetery, with its white marble monuments rising among beautiful trees. It looked so grand and imposing that I felt disappointed.

On asking the way to the cemetery, the deaf signal man looked at us for an instant as if uncertain; finally he ejaculated "which," in a rather abrupt tone. "The Roman Catholic," I answered. "There, by the low road; that narrow lane will lead you to it," was his rejoinder.

We followed the narrow lane, but no indication of church, chapel or cemetery was to be seen.

Some workmen were repairing the rough road, and we asked one of them and he showed us a little gate quite close to us. Beyond it was a hedge, very unpretentious, that stretched a long way, high enough to hide all within its boundary.

We approached the narrow gate and were at once enchanted with the avenue that it opened into—enchanted with its *country-like* air; its perfect neatness; its cool, shady look without being at all sombre or oppressive. A few steps within the gate we saw the village church, and beside it a pretty parsonage.

The church door stood invitingly open, and we entered. The altar and the tabernacle were the prominent features; there was no distraction by way of ornament; the utmost simplicity and neatness prevailed. We would fain have lingered there, but our time was very limited indeed.

We passed down the shady avenue. Among low tombs, and flower-wreathed crosses, green mounds with simple headstones only, and a few rich but not gaudy tombs, we wandered for some time. There is nothing in that low-lying, violet-suggesting garden of the Lord to break the charm.

Strange to say, we consulted the epitaphs on some of the richer tombs first, though we might have known better. After some useless wandering about, always farther from the pretty church, we heard a bell ring, and saw a priest advancing in our direction. We ventured to approach, and ask his guidance.

"Just there!" He pointed to the corner of the church, and added smiling pleasantly: "That bell was for me, or I would accompany you myself." He bowed and hurried away, while we turned towards the sheltered nook, under the shadow of the church-wall.

Yes, close up to the church-wall, just room enough to walk between it and the low grave. You might pass that tomb a hundred times and not be attracted by it, and yet once seen, you would kneel to read the inscription on the polished red granite stone under which "waits, till the Resurrection," the body of dear Father Rawes.

The summit of the sloping sides of the sarcophagus is sculptured in the form of a Latin Cross.

"My Jesus, the Eternal
Son of the Father,
Orders all things wisely and well,
R. I. P."

was the inscription on the side of the stone nearest the church, while the reverse side bore the lines at the beginning of these pages.

There were no ornaments at all; no gaudy flowers. A few daisies were there that seemed to have sprung up of their own sweet will, and these we did not pluck, though strongly tempted to do so, for love of the sacred dust beneath the recumbent red granite cross.

II.

Kneeling there it was easy to remember our debt to Father Rawes. For eight years his sweet hymns and prayers had been in our hearts and on our lips. We had repeated them in many lands, and taught them to some whose lips had repeated them brokenly and with foreign accent.

Beneath an iron cross, in a cold schismatic country lies the dust of one who took from the writings of Father Rawes holy and beautiful lessons that helped for eternal life.

In the peaceful cemetery, facing the Basilica of Lourdes,

there is another grave, whose precious dust was the earthly envelope of one of the purest souls, the saintliest spirits that ever brightened this earth of ours.

She too loved to listen to the sweet English hymns, echoes from her own beloved land, from which she had been separated for more than half a century. Our last recollections of her beautiful life are forever linked with the Hymns of Father Rawes, which were part of our *Morning Offering* and our evening song of praise, as well as recreation in our walks to and from the Grotto, the Crypt, the Basilica, or Church of the Most Holy Rosary. I will not say that we did not repeat the "Hymn to the Mother of God" on the summit of the Calvary of Betharam one summer day.

How many repeat daily, even yet, in that Pyrenean home, in memory of others who were for one brief season gathered under their blessed roof, those sweet canticles. Though scattered far and wide now, that little band, in Russia, England, Italy, America —who shall say where?—those who still remain repeat the refrain of those melodies in tender tones; making of them a prayer for the absent, and a solemn remembrance of those happier ones, who, like Father Rawes himself, have now learned to sing the New Song in

> "That Sapphire City where I pray to be,
> The home of Jesus, where I long to be."

But I wander away from Mortlake Cemetery too soon. I must kneel again by that revered dust and think over the consolation and strength that came to me in many a dark hour through the teaching of him who had such surpassing love for Jesus and Mary, whose words, like living fire, sent a glow of ecstasy into hearts dulled, benumbed by the unfruitful cares of this world.

Père Didon says: "The words of Jesus Christ shine in the human soul like stars in a dark night." Something like this I would say, if I only knew how, of the prayers and hymns of the founder of the Confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost. But if my words are cold and dull, not so the heart, which fain would express its gratitude.

There was a day, perhaps more than one, when, opening the *Handbook*, or any book between whose leaves were hidden those leaflets that strew the path of happy Catholics in this free country, when coming upon such lines as these—

> "Thou stoopest in Thy deathless love *to me*,
> Thou fillest all the House of God *for me*,
> Thou crownest all the years with grace *for me*,"

discouragement, desolation, doubt, those gloomy intruders on lonely hearts, would be dispelled as if by magic. They were as a trumpet-call to invigorate and arouse the weary spirit.

I copy from a memorial card the last poem of Father Rawes written shortly before his death.

WHEN?

Say would'st thou be
Alone with Him Who calleth thee?
Or dost thou crave,
Within the shadow of the grave,
Kind faces of the loved to see?

Nay, have no care
When death may come to thee, or where,
If then God's arm
Be round thee as a shield from harm,
Beneath the hand that does not spare.

A pitying eye will watch thee
When thy death is nigh;
A Heart Divine
Will feel for every pang of thine,
In man's most perfect sympathy.

He will be near
Who trod for thee the pathway drear;
His kingly power
Will hearten thee in that dread hour
By love that casteth out all fear.

Jesus, to Thee,
Rejoicing in Thy kind decree,
We leave the end!
Thou, Thou wilt help us, dearest Friend,
In nature's last infirmity.
Jesus, Mercy! Mary, Help!

Quite close to the grave of Father Rawes we could not but notice a gleaming tent of pale grey-stone, a striking and beautiful object indeed! Above the door of the tent arose a tall white marble cross set in a crown of thorns. Against the closed door rested masses of crowns and garlands of rarest flowers, white roses and white and purple orchids mingled in superb wreaths. On one side a great wreath of laurels, tied with broad white ribbon, rested against the stone portal of the unfolded tent.

A line of golden stars and crescents ran along the cornice over the door, and above it arose a golden star.

Only to-day, June 15, 1891, the body of Sir Richard Francis Burton, K.C., M.C., F.R.G.S., was placed in this tent. A scroll above the door says: "This monument was erected to his memory by his living countrymen." Sir Richard died at Trieste, October 20, 1890; but the tomb was not ready until now.

We had barely time to kneel once more for an instant in the quiet church; to ask the blessing of the noble-looking pastor, who told us of Father Rawes that "he was his dear friend," and to ask his pardon for plucking a few tiny blades of grass from beside the red granite stone.

With his pardon and blessing we bade farewell to Mortlake, repeating in silence the closing stanzas of Father Rawes's hymn, "To Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament"—

. . . . . .

O sweetest Jesus, bring me home to Thee;
Free me, O dearest God, from all but Thee,
And break all chains that keep me back from Thee:
Call me, O thrilling Love, I follow Thee:
Thou art my All, and I love nought but Thee.

O hidden Love, who now art loving me;
O wounded Love, who once wast dead for me;
O sun-crowned Love, who art alive for me;
O patient Love, who weariest not of me—
Alone of all, Thou weariest not of me—
Oh, bear with me till I am lost in Thee;
Oh, bear with me till I am found in Thee.

I.

LOVE'S SOVEREIGNTY.

By John Joseph Mallon.

IMMORTAL solace for the sinless mind,
Blest visitant to Margaret, Sacred Heart!
Her soul reposed on Thine,—nor fame, nor art,
Could mould,—for one more pure Thou scarce could find;
Earth's hope and refuge Thou, Heart! self-consigned,
Thy rays beam bright, hence spectral shades depart,
And joy both human and divine impart;
Those rays that transfix souls with fetters bind.

Sweet shrine! thy cherished fane! thy sacred lair!
That place has imaged face and form of Thee,
Thy sons here chant their filial song and prayer,
And Sin's deep sorrowings, forlorn but free,
Thither with earnest longing, too, repair,
Till Love is victor and holds sovereignty.

II.

LOVE'S HARVEST.

'TIS time of garnered fruitfulness afield,
The laden baskets creak, and row on row
The sheathéd wheat stands in the Autumn glow;
Past labor, now, in gracious season's yield,
Is recked not, nor the swains' delight concealed,
Who pause and sing, or whistle as they go;
But what care they, when comes the frost and snow!—
The harvest store shall solace be and shield.

'Tis Autumn time: slow wanes the year around,
And fruitful brim the hearts of vital breath,
With Love's own fillets deeds of good are bound,
The harvest sheaves. . . . They twined no earthly wreath,
Whose toil was joy, since Love acceptance found,
For Love is life,—the life that brooks not death.

St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y.

THE BURSE AND THE HUMERAL VEIL.

By the Secretary of a Tabernacle Society.

BURSE.

BESIDES the sacred vestments necessary for the celebration of Solemn Mass, namely, the Chasuble, Dalmatic, Stole and Maniple, there are yet three which follow the color of the day and are therefore included in a complete set of vestments. These are the Burse, or Corporal Case, and the Chalice and Humeral Veils.

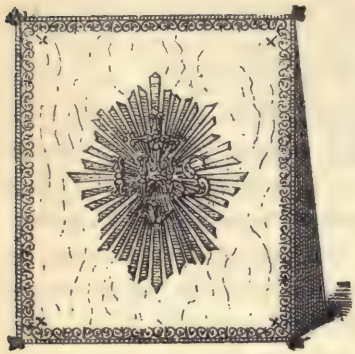
In all ecclesiastical antiquity we find no mention of the Burse; it dates only from the fourteenth century when the frequency of private Masses and the necessity of conveniently guarding the sacred linen from profane touch, probably gave occasion for its introduction.

The Burse, as may be seen from our initial cut, is a flat, firm pocket varying from nine to twelve inches square. A cross is usually worked on the upper side or the entire upper surface may be ornamented. The corners are sometimes finished with small tassels. The inner lining is of linen or of silk stretched firmly over card-board and sewed neatly to the upper and lower material.

In many of the handsome imported sets of vestments we find the interior of the Burse lined with heavy white paper which, though neat, does not seem very appropriate.

A gusset widening from one to three inches unites the sides of the Burse, or they may be joined by straps of braid. Often the sides are closed entirely, an opening being left only at the top

for the insertion of the Corporal and Pall, which when not in actual use are kept within the Burse.

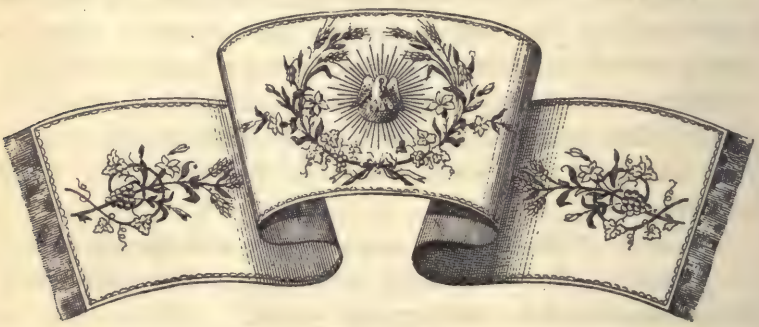


BURSE WITH TASSELS.

In former times the linen, called by ecclesiastical writers *Corporalis Palla*, was much larger than at present; it covered the entire altar and hung down at the sides, being extended by the deacons before the Offertory to receive the gifts of the people. Before the eleventh century a single large piece of linen was used; it was so shaped that a portion of it could be drawn over the Chalice immediately after the Oblation; hence the name of *Palla*, which signifies a cloak or covering.

Towards the end of the eleventh century, the size of the Corporal was diminished, and a second smaller linen was used to cover the Chalice and guard its contents from dust. This is the origin of the present Pall.

When robed for Mass the priest prepares the Chalice, placing over it the Purificator and the Paten which contains the

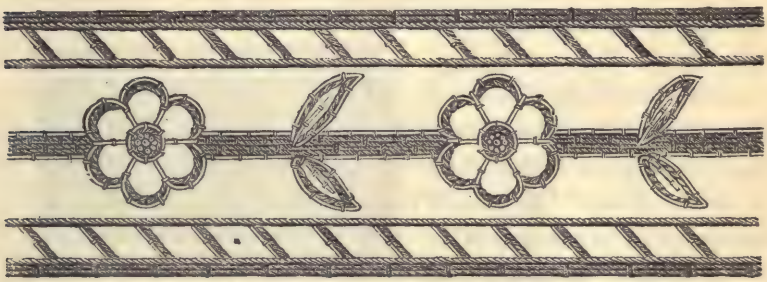


HUMERAL VEIL.

host to be consecrated; this he covers with the Pall and then with the Chalice Veil; on the Veil he places the Burse containing the

Corporal. The Rubric enjoins that the opening of the Burse shall be held towards him. When he reaches the Altar, he takes out the Corporal spreading it under the Chalice and places the Burse erect on the Gospel side.

At Solemn Mass, the ceremony by excellence of the Church, the Chalice veiled is placed on the credence-table at the epistle side of the altar, and remains there until the Offertory. Resting on the veiled Chalice is the Burse, and over all is the long scarf or Humeral Veil, so called because it is worn on the shoulders of the subdeacon later in the Mass. It hangs down on either side of the table, thus covering the Chalice entirely. After the Gospel the deacon spreads the Corporal for the Holy Sacrifice, and presents the Paten to the priest, who after offering the host, puts the



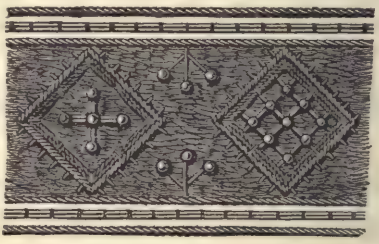
OPEN BORDER FOR HUMERAL VEIL.

Paten aside. The subdeacon having placed the Humeral Veil over his Tunic or Dalmatic, receives the Paten which he holds enveloped in the folds of one end of this silken scarf, before his face, until the *Pater Noster*.

In many churches it was the ancient custom for an acolyte to hold the Paten at High Mass and he, not being in Holy Orders, could not lawfully touch the sacred vessels with uncovered hands. Though this is thought by some to have been the origin of the introduction of this Veil, it seems more probable that it was always used in the sacred ceremonies and is indeed but a continuation of a mark of respect commanded by God Himself. We read in the Scripture that the Levites were only allowed to touch the sacred vessels after they had been wrapped in coverings.[1]

[1] Numbers, iv.

The old Sarum Rite makes frequent mention of the Offertory or Humeral Veil used in the various ceremonies of High Mass. In the early centuries of the Christian Church the host was broken and consecrated on the Paten, as we learn from the words of the Sacramentary of St. Gregory: "We consecrate and sanctify this Paten for confecting in it the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ." The Paten was then much larger than it is at present, as it held also all the bread to be consecrated for the Communion of the people. When this custom ceased and the consecration took place on the Corporal, in order that the Paten might not be in the celebrant's way, it was handed to the subdeacon who held it, veiled, at the foot of the altar, until it was needed again. This was plainly in connection with the duties of the subdeacon, whose office was to see to the bread of oblation. It is in remembrance of this ancient rite that this ceremony is observed to-day.



Border for Humeral Veil.

The Humeral Veil is a straight scarf about three yards long, varying in width from 20 to 36 inches. It should harmonize in every way with the sacrificial vestments; it should be lined with silk. The centre and ends may be ornamented with a sacred emblem, or with embroidery or painting. Ribbon strings are placed about a yard apart equally from the centre; these serve to hold the Veil in place.

The Humeral Veil is never used in the Solemn Mass of *Requiem;* it is worn for all processions of the Blessed Sacrament, and for removing It from one altar to another. Its use is strictly enjoined at Benediction when the priest, with both hands enveloped in its folds, takes the Monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament to give the solemn blessing. For this ceremony the Veil is always white and may be elaborately ornamented; the Burse, within which is folded the Corporal to be spread under the Monstrance for the solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, is also white and handsomely decorated.

In France, red—the symbol of charity—was wont to be used as the color for the Blessed Sacrament; for the same reason the Ambrosian Rite prescribed red for the Tabernacle Veil. A red Humeral Veil is used for the solemn benediction given with a relic of the True Cross, except in Holy Week, when purple is worn.

THE READER.

*

The MESSENGER has hitherto not admitted advertisements between its covers, mainly because of the additional labor entailed, though it has, on more than one occasion, been solicited to make known to its readers the various supply-houses where their manifold needs could be satisfied. Now, however, it sees an advantage in changing the resolution it has observed up to this time and, commencing with the issues of both the MESSENGER and *Little Messenger* for January of the coming year, it will accept advertisements.

* *

The advantage the MESSENGER sees in advertising is in part for itself, but in greater part for its readers and for the advertisers. Inquiring correspondents are continually writing to the MESSENGER office asking where this or that book, this or that statue, this or that painting, this or that hymn, this or that medal can be obtained; where there is a suitable college for a grown-up son, or a preparatory school for a boy, "who is delicate and needs special care—money no object," or an academy for a daughter, who "wishes a special course in music and languages." Church pews and organs, and school furniture, and other kindred objects are asked about. It has always been and will be a pleasure to answer

any inquiries, but the pleasure in many cases was marred by being obliged to give meagre information in reply simply because of our ignorance. The advantage, then, to ourselves will be the saving of much useful time, while the "*Messenger Advertiser*" by supplying satisfactory information will be of incalculable advantage to readers and correspondents. Advertisers will see at a glance the advantage to themselves.

* * *

But what we wish for especially is to make known *all* our Catholic Colleges and Academies. Had the *Reader* been told some years ago that our Catholic people did not know where are our institutions of education, notwithstanding their number, he would not have believed it, but he knows differently now from practical personal experience. By accepting advertisements the MESSENGER can make itself the medium of mutual benefit and information to the colleges and their patrons, and its very wide circulation among the various classes in the different sections of the country will render the "*Messenger Advertiser*" an invaluable directory that is not merely local. The advertisement need not necessarily be large to attract due notice: a brief statement can be made effective by giving pointed and direct information. However, the *Reader's* experience prompts him to advise that, where colleges and academies have "specialties," these should be mentioned. Secular colleges and academies occupy a large space in the advertising columns of the various magazines: this would seem to indicate the value of making themselves known outside of local limits. Cannot our Catholic colleges and academies learn a profitable lesson from this? The *Reader* would like to see every Catholic college and academy in the "*Messenger Advertiser*."

* * * *

In connection with the first article in this number on the "Helpers of the Holy Souls" it may be gratifying information to many to know that an association of Honorary Members exists in this country. From a leaflet before us we take this extract:

"With the consent of the Very Rev. Mother-General of the Society, an Association of Honorary Members of the Helpers of the Holy Souls was formed during the lifetime and with the permission of His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey.

"This Association continues with the cordial approbation of His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, D.D., and it is hoped that through its means a Foundation of a Convent of Helpers may be made in our midst.

"There are over eight thousand Honorary Members of all classes inscribed on the Register, and all Catholics are invited to join its ranks, and thus become participators in this truly holy work for the benefit of the Poor Souls.

"Names for enrolment and offerings for the Helpers of the Holy Souls may be sent to

"Miss ADELE LE BRUN, Sec'y and Treas.,
"Assoc'n of Hon. Mems. of H. H. S.,
"245 West 23d St., New York.

"Rt. Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V.G.,
Spiritual Director."

* * * * *

Benziger Brothers, New York, have just issued another volume of the Manuals of Catholic Philosophy, published by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, at Stonyhurst, England. This volume treats of Natural Theology. We commend this book to our serious readers who wish to see in clear and forcible English the proofs of the Existence of God, the meaning of the Divine Attributes and how they differ the one from the other, and what is the Action of God upon this World. This last part particularly—God's Providence—not only teaches, but it teaches in a way that satisfies the mind and heart. *The Schism of the West, and The Freedom of Papal Elections,* by the Rev. Dr. Brann, rector of St. Agnes' Church, New York, issued by the same publishers, is a scholarly pamphlet on an interesting historical subject. The *Reader* would give this advice to a friend: Take this pamphlet to some quiet corner where you can be undisturbed and then read it from cover to cover.

* * * * * *

We are glad the London *Month* has reprinted in pamphlet form its article of September, "Among the Otchipwes," by Father Edward J. Devine, S.J., of the Central Direction of the League in Canada. The title would not lead one to suspect that there is so much entertainment and instruction as Father Devine's sprightly and observant pen gives in the short space of fifteen pages.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR NOVEMBER, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

THE INDO-CHINESE MISSIONS.

THE most easterly of the three great peninsulas of southern Asia is called Indo-China. A more general name, however, for all the territory between the Bay of Bengal and the China Sea, is Farther India. Its whole extent from north to south is somewhat more than 2000 miles, and its greatest breadth, east and west, is 1200 miles; whilst in some parts of Lower Siam and the Malay peninsula it scarcely averages 100 miles. The population is computed to be about 35,000,000.

I.

The name Indo-China implies that in this land of which we are to treat there is something of India and something of China. What that something is may best be estimated by recounting the chief political divisions of Farther India. They are: the British possessions in the North, Burmah, Siam, the country of the Laos, in the interior, and, to the extreme East, the Empire of Annam, as it is called, comprising Tong-King and Cochin-China. Of the people who inhabit these lands it may be said that their customs, the style of their architecture and their Buddhism show a relationship between them and the inhabitants of the eastern mainland and the centre of Asia. But they are plainly of races widely different from the people of Hindostan and bear a closer resemblance to the Chinese. Moreover, all the States of the whole peninsula, excepting Burmah and the British possessions, have, at one time or another, acknowledged themselves to be more or less tributary to the Chinese Empire. It may, therefore, be said that

they are—pardon the words—topographically Indian and ethnologically Chinese.

In fertility of soil, mineral resources, plants, spices, precious woods, variety of animals and game, Indo-China has much to attract the cupidity of the trader. Accordingly, the daring Portuguese navigators of the fifteenth century made their way into that land and gathered much commercial gain from their enterprise. But the people were buried in the darkness of paganism and the gloom seemed almost too thick for the light of Christianity to pierce through. However, a heroic Jesuit missionary, Father Francis Buzomi, ventured, in 1615, to enter this benighted region and to plant the standard of Jesus Christ upon its soil. He was realizing what the great Francis Xavier so much longed for, and towards which tending he gave up his great soul on the island of San-Chan. Father Buzomi, it is true, did not enter the Chinese Empire, but as Annam was its tributary and its people of the Chinese race, he was working his way unto the completion of the great missionary's hope. He was received, at first, with every mark of confidence and kindness, but the jealousy of the pagan priests was not slow in stirring up hostility against him. One man of great influence, however, took him under his special protection. This was the governor of Pulo-Cambi. One instance of his kindness is thus related by the companion of Father Buzomi: "Turning to us, the governor desired that we would determine a place for a church, that he might give orders for setting it up. We showed him a place and he, approving of it, went away to his palace. Before three days were over, news was brought us that the church was coming. We went out with great joy, and no less curiosity, to see how a church should *come*." The fact was that the materials had all been prepared, bases, pillars, capitals, beams, planks, and so forth. A thousand men, headed by an architect, carried them to the selected spot and there, working with order and earnestness, they actually put up the whole structure in one day. From such an opening as this a rich harvest of souls might have been looked for. Yet strange to say, there has not been a country of the whole world where persecution has been so bar-

barous, so relentless, so continuous, as in this very one in which the preaching of the Gospel began under such favorable auspices.

II.

Tong-King and Cochin-China are names closely identified with savage onslaughts upon Christianity. The spirit of persecution has been in them like a ruinous volcano, sometimes dormant, as if to gather new strength, and anon bursting forth in fitful violence and pouring its destructive lava with the vehemence of an irresistible torrent. The result of this is that the missionaries and Christians live in the greatest insecurity, not knowing at what moment there may be a new and sudden outbreak more disastrous than the preceding one. And thus it has been from the beginning, even to our own day. In 1852 one of the Fathers writes: "A price is set upon the head of every missionary, and when one is found he is put to death instantly." One manner of execution was to have them beaten to death slowly. Sometimes they were tied together and thrown into the river. Others were trampled to death by elephants: or cast into vile dungeons where their flesh was torn piecemeal with hot pincers. They were shut up in cages, branded with hot irons, lashed and scourged until the flesh was stripped from the bone, compelled to kneel on a plank studded with sharp nails. And from all these atrocities they were offered release on one condition; viz., trampling on the Cross of Christ!

It would be impossible to give here a detailed account of the various sieges of persecution, or even to make any comparison as to their degrees of violence. The history of the missions of Indo-China presents the ghastly record of almost continuous or, at least, little-interrupted savagery of the minions of the devil towards the soldiers and servants of Jesus Christ. Listen to what Father Venard writes from his hiding place, in 1860. "Here we are, three missionaries, lying side by side, day and night, in a space of about a yard and a half square, our only light and air coming through a few holes, about the size of the little finger, made in the mud wall. If the dog barks or a stranger passes, we must be ready to go down into a cellar hollowed out beneath. Oh, the

painfulness and weariness of such a situation! To be always shut up, between two walls, with spiders and rats and toads as our companions, and then to hear continually of the torture and death of our brother priests, of the destruction of our missions, of the exile of our pupils and, worse yet, of the failure of some under torture! It is only a special grace that keeps us from utter discouragement and despair. We are like poor plants in cellars stretching out their rank, sickly stalks towards the light and air. When I put my mouth close to the door which guards our retreat, I own that I have sometimes a feeling of envy towards those who are free to enjoy God's fresh air and sunlight."

III.

Associates of the Holy League it is for such heroic brethren you are invited to pray. With your prayers go up the merits and pleading of the many martyrs who won their crowns in that land where the blood of Christians is still the seed of Christianity. In the persecution of May and June 1862, in central Tong-King alone, no less than 16,000 died for the faith, among them being three bishops and thirty-six priests. One splendid evidence of Christian heroism in this persecution is worthy of special mention. A man of thirty-five years of age, after having undergone many sufferings in prison, was branded across the face with the words: "false religion of Jesus." He resented this great indignity to his religion and, not being able to prevent the branding, he prevailed on a fellow-prisoner for the faith to cut out of his flesh all the words, except the Holy Name of Jesus! That remained as the badge of his triumph.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: and in particular for the self-sacrificing missionaries and brave Christians of Indo-China. *Amen.*

A CORRECTION AND CAUTION.

ONE of our esteemed Catholic weeklies, which has had many a sterling article in its pages in the cause of truth, published last month a laudatory notice of the Holy League and encouraged enrolment in it. So far so good, and we are grateful for its commendatory words; but when the writer attempted to explain the conditions of membership and the duties of the Associates, the attempt was a sad and pitiable failure. We say sad and pitiable, because it was evident the writer was prompted by the best of motives, and because many, to their own detriment, may possibly be misled, and perhaps the writer himself is unconsciously losing the benefits of the League. Here is what was said:

"All that is required of persons wishing to join the League of the Sacred Heart is to give their names to a promoter or any of the clergy. The duties are but two in number. First, to recite daily, in honor of the Sacred Heart, the Our Father, the Hail Mary and the Apostles' Creed, together with a small ejaculation to the Sacred Heart; second, to pass one hour before the Blessed Sacrament on any one day of the year selected by the member on joining the association, that hour to be spent in prayer in reparation to the Sacred Heart for the sins of the world. These duties do not bind otherwise than under forfeiture of the indulgences."

This is all wrong. Not one single sentence is correct. To be an Associate of the League it is *not* "enough to give one's name to a Promoter or any of the clergy." For membership in the League two conditions must be complied with: 1°. A *Certificate of Admission* must be received, and not any kind of Certificate of Admission, but one which has been issued by the Head Director, who alone has the authority to print it. 2°. Each Associate must have his name entered on the *Register of a Local Centre*. A Local Centre is a parish or community which has been canonically aggregated by a diploma signed by the Head Director.

The priest in charge of a Local Centre is the Local Director, and he alone and the Promoters regularly appointed in connection with a Local Centre have authority to enrol in the League.

These two conditions are *absolutely* essential for valid membership in the League.

Again, the duties of the League are not *two*, but *one:* this is the *daily practice of the Morning Offering.* Article IV. of the Statutes says: "To gain the Indulgences granted to the Apostleship of Prayer, the Associates must add to their morning prayers, which they will by no means omit, an offering of the prayers, work, and sufferings of the present day for the intentions with which our Lord Jesus Christ offers Himself in the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar." This Morning Offering is the *sole necessary condition* to enable the Associates to share in the great spiritual treasures of the League. It is this daily morning consecration of prayers, work, and sufferings which makes the League what it is—a *praying* Association, an Apostleship of Prayer. And it is fidelity to this Morning Offering that entitles the Associates to a daily share in the prayers of all the Associates, now numbering twenty millions. Without this "mutual prayer" the League might be an Association, but it would not be the League of the Sacred Heart. To pray for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart and for the Intentions of the Associates is an *essential* feature of the League.

But the League has *Three Degrees* of practice.

Besides the Morning Offering, which is the 1st Degree and must be practised by all, the Associates may undertake the additional practice of a *Daily Decade of the Beads,* which forms the 2d Degree, or the practice of a monthly or weekly Communion of Reparation, which constitutes the 3d Degree.

The 2d and 3d Degrees are optional, but the practice of either or both presupposes the daily Morning Offering.

The daily recital of an *Our Father, Hail Mary,* and the *Apostles' Creed,* with the ejaculation "Sweet Heart of my Jesus, make me ever love Thee more and more," is the duty of members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart, which is distinct from the Holy League and totally independent of it.

"To pass one hour before the Blessed Sacrament on any one day of the year selected by the member" is a duty neither of the Holy League nor of the Confraternity.

It is against this confusion of ideas concerning the League—its "mixing up" with other associations as one of our Bishops once termed it—that we have been striving, lo! these many years. Where the official *Handbook* and the MESSENGER—the League's official mouth-piece—circulate, this confusion soon changes into clearness.

In connection with the above remarks, we have to call attention to a section of the official letter written by the Director General of the League of the Sacred Heart to the Head Director of the United States concerning the printing and publication of *leaflets* relating to the League of the Sacred Heart. The Director General says:

. . . . . .

"We approve all your publications, whether periodical or not (*Handbook, pamphlets,* LEAFLETS, &c.), as expressing the true spirit of our Holy League, and we earnestly desire that they should be placed in the hands of all our dear Associates of the United States.

"It is well also that it should be everywhere known that *you alone* have right and mission, for the English-speaking Catholics of the United States:

"1°. To publish either the periodical organs of the work or the *Handbook* and LEAFLETS, and in particular the *Certificates of Admission* which every Associate should receive. This power, indeed, is reserved by the Director General—in virtue of the powers given him by the Statutes of the work and the Pontifical Briefs—*exclusively* to the Head Directors who take his place in each country.

"From the publication, made without lawful right, of Certificates of Admission and other LEAFLETS bearing the name of our work, the result has been, in the United States, that numbers of such Certificates and leaflets have been spread, containing grave errors and inaccuracies, confounding works altogether distinct and separate—such as, on the one side, our Holy League, and on the other, the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart or the Living Rosary, &c.

"2°. To you *alone* it belongs—for the English-speaking

Catholics of the United States—where there is no Diocesan Director *instituted by ourselves*, to sign the Diplomas of aggregation for parishes or communities, and the Diplomas of Local Directors and Promoters. Even where there exists a Diocesan Director instituted by us, it is from you *alone* that this Diocesan Director should obtain his Diplomas of aggregation, of Local Directors and Promoters, as well as the Certificates of Admission, which he is not allowed to print of himself.

"As to those parishes which have, as their only title of aggregation, a Diploma sold by some bookseller with the stereotyped signature of the Director General, they can not lay claim to an aggregation which is evidently *null and void;* and in such cases there is for the faithful a loss of Indulgences to be regretted in the extreme. It is the same for the Promoters who have not Diplomas signed by your Reverence or by the legitimate Diocesan Director."

. . . . . .

The Head Director has authorized no one to print *leaflets, blanks*, etc. Nor could he authorize any one even if he would, for the simple reason that he has no authority to delegate his "right and mission to publish League matter."

THE LEAGUE AND TEMPERANCE.

"The Heroic Offering."

"THE HEROIC OFFERING" is proposed only to those who have been free from the danger of intemperance. Chosen souls they must be that will take upon themselves this work of expiation, to make reparation and atonement for the multiplied sins of intemperance that daily provoke God's wrath.

The Heroic Offering is as follows:

"For Thy greater glory and consolation, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, for Thy sake, to give good example, to practise self-denial, to make reparation for the sins of intemperance and for the conversion of excessive drinkers, I will abstain for life, from all spirituous drinks."

This Offering is for the greater glory of God since it is a work of Christian mortification tending directly to appease God's anger and to obtain the conversion of sinners. It will console the Sacred Heart of Jesus so deeply wounded by the manifold sins of intemperance daily committed.

It is a work of reparation, of atonement for sin, a Christian practice of the virtue contrary to the sin which it atones for. If we believe that sin wounds the Heart of Jesus, that mortal sin renews the Crucifixion of Christ, we shall be eager to atone for these sins when the means of atonement is pointed out to us. The Heroic Offering is one of these means, deriving its power from its union of self-denial with the perpetual Sacrifice of our altars, the perfect reparation daily renewed by the Eternal High Priest, Jesus Christ.

But besides, the zeal manifested for the glory of God and the consolation given the Sacred Heart by those who make this Offering, charity for our neighbor is not forgotten. Precept and counsel have due force, but the power of example moves far more strongly. Many of our Associates might doubtless number among their acquaintance, and, perhaps, among their kinsfolk some who are victims of intemperance. These persons have been spoken to again and again, they have been warned of the evils that are certain to follow from their present course, good advice has been freely given them and yet little good has resulted. What was wanting? Was the good advice enforced by good example? Did they see that what they were counselled to do could be done? Did the conduct of their friends convince them that the interest taken in them was real and sincere?

Ah, but if those who are sinning by intemperance are nearer and dearer to us than mere acquaintance or distant kinsfolk will not the claims of this Offering appeal to us with redoubled force? Pained at the grief the sins of these loved ones cause the Sacred Heart we shall be only too willing to offer this sacrifice that we may assuage this sorrow. And if we remember that we can gain great graces for our loved ones, by this continued act of self-denial, we shall gladly make the Heroic Offering and keep it.

HOW TO TRAIN CHILDREN.

FATHER VICTOR ALET, S.J., one of the Sacred Heart's most devoted Promoters, who has just gone to receive, as we hope, his reward for a long life of laborious zeal,[1] leaves behind him these few words on the training of children:

To speak practically: What ought we to aim at in all that we do for them?

1. A solid knowledge of their faith and of their duties, as far as their age permits.

2. The formation of their conscience, by familiarity with the example of the Infant Jesus. No little child finds this hard.

3. The habit of praying, and praying from the heart, sweetly and gently taught.

4. The habit also of confessing often, regularly, and willingly to a priest who takes a real interest in his little penitents.

5. The preparation, which grows gradually more earnest as the time approaches, for the First Communion, so that the thought of it, and desire of it, take possession of the child's mind and heart.

6. And, in order to attain all this the better, to form the little people into a small Sodality of the Holy Angels or of St. Aloysius.

After the First Communion, the work becomes more serious. Therefore,

7. When the First Communion has been made, to *take all care* that the second is not put off too long. Nothing in the world is more fatal than neglect on this point: for thus is too often lost

[1] He died in the middle of the Lenten Sermons which he was preaching this year in Paris. His funeral at Saint Sulpice was a touching manifestation of the love and veneration of the people. Father Alet twice filled the office of Central Director of the Apostleship. His last words were: *All for the Sacred Heart, all with the Sacred Heart, all by the Sacred Heart!*

the *most favorable moment of life* to fix in the heart the piety and personal affection, which *makes religion a pleasure* for ever after. It is by frequent Communion that this gift is obtained.

8. At this tender age, when our Divine Lord is permitted to enter into a child's heart, now innocent or purified, He is able to *establish* the reign of His grace in the inclinations and feelings of the child. It is only the *Bread of Angels*, the *Bread of the strong*, the *Bread of life*, which can work this transformation in the heart, namely, *Frequent Communion.*

Can we expect such a change from Communions seldom or irregularly made? Assuredly not. We may judge of this, as the Church distinctly teaches us to do,[3] by the effect of bodily food. Communions made only four or five times a year have only a passing effect, notwithstanding all the virtue of this divine food.

How well I know, how often I have heard, the objections, which some propose against this doctrine. They say, the children will grow accustomed to the Holy Communion, and make no effort to prepare themselves.

I answer, that where this danger may arise, it becomes necessary, no doubt, for the confessor to watch over it; and experience proves that his zeal easily succeeds in planting *the desire*, which makes the whole difference in the child.

At this age, it is commonly true, that frequent Communion is the only safeguard of innocence, the only remedy of the injury which innocence may have already suffered, the only means of mastering the concupiscences which are beginning to develop in the heart.

Alas, enough is not thought of *what Jesus Himself can and will do*, when He is admitted into the soul. There is much fear of too great familiarity; there is not enough fear of strangerhood and neglect.

[3] *Ad Parochos*, pars ii. cap. iv. n. 60.

THE PAPAL BENEDICTION.

MANY of our Directors, who have instituted the Apostleship of Study in the school, find themselves called upon occasionally to exercise their powers of imparting the Papal Benediction.

Not a few among them complain that the formula is extremely long, burdensome for the priest, tedious for the audience. This was undeniable; but there was nothing in the *Acta Sanctæ Sedis* to authorize an alteration of the rubric. What could we do?

It is now, however, authentically declared that, for a reasonable motive (for example, lest the ceremony should be unduly prolonged, or because the Rescript has been often read before), it is lawful to omit reading the document by which the powers are granted.

It is, however, expedient that the announcement should be made, that the Benediction is given *by virtue of powers expressly granted by the Holy See.*[1]

It may be worth while here to recall the privilege that a Plenary Indulgence and the Papal Benediction may be gained at the hour of death by a scholar who has received even only one of the Decorations.

This privilege differs from the one granted by the Sixth (the highest) Decoration, which is conferred only when the pupil has finished his school course. A scholar who receives the Sixth Decoration is entitled to a Plenary Indulgence and the Papal Benediction both on the day of its reception and at the hour of death—a privilege which extends also to his parents, brothers and sisters.

The faculty of imparting the Papal Benediction and applying the Plenary Indulgence, besides being conferred on Local Directors, is conferred likewise on the scholar's confessor.

The Decorations conferred on pupils, who have merited them in the judgment of the Council with the ratification of the Local Director, are those authorized by the Head Director.

[1] Beringer, S.J. *Les Indulgences, leur Nature et leur Usage*, 1890. Paris: Lethielleux, tome ii. p. 424. Edition approved and declared authentic by a Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (September 12 to October 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Brooklyn, New York: St. Charles Borromeo's Church, and Visitation B. V. M. School (Sisters of St. Joseph), Brooklyn.

Buffalo, New York: St. John Baptist's Church, Lockport; Annunciation School (Sisters of St. Mary), Buffalo.

Cincinnati, Ohio: Church of the Atonement, Cincinnati; Convent of Mercy, Hamilton.

Cleveland, Ohio: St. Ann's School (Ursuline Sisters), Brier Hill.

Davenport, Iowa: St. Patrick's Church, Burlington; St. Joseph's Convent (Sisters of Humility B. V. M.), Ottumwa.

Dubuque, Iowa: Presentation Convent, Farley.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: St. Mary's Church, South Kaukauna; St. Nicholas' Church, Sagole.

Kansas City, Missouri: Convent of the Good Shepherd, Kansas City.

Leavenworth, Kansas: Assumption B. V. M. Church, Topeka.

Nesqually, Washington: Visitation Convent, Tacoma.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Agnes' Church, Paterson.

New York, New York: Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Church of the Holy Innocents, St. Rose's Church, and St. Mary's Academy (Sisters of Charity), New York; Church of St. Rose of Lima, West New Brighton; St. Matthew's Church, Hastings.

Oregon, Oregon: Church of St. Francis of Assisi, East

Portland; Mount Angel College (Benedictine Fathers), Mt. Angel.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: St. Vincent's Church (Lazarist Fathers), Germantown.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: St. Joseph's Church, Derry; St. Martin's Church, New Derry; St. Vincent's Church, Beatty.

Richmond, Virginia: Assumption B. V. M. Church, Keyser (West Virginia).

St. Joseph, Missouri: St. Mary's Orphan Asylum (Sisters of St. Joseph), St. Joseph.

Syracuse, New York: St. John's Church, Utica.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

The good works that are to be marked on the Treasury blanks are those that have been offered *expressly* for the Intentions of the League. Only works that have been done or seriously promised are to be marked. This express offering of good works is a very great help to the development of the apostolic spirit that should animate all Associates of the Holy League since they love the Sacred Heart and are desirous of consoling and comforting the best of Friends Whose love is met by so much ingratitude. The little Treasury blank is a silent reminder that love is shown by deeds. The Indulgence granted for each good work done for the Intentions of the League is applicable to the souls in Purgatory. This thought should make us especially zealous to increase the number of our good works during this month of the Holy Souls.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from September 12 to October 12, 1891.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	274,504	11. Masses Heard	118,335
2. Beads	226,930	12. Mortifications	272,901
3. Stations of the Cross .	28,750	13. Works of Charity . .	95,784
4. Holy Communions . .	52,323	14. Works of Zeal	231,333
5. Spiritual Communions .	221,909	15. Prayers	5,783,782
6. Examens of Conscience	118,725	16. Charitable Conversation	38,032
7. Hours of Labor	920,640	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	39,565
8. Hours of Silence . . .	502,797	18. Self-Conquest	96,252
9. Pious Reading	60,272	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	140,970
10. Masses Celebrated . .	1,298	20. Various Good Works .	464,738
Total			9,689,850

The above returns represent five hundred and ninety-seven Centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 100,873.

——*And they called upon the Lord Who is merciful . . . and the Holy Lord God quickly heard their voice* (Ecclesiasticus, xlviii. 22).——

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, SEPTEMBER 12.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return of my father to the Church. I have been sending intentions for him since last November and promised to return thanks through the MESSENGER. My father received the Sacraments last month for the first time in *forty years*. Will all those who read this please help me to thank the Sacred Heart?

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 12.—On Friday evening my sister and I asked the Sacred Heart to send us some money which we had loaned a year ago and of which we were now in need. On Saturday afternoon the person to whom it had been loaned, of whom nothing had been heard during the year, called upon us and paid us a large portion of the money: the rest of it was paid the following week. Thanks, too, for unexpected employment speedily obtained in answer to prayer.

ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY, SEPTEMBER 13.—Grateful thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the restoration of my mother's health. Since she was recommended to the League, her improvement has been wonderful.

TROY, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14.—Work was very slack in a laundry in which a large number of girls is employed. A

Promoter suggested a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and promised, should it bring better work, to acknowledge the favor in the MESSENGER. Before the novena ended, there was a rush of orders, and full time once more, and there has been no "slack" since. A woman who for *forty years* ignored her duties as a Catholic, only saying a daily prayer to our Blessed Mother, went to confession and received Communion at Easter. A negligent father and mother attended a mission and complied with the obligations necessary for obtaining all of its spiritual benefits. These cases had all been "put in the basket," as the League lore has it, and all of their blessing is gratefully attributed to the unfailing goodness and mercy of the Sacred Heart.

——, KENTUCKY, SEPTEMBER 15.—The prayers of the League were asked for means to free a church from debts contracted seven years ago. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, our church is out of debt now.

ATCHISON, KANSAS, SEPTEMBER 16.—A young man not a Christian and unwilling to meet a priest was dying. Thanks to the mercy of the Sacred Heart, when the priest called a second time the young man asked to see him, was baptized, received Extreme Unction and the Viaticum and died happily.

TROY, SEPTEMBER 17.—I wish to express my thanks to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin for the very singular deliverance of a child from spasms. When medical attendance had failed to afford help a prayer to the Sacred Heart and the application of a medal of our Lady suddenly and completely relieved the child.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SEPTEMBER 18.—Grateful thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the reformation of a husband who was addicted to drink. Thanks also for employment obtained by two men who had been idle a long time, both intentions were recommended twice to the League, according to promise I publish my thanks in the MESSENGER.

POMFRET, MARYLAND, SEPTEMBER 19.—I desire, in fulfilment of my promise, to return thanks through the MESSENGER to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and His Immaculate Mother for the

recovery of my son who had been severely injured. His physicians thought that his injuries would prove fatal. A League Badge was placed upon his breast, and the last Sacraments administered. He improved rapidly and is now nearly restored. I beg each of the MESSENGER readers to make an act of thanksgiving for me.

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA, SEPTEMBER 21.—My father purchased a piece of land and paid nearly one hundred dollars on account for it, he had been trying for almost eight years to get the deeds of the property but could not obtain them and we were daily expecting that our home would be taken from us. During the month of June, I abstained from meat for three weeks in honor of the Sacred Heart and promised a thanksgiving in the MESSENGER if this favor were granted us. Last month my father received the deed, thanks to the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, SEPTEMBER 22.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the conversion to the faith of a man who was so prejudiced against our holy religion that his case seemed hopeless. Through the prayers of the League, grace finally triumphed. He was received into the Church on his deathbed, and died happily, fortified by all the rites of the Church.

PUEBLO, COLORADO, SEPTEMBER 22.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the gradual, but steady and marked improvement in my health, following an illness from two hæmorrhages of the lungs in the spring of 1890. Also for the manifold kindness of friends during and since that time, and for a situation most opportunely found in a strange city; all these temporal blessings I attribute, with an abiding conviction, to the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart and Blessed Margaret Mary for the cure of my brother, who for three years suffered from a very painful disease. Last October, a Promoter gave him a relic of Blessed Margaret Mary to wear, and has sent this intention to the League each month, promising a thanksgiving if the favor were granted. He is entirely cured and in thanksgiving will have a Mass offered for the intentions of the Sacred Heart every month for one year.

FORT RANDALL, SOUTH DAKOTA, SEPTEMBER 24.—I wish to make a special thanksgiving for a temporal favor which I almost despaired of obtaining. I promised to acknowledge my obligation in the MESSENGER and show my gratitude openly.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 25.—Thank the Sacred Heart for the wonderful conversion of an uncle who at the age of *eighty-five years* made his peace with God. From early youth when his parents died until recently he had practised no religion. Many petitions were make for him and many Rosaries and Communions offered in thanksgiving for the relief of the Holy Souls. Thanks also for two very special temporal favors obtained through the intercession of dear St. Joseph, "Friend of the Sacred Heart."

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 26.—I had been out of employment for eight months; encouraged by the many favors granted by the Sacred Heart, I recommended my intention to the prayers of the League, and promised St. Joseph that if he would obtain from the Sacred Heart a position for me I would have it mentioned in the MESSENGER. I succeeded in securing a lucrative position, which I had heard of before, and had prayed that I might obtain.

DANBURY, CONNECTICUT, SEPTEMBER 28.—A Promoter returns thanks for speedy relief from severe pain. The favor was granted as soon as the promise to give public thanks in the MESSENGER had been made. A similar favor was granted to another Associate.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29.—I was taken sick on the Saturday before the First Friday of this month and the illness seemed so to baffle the efforts of the doctor, as to cause those around me almost to despair of my recovery. Yet, one of my friends who trusts devotedly in the Sacred Heart, and had already begun the novena preparatory to the First Friday, assured me that on that day the Sacred Heart would cure me.

He desired me to promise in case of recovery that I would offer a Communion and a novena of thanksgiving, and acknowledge, through the MESSENGER, the goodness of the Sacred Heart. I made the promises, and thanks to the most loving Heart of our

Lord, I am now in perfect health. The last trace of the illness disappeared shortly after midnight of the First Friday.

——, California, October 4.—I desire to return my most heartfelt thanks for a favor received through the Sacred Heart: it was the successful removal of a cancer.

Virginia City, Nevada, October 7.—A worthy Catholic man who had been given but ten or twelve hours to live by several eminent doctors, and had no earthly hope of release from a terrible disease was restored to health six hours after he was enrolled in the Holy League. Three of his relatives vowed to perform certain pious works in honor of the Sacred Heart and our Local Director asked the favor, promising if it were granted to give thanks through the Messenger.

Scranton, Pennsylvania, October 12.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for my recovery from a disease, the cure of which was considered hopeless.

Various Centres.—Thanksgivings are offered to the Sacred Heart.—For permission granted to establish the League in our schools and in the parish.—For the conversion of a brother who had been two years away from the Sacraments.—For employment obtained in unexpected ways.—For the payment of a debt due several years and looked upon as hopeless.—For the conversion of a young man and a young woman to the true faith. For the return of one to the Sacraments which had been long neglected.—For a great spiritual favor bringing peace of mind and a clear conscience.—For the conversion of my brother who for *twelve years* neglected all religious duties. His only prayer said at times was "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, may I die a happy death." He received the Sacraments several times during the three last months of his life.—For the recovery of my mother who was seriously ill. Immediate improvement followed on my promise to publish my thanks in the Messenger.—For the cure of a baby in danger of death: a League Badge was placed upon it.—For the return of a man to the practice of religious duties, which he had neglected *forty-five years*.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

(Design from the Studio of Gagliardi.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VI (XXVI). DECEMBER, 1891. No. 12

MARY IMMACULATE.

PURE as the crystal bright,
Pure as the Seraph's light,
Mary was ever.
Stained by a shade of sin,
Even where lives begin,
Never! no, never!

The Spouse of th' Anointed Son—
God's own Church, true and one—
Said in her might:
Semper purissima,
Semper castissima,
Heaven's delight!

She has our Ransom borne;
She, by our passions torn,
Stood by the Cross.
Now, 'midst the flaming Thrones,
Stands she, with sweetest tones,
Praying for us.

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THE PROPHET OF CHRISTMAS.

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST."

CHILDREN are never out of place at Christmas time. They grace its gayest festival, and sweeten its homeliest story. Their innocent faces are never so engaging as when lit up by the beauty of the Babe in the Crib, or moved to wonder at the marvels of His Birth.

We need not be surprised then that the Great Prophet Isaias should have had a child with him when uttering his signal Christmas prophecy. We should rather admire the fitness of the companion whose person was an image and whose name,—pleasanter to us in meaning than in sound,—was a reminder of the subject of that prophecy. The child was his son Jasub, or Shear Jasub, and he was so named to mean, *the remnant shall be saved.*

Isaias went abroad that day with full instructions from above. His road and company and mission were all appointed. *Go forth to meet Achaz,* the Lord had said to him, *thou and Jasub thy son that is left, at the end of the conduit of the upper pool, in the way of the Fuller's field.*[1] The fullers had a bleaching ground

[1] Isaias, vii. 3.

THE PROPHET ISAIAS.
(Bartolommeo.)

near what is now called Birket-el-Mamillah, the open reservoir or water-supply west-north-west of the city.

What was King Achaz doing there? Driving in his chariot, perhaps, for pleasure on that broad road which led from Joppa gate close to his palace? Or mounting the wall to look towards Olivet and revel in the glories of his royal city? No, he was too preoccupied that day for pleasure or self-complacency. The more his eye might gladden in the gay walls of the palace and vast courts of the Temple, the more his spirits drooped under the cares of protecting palace and Temple, city and throne, from the wrath of Rasin, King of Syria, and of Phacee, son of Romelia.

The King has grave reasons for tarrying about Fuller's Field. That pool below there is the only water-supply for the citadel; it stands in the easiest approach to the city, and the walls are weak at that very point: houses must be broken down to fortify the wall, and a ditch dug between the walls to draw the water from the exposed reservoir.[2] It is high time for this solicitude, when Rasin has carried off to Damascus huge spoil from every Judæan city; when Phacee of Israel has slain one hundred and twenty thousand Jews, and now both kings have conspired to besiege and sack Jerusalem, rob Achaz of his throne and put the son of Tabeel reigning in his stead.

A graver problem than the material fortifications drew Achaz from his court that morning. He had resolved to keep his kingdom without the help of God. The impious king had sown an idolatrous seed in Juda, had burned his own son in the fires of the idols, and had sacrificed and burnt incense in the high places and on the hills and under every green tree.[3] The threatened siege was God's swift vengeance on the faithlessness of His vicar king. Already for Joatham's perversity the Lord had begun to send the hostile kings into Jerusalem; but they had come up separately in petty warfare only. The Lord would have stayed the avenging armies, but Achaz had decided to walk in the ways of the kings of Israel and cast statues for Baalim.[4] So the people kept falling and *going away backwards*,[5] until their king had come to plan a

[2] Ibid., xxii. 11.
[3] IV. Kings, xvi. 3, 4.
[4] 2 Paralipomenon, xxviii. 2.
[5] Isaias, i. 4.

FULLER'S FIELD. THE UPPER POOL (Birket-el-Mamillah).

final and formal desertion of the God of his fathers. That however is a secret of his conscience which we could not learn without Isaias' help and revelation.

The Prophet who will disclose this dark secret is no solitary. He has lived all his life in the king's court, a member of his family. As he moves along with his boy, the highest and lowest treat him with respect, not for his years or gray hairs,—he is little more than thirty; but for his noble birth, his dreaded office and his exalted character. Well they know he reads the scoffing thought concealed under that show of respect. *Tears have been his bread day and night as these men say to him daily, Where is thy God?*[6] *Let Him make haste, and let His work come quickly, that we may see it.*[7] He is sad for them, too: they know not what they say. *O my people, they that have called thee blessed, the same have deceived thee and destroy thy ways.*[8] And he foresaw the awakening from that deceit, when they should be *as an oak whose leaves are falling off, and as a garden without water. And their strength as the ashes of tow, and their work as a spark, and both shall burn together and there shall be none to quench it.*[9]

No solitary is Isaias, but a jealous lover of his nation. Its thoughts and ways he knows and deplores, and its destiny is his only concern. Above all, true statesman that he is, he champions its right government, with God its Supreme Ruler, and the king His vicar; and all who would betray God's empire find in him their most relentless opponent.

Achaz is the solitary now. Neither wall nor water-supply draws him from the court with half the force of his desperate design to save Juda without God. While the sight of men like Isaias, *faithful in the sight of God,*[10] rebuked him, his heart sickened at seeing the throng of reckless devil-worshippers whom his own idolatry had encouraged, and whose godless influence was now driving him to abandon God. Yes, he will dig the ditch for the water and never look up to the Maker thereof. The hills about echoed to him the Psalmist's assurance: *As the mountains are*

[6] Psalm xli. 4.
[7] Isaias, v. 19.
[8] Ibid., iii. 12.
[9] Ibid., i. 30, 31.
[10] Ecclesiasticus, xlviii. 25.

round about Jerusalem: so the Lord is round about His people, from henceforth now and forever;[11] but Achaz was utterly rebellious in spirit. He spurned the aid and safety for which he would have had to submit to the just chastisement of his idolatries. Rather will he sell God's kingdom, frustrate God's plan of a divine and universal empire, and contribute to Tiglathpeleser's vain ambition for the mastery of the world.

"ONE OF THE SERAPHIM FLEW TO ME."
(Angelo.)

To shake that dark rebellious spirit no ordinary message could suffice. The Prophet who will utter it must bring more than mere reputation for prophetic gifts. He must be the very incarnation of prophecy to vanquish this man in league with diviners and pythonical spirits. He must discern the secret treachery, declare the future with no faltering tones, and have at beck the power of signs from God to prove his mission.

And all this and more was the gift of Isaias. We value now the fitness of his child's company. The boy's name would remind Achaz that Isaias' name and person and very being all were prophecy. What sounds to us *Isaias* would ring *Salvation of the*

[11] Psalm cxxiv. 4.

Lord in Hebrew to Achaz, and the man who bore the name, who mixed with men and knew his times more familiarly than the king, seemed to live entirely in the future, his eyes straining for distant objects and his ears open for sounds from another world; basing his motives on a promised salvation as if it were actually at hand, proclaiming redemption and exulting in its triumph as though the long-desired Messias had come to rule His people.

A worthy foretype of the Christmas Saviour, this man who comes unbidden to advise the king, to read his inmost thought and warn him: *See thou be quiet; fear not, and let thy heart be not afraid of* what Isaias calls, in contempt, *the two tails of these firebrands,*[12] Rasin and Phacee. A bold intrusion this, to tell a monarch he fears mere braggarts! Bold surely to rashness, unless the speaker could maintain his message with, *Thus saith the Lord God: It shall not stand, and this shall not be.*[13] The son of Tabeel they will never make king in your place: *If you do not believe, you shall not continue.*[14]

Strange that Achaz, who meant to abandon God, should have suffered God's Prophet to encounter him thus! Still Isaias had foretold only the safety of his throne, and how did Achaz know but it might come about without his perfidy and base alliance with the Assyrian? Perhaps Isaias does not know this project of his?

Isaias knew the project too well; his mission is to have Achaz abandon it, to confide in God rather than in man. To nerve him to forsake it, he will prove God's readiness to continue the house of David by challenging the king: *Ask thee a sign of the Lord thy God, either unto the depth of hell or unto the height above.*[15] Here is a test-proffer of divine grace. No limit is set to the king's choice; God's minister is not like his court diviners, crafty and arbitrary, but open and willing that he should name his own terms. And Achaz knew that Isaias would meet his terms; he knew it so well that he feared to name any. He had committed himself so far to the Assyrian alliance that he could not recede, and he cared not to have Isaias denounce his declared infidelity.

[12] Isaias, vii. 4. [13] Ibid., 7. [14] Ibid., 9. [15] Ibid., 11.

"THE HONOR OF OUR PEOPLE."

I will not ask, is his arrogant rejection of God's grace, *and I will not tempt the Lord,*[16] even though He command what I choose to consider tempting Him.

Already the Prophet's discernment is furnishing us with more figures of Christmas than his name and person. How like when Herod was troubled and all Jerusalem with him is Achaz and the alarm of his idolatrous city! And how like Herod's angry slaughter to destroy the sign of our salvation is this man's proud rejection of the proffered sign! The Babe Which Simeon will pronounce set for the ruin and resurrection of many is already a sign of contradiction, and we have something of a Christmas tragedy seven hundred years before Christ comes.

Before Christ comes! Isaias seems to know of neither before nor after that Coming. It is real enough to be a sign to him, and through him the Lord makes it a sign for Achaz, or rather for the deceived nation whose ways Achaz would pervert, *grievous to men* as he *was grievous to my God also.*[17] *Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel.*[18]

That is a sign from the Lord, and how magnificently He avenges the refusal to let His prophet prove His word! Achaz would have asked something worldly, some new quest of ambition or cushion of luxury, only he denied himself and sacrificed his pride and curiosity to keep the Almighty from displaying His power. Now it is displayed in spite of him, in a sign transcending all that Achaz could have asked, and the sign is: The promised One shall come, He shall come, as I have told this people over and over again, of the house of David, of his seed, whether you Achaz hold or lose the throne. And that you may know I am the Lord Who speaks, and that I would have kept you had you listened to My Prophet, behold I give him now, whom you know for a Prophet, the glory of foreseeing and foretelling the beautiful manner of the Messias' Coming, of a Virgin Mother, and I let him make known His true name Emmanuel.

It is the Great Prophet's Annunciation. Like Gabriel centuries after bringing God's message to Mary, the great spirit of

[16] Ibid., 12. [17] Ibid., 13. [18] Ibid., 14.

THE ANNUNCIATION.
(Statuary, Rheims' Cathedral.)

Isaias already beholds a virgin conceiving and bringing forth Emmanuel as one looking at the mystery whereof he spoke, with the image and full evidence in his mind. St. Matthew will transcribe the prophecy, and interpret for us Emmanuel, *God with us.*[19] The other Gospel and Epistle writers will appeal to the Prophet's own development of it as offering so many glorious traits to recognize and study in the Child born in Bethlehem. And even Mary will recall in her magnificent outburst of praise the hymn Isaias sang as he gradually read the Lord's design: *Behold God is my Saviour, I will deal confidently and will not fear: because the Lord is my strength, and my praise, and He is become my salvation. Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath done great things.*[20]

For all through the Prophet's career the message keeps growing. What Achaz hears privately in outline, the people will hear in startling detail burdening every strain of the holy seer. Emmanuel will be poor, and acquainted with infirmity, forced *to eat butter and honey,* in a land that should run with the fruit of the grape and wave with golden harvests; and He will experience what it is *to know to refuse the evil and choose the good.*[21] The same Emmanuel the Prophet will write down in *a great book and write in it with a man's pen,*[22] where those who run may read, and the writing will swell like a germ, and grow into the fruitful message: *For a Child is born to us and a Son is given to us, and the government is upon His shoulder: and His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace. His empire shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace, He shall sit upon the throne of David, and upon His Kingdom to establish it, and strengthen it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth forever the zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.*[23] So plain and confident are the announcements that one almost listens for the angelic chorus: *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!*[24] Nor do we listen altogether in vain. In Isaias we hear at least the antiphon to that strain. All his prophecies aim at making men know and

[19] St. Matthew, i. 22. [21] Ibid., 15, 16. [23] Ibid., ix. 6, 7.
[20] Isaias, xii. 2. [22] Ibid., viii. 1. [24] St. Luke, ii. 14.

glorify God as not far off, nor on a journey, but as present in their midst. Abraham had told them of Jehovah's providence,

"DROP DOWN DEW, YE HEAVENS . . . LET THE CLOUDS RAIN THE JUST."
(Grimani Breviary.)

and Moses of Adonai, their God a Sovereign; Isaias tells them of the immense and omnipresent God, Whose delight to be with the children of men is so great, that He will dwell in our midst, God

with us, true God and perfect Man. As a flower He will rise from the root of Jesse, Mary His Virgin Mother. He will come to rule, this Prince of Peace, *to judge the poor with justice, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth.*[25] And the fruits of His rule are peace: *The wolf shall dwell with the kid . . . the calf and the lion and the sheep shall abide together and a little child shall lead them.*[26]

So near at hand is the Desired of Israel that the sound of

"BEHOLD A VIRGIN SHALL CONCEIVE."
(Isaias and Achaz, from a print of 1735.)

the new name given Him by Isaias fills the land with visions of His appearance and with longing and prayer for His Coming. Isaias is always the type, the spokesman, the embodiment of the people's expectation. Now he calls on the clouds to rain down the Just One, as dew from heaven;[27] again he points Him out: *Behold our God, Him Whom we longed for, He will save us.*[28] "The Lord will come. Let us go out to meet Him." It is the same message the Church has in the Office of the Feast of the Expectation. "Tell all the peoples our Lord and Saviour will come." Though

[25] Isaias, xi. 4. [26] Ibid., 6, 7. [27] Ibid., xlv. 8. [28] Ibid., xxv. 9.

THE SEAL OF THE PROPHET'S TESTIMONY.
(15th century print.)

at times few hearken to him, though he is a voice crying out in the desert,[29] he is still the singer of the nation's hopes, a witness to their infidelity, but oftener a witness to the truth of their longings.

Isaias sealed his glorious testimony by his blood, tradition tells us, having been sawed in two by order of the impious Manasses. In this again he was a type of the Redeemer Whose Death he predicted in the same clearness as he had foretold His Birth. We cannot leave the holy Prophet out of our meditations now that we are awaiting the glad tidings from Bethlehem any more than the New Testament writers could omit their one hundred and twenty references to his wonderful pages. Nor should we overlook him if we could. We need his spirit of hopefulness now as much as the Jews of his own time. His vindication of prayer when Achaz disdained to pray; his confidence in a plentiful redemption; his blind trust in his fellowmen, who were all gone astray, and become unprofitable together; his loyalty to their cause and faith in their final regeneration, when their valiant and fairest men were falling in battle, the beauty of their women turned to squalor and their gates lamenting and mourning as the city sat desolate on the ground; all his true-hearted sentiments complete the prefiguration of the Messias begun in his name. As his prophecy pointed to Christ's Coming, to His Life and Death, so these great personal traits of his point to the most perfect revelation vouchsafed us in these latter days of the divine virtues of the Heart of Jesus Christ.

[29] Ibid., xl. 3.

A SUNDAY ON THE SIPSEY RIVER.

By the Author of "Old Black Jo," "A Story of Old Virginny," "Poor Little Dick," "Joseph's Dream," etc.

VI.

AS Father Morgan rose to commence his discourse a strange scene presented itself to his eyes. In the distance lay the quiet hills and valleys; drawn to one side of the road just outside the gate was a heterogeneous collection of vehicles, while a few rods below the house was the barn-yard, where the horses and oxen lazily munched their food and switched away the tormenting flies; at his feet the little ones with wide-open eyes watched him intently, and a little further off were numerous groups arranged in picturesque carelessness under the wide-spreading trees, seated on chairs, benches, buggy-seats or the gnarled roots of trees, eagerly waiting, some with curiosity, some with distrust and half-concealed defiance in their eyes, some with a look of kindly tolerance born of their native generosity and respect for their kindly hostess.

The priest had never faced exactly such an audience, and for a moment the scene swam before his eyes as he realized the task before him. Just then he heard a slight movement at his elbow, and turning round he found that Mr. Ingle had placed on a small stand beside him a pitcher of water and a glass, also a well-worn Bible belonging to Mrs. Ingle, and had quietly seated himself beside his wife in a shady corner of the porch. Mrs. Ingle sat with her hands lightly clasped in her lap; her eyes were lifted, not to the face of the preacher but above and beyond, to the blue sky, and a rapt expression as of prayer lighted up her features.

Father Morgan opened the Bible at the Gospel of the day, and began almost mechanically: "My dear brethren, the portion of the holy Gospel which the Church appoints to be read on this,

the fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost, is taken from the sixth chapter of St. Matthew, from the 24th to the 33d verse." Mrs. Ingle and her husband rose to their feet as the text was announced, and the greater number of those outside followed their example without hesitation, and remained standing until at the close of the passage, the priest with a smile motioned them to be seated.

This little incident had the effect of diverting him from the momentary embarrassment under which he had labored. He repeated slowly and emphatically the verse which closes the Gospel of the day: *Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.* He spoke of what was meant by sincerely seeking the kingdom of God, striving to do His Will. He reviewed the duty of a Christian and showed how the knowledge of God and of His law had been preserved in the Church established by Christ, how the books of the Bible had been preserved and brought down to us by the Church to which He gave the power and mission to teach all men; and he spoke of the necessity of hearing and obeying that Church. He asked them all to pray earnestly every day for the light to find God's will and the grace to fulfil it, that He Who knew all their wants whether of soul or body might bestow upon them all things necessary for salvation.

Several times during the sermon one or another of the listeners said: "That's so, Brother," "Amen, amen!" and such like ejaculations, but they were in subdued tones and did not disconcert him nor amuse any of the audience except the young people who were glad of an excuse to smile.

Immediately after he concluded speaking, hurried preparations for departure were made, for the storm which had been gathering threatened to burst upon them by night and all wished to reach home as soon as possible. There was hurried hitching up of teams and "piling into the wagons," as they expressed it; and all departed after many words of thanks and hopes that the good man would preach for them again.

As evening approached, the sky grew dark and the atmosphere became stifling. Mountainous black masses skirted the

horizon, lighted up momentarily by blinding flashes. The cattle bellowed uneasily and hurried to shelter; the pigs squealed dismally, and here and there a belated young one could be seen scurrying along with a mouthful of dried leaves; the poultry retired long before their usual time and seemed unusually restless; indeed even to one unaccustomed to the portents of a storm, it was evident that some unusual event was about to take place.

What a storm it was! How the rain poured, the wind howled and the giant trees swayed! The lightning glared and the heavy thunder-peals seemed to shake the house. Now and then there was a deafening crash as a large tree near the house was torn up by the roots or robbed of its heaviest branches. Mrs. Ingle, who had a nervous dread of storms, sat pale and quiet, the little ones huddled close around her. One of them said: "Mamma, hadn't we better light a blessed candle?" She joyfully assented, and Mr. Ingle quickly lighted one of the candles which had been used on the altar, and placed it before the crucifix.

"My husband has great faith in blessed candles," said she to the priest.

"I do not know that it is faith," said Mr. Ingle, "but I confess it gives me a feeling of peace and comfort in the midst of a storm. That steady little flame reminds me of God's love—and then too if there is any good in prayer, and we all believe there is, I understand that prayers have been said for the safety and preservation of those who devoutly use these things."

"We could not ask a more rational appreciation of holy things from the best kind of a Catholic," said the priest approvingly. "And now suppose we say our evening prayers together; and perhaps when we have finished the storm will be over."

Very devoutly they united with Father Morgan in saying the evening prayers, and the responses to the familiar litany seemed to drown the noise of the raging elements. As they hoped, the fury of the storm was soon spent, but the rain continued to pour in torrents. They retired early and slept soundly after the unwonted experiences of the day, the night being so cool that

open doors and windows would have been really uncomfortable.

In ordinary weather, the creek about a mile below Ingle's Rest was easily forded, the bottom being of solid rock and the water rarely more than three feet deep, the banks having a gradual ascent on either side; but a violent storm could change this lazy little stream into a mountain torrent, flooding the bottom lands and tearing along in its channel like a fury, boiling and raging, and tossing to and fro everything which came within its grasp. This was the condition of Sipsey River on the morning following the storm; and soon after breakfast, word was brought that all the bridges within ten miles were washed away.

It was then impossible for Father Morgan to return to the railroad camp until the river had resumed its usual safe condition, which might be in two or three days. Mr. Ingle said that it usually took at least twenty-four hours for the waters to subside, but this being an unusual freshet might last longer. It did in fact continue until Wednesday, when the ford was at last considered safe, and Mr. Ingle himself accompanied his guest part of the way on his journey home.

On Monday afternoon, a party of neighbors visited the house and requested the priest to preach again for them. He did so, and the request was repeated and acceded to on the following day. Meanwhile he had many pleasant talks with his kind host, and a warm friendship sprang up between the two men. Mr. Ingle promised to continue his investigations, and Father Morgan promised on his side to pray for him and to send him some books to read. They parted with much regret, both wondering under what circumstances they would meet again.

VII.

John Ingle's life had been an eventful one. When quite young he had heard from afar the cry that called the young Southron to arms, and, without giving a thought to the future, he had responded. With his brothers and relatives he had gone forth, leaving the old homestead in the care of his parents who

had to contest against both friend and foe. They were pillaged again and again by Confederates, "Tories" and Union troops. The farm horses and other live-stock were carried off; and had not the old people taken the precaution of burying all the money they could get together, early during the war, they would have been left penniless.

As it was, they bravely held possession of the little home, though many a time starvation seemed looking through the unglazed windows or striding in at the rickety doorway. Fortunately their grim fortitude carried them safely through these dreadful days until the boys came back, broken down, ragged and penniless, but alive and whole.

John was sick at heart. What was to be done with a big farm, two lame mules and a number of broken ploughs? Fences were down, and old fields were full of young pine saplings; while there was little left of the habitation save its bare walls, and all around breathed of ruin and devastation.

Some of the old family servants, lingering about the place, offered to work with his brothers on shares, and John went with a party of comrades prospecting in the West. Nine of them started out; two returned. John was one of the survivors; and if he returned with gold and silver in his pockets, he also brought back, what lasted longer than either, horrible memories seared into his brain: memories of days and nights of agonizing hunger and thirst, of pitiful death-bed scenes in a small-pox camp; of wild hopes and cruel disappointments crowned at last by success which came like a mockery when hope and ambition seemed dead. Mechanically he wended his way homeward, broken in health and spirits; but the old home scenes revived his hopes.

His brothers had married and wanted farms to themselves; his parents needed him and agreed to settle the homestead upon him if he would assist his brothers in building their new houses. So he found his life full of duties and cares; and later on a happy marriage anchored him safe at home no longer a wanderer.

His wife was much younger than himself. He had met her when she was visiting relatives in an adjacent county, a convent-

bred girl, with no special fancy for literature or the fine arts, but pretty, warm-hearted, intelligent, and sincerely but unaffectedly pious. Why she gave her hand and heart to this serious man, a stranger to her faith, we cannot say. It was only the old story: they loved one another, he was good and kind and *would not interfere* with her religion; and so the good parish priest at her home had to marry them; and if she had shed many a hidden tear and suffered many a bitter pang, she had at least made the best of it and done her duty nobly. By kindness, patience and fidelity, she had kept the love of her husband and won the respect and affection of his relatives, who at first disliked her on account of her religion.

Early in her wedded life she realized that for her husband simply *not to interfere* with her religion was a very low ideal of Christian happiness; and while she felt grateful for his kindness and tolerance, she never ceased praying fervently for his conversion, begging God to bestow the gift of faith upon him at any cost to herself.

VIII.

After the deluge came weeks of hard work to save the damaged crops; then the decaying vegetation under the scorching September sun gave rise to malaria, and there was much sickness, so that everybody's hands were full and time flew by almost unheeded. Before they realized it at the farm, two winters sped by, two years' crops were planted and gathered, and mid-summer was once more at hand.

But these short years in their swift flight had wrought many changes. The coming of the wonderful steam-horse into a rural neighborhood changes the face of the earth; it brings a new but not always a better class of people into the vicinity; it widens the views and in a measure revolutionizes the pursuits of the farmers; for with the chance of cheap transportation, they immediately begin to cater to the tastes and wants of the dwellers in the nearest cities. Large farms are divided into smaller tracts, and small farmers, or "truckmen," who have heretofore been

looked down upon by their neighbors, loom up into the importance of successful money-making men.

The *genus* tramp makes his appearance upon the highways, and ere long fear and distrust take the place of the freedom and fearlessness which marked the journeyings of the simple backwoodsmen in the good old times, when the prowling wild-cat and the venomous snake were the only enemies they expected to meet in a sixty miles' journey, and the innocent "howd'ye," the invariable greeting of the wayfarer, betokened good will to all the world.

All these changes gradually came over the vicinity of Ingle's Rest. The mineral hunters, too, had come swooping down upon the land and bought up thousands of acres; for it became known that in these hillsides were openings to mines of coal and iron and other valuable deposits. Many of John Ingle's broad acres had changed hands, and he was now known as one of the richest men in the county.

But increasing wealth did not seem to bring him surcease of care. There were deep lines coming upon his face, a growing stoop in his shoulders, and a pallor and languor about him that alarmed his friends. A severe attack of fever had left him very weak and it seemed impossible for him to regain his strength. Spells of illness followed each other more and more frequently, until he became a confirmed invalid.

At first, after an attack of several days' duration, he would arise, dress himself, saddle his horse and ride all over the plantation giving directions, coming home to sink into his chair helpless from exhaustion; and for days at a time he would go through the same thing, keeping himself up by sheer will-power and blinding those around him to the real condition of his health. But the time came at last when the iron will was broken and the overwrought strength exhausted. Then he stood face to face with the grim tyrant whose coming no human skill can avert. He realized before any one else did that his days were numbered.

One day in the early fall he called his wife and said to her: "Dearest, do you think Father Morgan would come to see me, if you were to send for him?"

"Certainly," she answered. "I will write to him at once. When shall I ask him to come?"

"Ask him to come to me as soon as possible. I wish to be received into the Church before it is too late."

Then seeing the startled look upon her face, he added earnestly: "My only regret is that there is so little left for me to offer to God. To think of my wasted youth and manhood! There seems to me something mean in coming to Him at the eleventh hour. But He is merciful—He will not reject the penitent heart. And then I can offer Him what is dearer to me than life—"

Mrs. Ingle fell upon her knees at his side sobbing from excess of emotion. Joy and sorrow struggled for mastery. For the first time, she saw clearly the hopelessness of his condition, and at the same instant she realized the sincerity of his conversion. Her prayer was answered, and yet at what a sacrifice! To win that precious soul for God had been her most ardent desire, and yet it seemed hard to yield him up to God at the very moment the victory was won. Ah! how she had dreamed of the happy years they would spend together when, united in faith, their lives should glide along in an unbroken stream of perfect harmony and congeniality. And now to lose him when the ideal approached completion, to lose her staff, her comfort, her friend, the father of her little ones!

She glanced up and saw his pale face drawn with pain, while large tears wrung from his heart by the bitterness of her grief streamed down his cheeks; and her conscience smote her for having given way to her feelings.

"O John, forgive me for grieving you," she said, "I must be crying for joy to think of your conversion. Thank God, we are one at last in faith. I must hurry and write to Father Morgan;" and with a bright smile she kissed the tears from his face and hastened from the room.

When the first deep sorrow of life comes upon an undisciplined heart, there is an impulse to escape it, to fly somewhere, anywhere, only to be out of reach of the weight that crushes the

soul with such unutterable anguish. And so the poor soul flutters wildly to and fro, like a frightened bird, bruising the weak wings that will not try to soar, until perchance it comes to rest at last at the foot of the Cross; and there alone it finds solace and strength.

Thus it was with the poor little wife, when she left her husband's presence and reached a room where she could hide herself and give way to the expression of her grief. Long she wrestled with bitter, rebellious thoughts which strove for mastery, pacing up and down the room with the wild, mad impulse to fly from the revelation which had come to her.

Finally she cast herself at the foot of the crucifix and cried out: "O God, save me, save me, I cannot pray!" Then she remembered that One before her had drained the chalice of human woe and His words came into her heart: *My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me. Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.* She repeated the words over again and again until the tempest of her heart was stilled and the victory won. Then she wrote the promised letter and returned to her husband with a placid face. If his quick eye detected the signs of the conflict, he made no remark.

Every leisure moment after that was devoted to preparing Mr. Ingle and the children for Father Morgan's hoped-for visit; and she discovered, to her great joy, that the seeds of faith had found a rich soil and promised to bring forth abundant fruit in the heart of the fervent convert.

IX.

It was Sunday morning once again and the bright, slanting beams of the rising sun lighted up a strange scene in the old home on Sipsey River.

The "priest's room" was the place selected for John Ingle's first Holy Communion. There was the same old-fashioned furniture, the same sweet Madonna and her infant Son smiled down from above the lofty mantel, and the same prettily decorated altar awaited the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. A soft, bright

colored carpet covered the floor, and the ornaments of the altar were a little more elaborate than of old, among them being a snowy cloth edged with lace, the work of Mary's nimble fingers.

Father Morgan, robed in the quaint, time-honored vestments of the Church, approached to begin Mass, and little John with reverent air took his place as altar boy.

The invalid had been wheeled into the room in an arm-chair. His face was pale and emaciated, his long, slender hands were smooth and white. He was too weak to read his prayer-book, but with clasped hands and absorbed gaze he devoutly followed every word and motion of the priest. On one side of his chair knelt Mary in spotless white, with a wreath and veil upon her head; on the other side knelt Mrs. Ingle, her attention divided between the solemn service and the little group around her. By her side knelt the younger children, and behind them some of the farm-hands.

It was interesting to see how quiet and respectful the little ones were, and how intently they watched their father, looking from him to Father Morgan with wondering eyes as if they were trying to understand the meaning of the sacred Mysteries being enacted before them. As the time of the Elevation approached, Mr. Ingle attempted to rise and kneel, but he was unable to do so; and with a faint sigh he bowed his head upon his breast and remained absorbed in adoration until the moment for Holy Communion arrived.

John and Mary received their First Communion at the same time with their father, and very radiant the children looked in their happy innocence. After Mass was over, the priest dismissed all the family except the communicants, and recited aloud with them fervent prayers of thanksgiving.

John Ingle, happy but exhausted by the varying emotions of the morning, was taken back to his room and lifted gently from the chair to the bed. It was his last Holy Communion as well as his first, and he seemed to realize this fact. All day long friends and neighbors came thronging to his bed-side and he would not refuse to see any of them, but to each he gave a cheering word.

He seemed so happy and resigned that they went home awed and wondering. Towards evening he grew alarmingly ill, and after a night of semi-consciousness, in which he suffered no pain, he quietly expired just at sunrise on Monday morning.

Father Morgan was at his bed-side, and Mrs. Ingle, John, Mary, Lucy and Dan were there also. In an interval of consciousness, a few moments before he died, he placed his hand upon John's head telling him to take care of his mother and the children. Then his gaze wandered lovingly from one to another of the little group until he saw Father Morgan, when he whispered "Bless me again, Father," and closed his eyes forever on earth. The last object to reach his waning sight was the crucifix in the priest's hand, the last sound to fall upon his dulled hearing was the prayer for the dying, recited by Father Morgan in a gentle but distinct voice. He died like a child falling to sleep in its mother's arms, and a look of perfect peace and happiness settled upon his quiet features.

Need we follow him farther? He has reached the blessed country which lies beyond this; his eyes are fixed upon a Vision which no man may see and live; and his ears have opened to harmonies unknown to this lower life. We may not follow him—at least, not yet.

ONE IRISH EDUCATOR'S WORK.

Rev. William Byrne, of Kentucky, 1780-1832.

I.

AT a small convivial party a gentleman gave as his toast: "Ireland! The land that educated the American potato and brought it into fashion."

The droll sentiment was applauded and enjoyed by all but one, an Irish lady who colored indignantly, and gave, when her turn came—

"Erin! the land that drilled the American brain into scholarship."

The hit was rapturously applauded; by none more heartily than by the offending gentleman. Protesting that he had not meant to belittle Ireland's educational ability, he made reparation by running over the names of a crowd of Irish teachers, who, in the early days of our country, had held high rank in teaching the 'young idea how to shoot.'

When attention is turned to this subject, the share that Ireland has had in the educational life of the United States seems almost incredible. While other nations stand in the foreground, she occupies a very obscure corner. Yet family traditions should surround her name with glory, for it is certain that the labors of her sons and daughters have been no less zealous and constant in education than in religion. As for her priests, they have never separated these twin enlighteners. Yet while every one is ready to quote their sacerdotal zeal, how few think of their untiring energy, their ingenious efforts, in promoting learning and science!

II.

Rev. William Byrne, of Kentucky, was one of these unknown benefactors of the mind. Of Catholics who even take an interest in these subjects not one in a hundred, probably, has ever heard of him, though his wonderful zeal, perseverance and sacrifices are vividly pictured in Dr. Spalding's *Sketches of Kentucky* and Mr. Webb's *Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky*.

He was born, we are told, in County Wicklow, Ireland, about the year 1780, his parents being hard-working people, esteemed by their neighbors for virtue and probity. William, as the eldest of a large family, was inured to labor from his childhood, and after his father's death became the main support of his mother, her consoler and help in the care of the fatherless little ones. With an innate love of study, and aspiring from his earliest years to the priesthood, he yet gave himself to the toilsome round of duty year by year.

When he had reached his twenty-fifth year, he was free to come to America, and his first thought was to apply to Georgetown College in the hope of pursuing the studies that would qualify him for ordination. The want of education hindering his admission there, he next applied to Archbishop Carroll, and, encouraged by his Grace, sought Mount St. Mary's College at Emmittsburg, where he was kindly received. There the toil-worn candidate for Holy Orders patiently applied himself to the elementary studies so distasteful to his age and holy ambition, while at the same time he faithfully performed the duties of a position assigned him in the college. His superiors were well satisfied with him in all respects. He was thirty years old when he began his Latin studies. His perseverance and evident vocation finally obtained for him admission into St. Mary's Seminary, in Baltimore, as a student of theology.

In due time Mr. Byrne took the first step in his longed-for career, by being ordained as subdeacon. By what afterwards seemed to be an ordering of Providence, he left the seminary not long after this, and was received into Bishop Flaget's seminary at Bardstown, where he completed his studies. He was ordained priest on the 18th of September, 1819. How entirely he possessed the confidence of the saintly Flaget was shown by his almost immediate appointment to take the place of the great Father Nerinckx, when the latter went to Europe in 1820. From St. Charles' Church, in Marion county, the principal seat of that mission, there were six neighboring congregations to be attended, and stations scattered all over Kentucky. Father Byrne attended to them as faithfully as had his predecessor.

But this imperfect sketch does not presume to dwell on his merits as a priest. It has to do rather with his career as an educator, in which, perhaps, he might serve as a model in our own times.

Father Nerinckx, before his departure for Europe, had purchased some land with the intention of founding what would now be called an Industrial School, under the charge of a religious brotherhood, "competent to give instruction to boys in letters,

Christian doctrine and certain of the useful trades." His trip to Europe, in fact, was to obtain not only pecuniary means, but competent instructors for this object. He had called the place Mount Mary, and no doubt had encouraging previsions of the good it would do.

But no one servant of God, however holy, can carry out all His purposes.

Father Byrne, the assistant and strength of a widowed mother in training a family amid the thousand difficulties of *respectable poverty*, thought little of *industrial* education as a co-partner with *mental*. Probably he thought it bore a suspicious relationship to worldly piety. As soon as he saw the "Mount Mary Farm," as it was called, he conceived the idea of erecting an academy, which in due time would become St. Mary's College. He hastened to seek the consent of Bishop Flaget. We are not told how the Bishop received this apparently wild proposal. Perhaps it may be inferred from a similar project of after years, which is related thus:

"Speaking one day to Bishop Flaget of this project of his, that prelate raised the objection that he had no money with which to carry out his design. 'Little will be needed, Bishop,' he answered; 'I think I can manage the business with a horse that I can call my own, and ten dollars in money.'" It is natural to draw, with Mr. Webb, the conclusion that he "was not provided with a more extravagant capital when he laid the foundation of the present St. Mary's College."

However, the good priest had on the Farm something for a "start," viz., "an old stone distillery house of fair dimensions." This served him instead of money, and as soon as willing hands, along with his own, had put it in repair "and fitted it up with the roughest of school furniture," he announced from St. Charles' pulpit the opening of St. Mary's Academy. It was speedily crowded with pupils, and new buildings soon became a necessity. How to erect them without money was no hard problem with Father Byrne. He contracted with the farmers and workingmen of the vicinity to supply goods and labor for pay of their boys'

schooling in advance; the labor helped to put up the buildings; the goods, sold partly for cash, partly exchanged for other things needful, helped on the work speedily. There was but one thing needed—the cross that would be its crown. The good God did not let this be lacking. Mr. Webb will tell us, in his touching and beautiful style, *what happened:*

"When these [the buildings] were about ready for occupancy Father Byrne posted himself off to Louisville, to lay in a supply of groceries and certain house furnishings that were not to be had in the neighborhood. He came back to find but ashes and fire-defaced walls where he had left a stately edifice. Another in his place might have given way to such depression, as to render himself incapable of even attempting to repair the disaster which had befallen him. Not so this patient, Christian priest. He appeared to accept the misfortune as a test of his fidelity. Without permitting a single day to intervene, between his resolve and its execution, he went again to work, and a few months later the building was to be seen, resurrected from its ashes. A prosperous career attended the school for a number of years. The debts of the establishment were paid off, and a new wing to the main building had just been completed when another disaster, similar to the first, involved the good Father in unlooked-for trouble. In the darkness of the night, the building took fire and was burned to the ground. Burdened now with a debt of $4,000, his position was in no wise enviable; but no murmuring word escaped his lips, and when morning dawned he repaired to the altar, and there offered up the Holy Sacrifice in thanksgiving to God, for having spared the main building. He succeeded very soon afterwards in replacing the burnt wing by one that was much larger; and after a few years of prosperous activity, not only was the institution free from debt, but it was regarded everywhere, and by all, as an honorable fixture among the educational institutions of the State."

Dr. Spalding, who was one of his pupils, states that Father Byrne was at first unassisted in managing his school. "He was president of the institution, sole disciplinarian, sole prefect and

almost sole professor." He was quick, however, in discerning the talents of his pupils, and "it was not long before he was able to form a corps of teaching assistants from their ranks."

We are also told that twelve hundred youths were educated either wholly or in part at St. Mary's during the twelve years that Father Byrne remained at its head; that the school was popular all through the State, partly, no doubt, from its low charges, which barely covered expenses, but mainly from the confidence felt by parents that their sons would return to them "not only with capacities improved, but with souls uncontaminated."

With all this it must not be supposed that the priest was lost in the educator. "He found time for everything," we are told. "His rest was often interrupted by sick-calls, and his waking hours by other ministerial duties." Death found him faithfully pursuing the exhausting duties of the priesthood.

III.

Towards the close of 1831, two Jesuit Fathers arrived from France, by invitation from Bishop Flaget to their Provincial.

Father Byrne availed himself of their presence to take a long-meditated step. The deficiencies of his education were more visible to himself, probably, than to the best informed of those with whom he came in contact. His solid virtues, his zeal and success in whatever he undertook, might blind others to his lack of learning, but he was conscientiously awake to the defects of his improvised system of instruction, so inadequate to the requirements of the age and country. He thereupon gave to these Fathers the entire ownership and control of the institution which he had truly made a power in the land. At their request he consented to remain for a time as president of the college, purposing then to establish in the western part of the State or in Tennessee a similar institution. It was for this contemplated undertaking that he desired the "extravagant capital" spoken of above.

But his two-fold work, as priest and educator, was done, and ready to receive its fitting recompense—a martyr's crown.

The cholera was lurking in Kentucky during 1832, but in the following year it ravaged the neighborhood of St. Mary's, and called for the highest exercise of Father Byrne's charity and zeal. On the 3d of June he was sent for to give the rites of the Church to a colored servant, about five miles from the college. After administering the last Sacraments he returned. On visiting the house on the following day, he found her dead.

"Returning late at night, with the seeds of the disease in his own system, he retired at once to bed; but he rose betimes in the morning of the 5th, and, though weak and suffering, he repaired to the altar and offered up, for the last time, the great Sacrifice of the New Law for the living and the dead. From that altar he was borne to his bed; and eight hours later, he had entered into the rest after which he had been striving from the hour he had been capable of discerning the end of his creation."

"There was not a blot of selfishness in his nature." How truthful is this rare eulogy is proved by the testimony of the Jesuit Fathers:[1]

"During the two years that Father Byrne remained at St. Mary's after his proffer of the house and farm to the Society, his whole course of action was but an exhibition of Christian disinterestedness towards those who, after a brief while, were to succeed him in the ownership and control of the institution. While arranging to pass over the farm and college to us, he continued to spend all the surplus money he received in improving the college buildings, apparatus and accessories. He did everything as though he were himself to enjoy the fruits of his labors. He did this, too, in the face of the fact, that dispossessing himself of his property and means, he was literally casting himself on the care of Providence, in his old age, which was fast approaching, without any human provision for his maintenance. No better proof than is here recorded, could be given of the truly apostolic character of this good man. He led a most austere life, and he was as remarkable for his devotedness to duty, as for his perseverance and energy."

[1] From the archives of the Society of Jesus.

THE BLIND MADONNA.[1]

By J. H. L.

PRAYER.

MOTHER! Mother!
Art thou sleeping,
Art thou blind when
I am weeping?
Mother! Mother!
I've repelled thee,
Scorned thee when I should have held thee
As the jewel of my soul.

Mother! Mother!
Ope thine eyes.
Mother! Mother!
Far I've wandered,
Journeyed sick at heart, and squandered,
Mother! Mother!
All I prize.

Mother! Mother!
Shattered, shaken
At thy throne to reawaken
Love within thy
Lightless eye.
Mother! Mother!
I am kneeling,
All my tortured spirit reeling,
All my soul in
Agony.

Mother! Mother!
Oh, forgive me!
Lift me from my sins: reprieve me,
Snatch me from the
Threatening goal.

Mother! Mother!
Look upon me,
Press me to thy bosom; own me
As thy wilful,
Wayward child.
Mother! Mother!
Round about thee
All is bliss, but, oh! without thee,
All is dark and
Weird and wild.

[1] See description in December *Pilgrim*.

RESPONSE.

Tears, sweet tears!
Oh, you have brought him
—God! my God! how long
I've sought Him—
Weeping, praying
To my shrine.
Tears, sweet tears!
What, though in flowing,
You have quenched the living, glowing
Light within these
Eyes of mine.

Blind am I,
Because I love thee!
Blind, for, oh! the clouds above thee,
Grimly gathering,
Told thy doom.
Blind, my child,
And blind forever
To the past. The future never
Shall be darkened
By its gloom.

Sweet my child!
By deep contrition
Altered is thy soul's condition.
Joy forever
Be its lot.

Sweet my child!
A golden morrow
Shall succeed this night of sorrow;
All the past shall
Be forgot.

L'ENVOI.

Blind Madonna!
Mother, Maiden,
Blind to sins when sorrow-laden,
Sinners to thine
Altar go;
Though their sins
Be red and glowing,
Like the blood in murder flowing,
They shall be as
White as snow.

AMONG THE CROW INDIANS.

Saint Xavier's Mission, Montana.

By a Missionary.

SAINT XAVIER'S MISSION, named for the "Apostle of the Indies" whose feast we celebrate this month, is pleasantly situated in the Big Horn Valley of Montana, near a river of the same name, which flows in a northerly direction through the entire length of the valley and empties into the Yellowstone. Looking south it commands a distant but picturesque view of a range of mountains, which also bears the name of Big Horn; while toward the north in the direction of Fort Custer, a level plain extends as far as the eye can reach. The Mission is distant from the Fort twenty-three miles and about an equal distance from the Crow Agency.

Before the Mission was permanently established among the Crows, Father Peter Barcelo, of the Society of Jesus, who was the first priest to visit these Indians, made periodical visits among them. At his first visit, which was in the year 1880, he baptized one hundred and fourteen children. From that time up to the year 1887, the Indians were visited by different Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who instructed and baptized many of them. Father Barcelo labored earnestly at the work to which he had been called, undergoing many trials and tribulations to win souls to God. Worn out by the many privations to which he was subjected, having to sleep in the open air at night and to half-starve himself during the day, he lost his health and was obliged to give up his missionary labors and retire to Spokane Falls, where he died on the first day of November, 1888. This is in brief what preceded the final establishment of Saint Xavier's Mission. It occupied a period of seven years and was an arduous task for the Fathers who were engaged in it.

ST. XAVIER'S MISSION, CROW RESERVATION, MONTANA.

It was on the twenty-first of February, 1887, that Father Peter Paul Prando, S.J., and a companion took up their permanent abode among the Crow Indians. They consumed considerable time in reaching their destination, owing to the severity of the weather. After enduring many hardships, they at last arrived at the place which had been selected the previous year by Fathers Urbano Grassi, S.J., and Peter Paul Prando, S.J., as the site of the new Mission. On reaching this spot the Fathers cleared a place in the snow and erected their first habitation, a small tent, which served for all purposes: church, reception-room, and kitchen. The Indians came in great numbers to welcome the strangers and showed themselves very friendly. For their better accommodation the Fathers erected two other tents and in this uncomfortable manner the remainder of the winter was passed. The following spring the contract for a wooden structure, 40 by 60 feet, two stories and a half high, to be used as a school-house, was given out. By September the new building was completed.

On the first of October, 1887, the Sisters, who were to take charge of the school, three in number, arrived, but not without experiencing an adventure. At the time of their coming the Crow Indians were in a state of excitement, owing to the deceptions of one of their medicine men, who professed himself capable of exterminating all the white soldiers. He had a sword and a package of dust. With the sword, he claimed he could knock all the white men down from their horses, and by scattering the dust before them he could blind them all. Many of the young braves credited his powers and a great number of them joined him. On the night of the arrival of the Sisters at the Agency, the medicine man with his adherents had gathered around the Agency quarters in a threatening manner. They made no attack, but at dusk growing bolder they fired several shots into the government buildings, terrifying the employes and their families but injuring no one.

Such was the first experience the Sisters had when entering upon their apostolic labors among the Crow Indians. On the following day the Indians, learning of the arrival of the Sisters at

INDIAN SCHOOL.

ST. XAVIER'S MISSION, CROW RESERVATION, MONTANA.

the Agency the preceding evening, came up to the Agency, in spite of their hostile attitude towards the government, shook hands with the Sisters, and not only allowed them to proceed on their journey, but a number of their warriors accompanied them as an escort on their way to the Mission, twenty-three miles from the Agency. Arriving safely at their destination, the Sisters began the laborious work of preparing the newly-erected building for the coming of the children. By their diligent efforts everything was put in readiness and in a few days twenty children entered the school. As the Indian trouble was not yet at an end, the children remained but a short time, and the school was left for a little while without a pupil. It was not until the death of the medicine man that the difficulty with the Indians was terminated. Then the children began to return to the school and towards Christmas about fifty children had entered. The school was now found too small for their accommodation, and accordingly an addition, 100 feet long by 24 wide and of equal height with the former structure, was built. A church was also constructed, 75 feet by 36 in dimensions, and both buildings were completed in December, 1888. The building thus enlarged was capable of accommodating a greater number of pupils. It was impossible, however, to persuade the majority of the Indians to send their children to the school. However much they liked the priests, they could not be induced to part with their little ones. It was necessary for the Agent, Major Wyman, to use means to compel them to send their children to school. The result of his interference was a flocking of children to the different schools on the reservation. Saint Xavier's School received its quota, increasing the number of pupils from fifty to one hundred and forty. The pupils at present at the school do not fall far short of that number.

The Mission work is carried on now by Fathers Crimont, Bandini, and Prando. There are besides two scholastics, a brother and a lay teacher, to take charge of the boys. The school is in a flourishing condition and in this third year of its existence has accomplished much towards the advancement of the children in the paths of virtue and knowledge. The children are not unlike

CHURCH AND MISSION RESIDENCE.

ST. XAVIER'S MISSION, CROW RESERVATION, MONTANA.

white children in intellect, and many of them show great aptitude for the studies to which they are applied. Their memories are very bright. There is about an equal number of girls and boys. The girls seem to be more talented than the boys, and are more advanced. They are cared for by the Ursuline Sisters, and are taught, besides their regular school exercises, how to sew and to attend to domestic concerns. The Sisters have labored assiduously in their work, and it is due to their untiring efforts that the school has attained its present standing.

When one considers the condition in which these poor Indian children were four years ago, buried as they were in the midst of the worst kinds of vice, and compares their condition then with what they are now, he cannot but be gratified at the results that have been accomplished. Separated from their homes and the vicious surroundings with which their young minds were daily brought in contact, they thrive under the powerful influence of grace. It is a great consolation to see them every Sunday approaching the Altar to receive the Adorable Body and Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to see them every morning at Mass, and to hear them as they offer their prayers to God. It makes one imagine himself in a civilized community. And not only among the children is this good work going on, but it is also carried on among the older Indians with strenuous efforts, and has succeeded thus far in making a number of them believers in the true faith of Christ. Nor are they believers in appearance only, but they have an earnest faith in the truths which have been revealed to them. I shall relate something that occurred at the Mission Church.

On one occasion a chief, who had received Holy Communion, asked permission to make a speech. Standing up before the altar-railing, he spoke as follows, showing the earnestness of his belief:

"O God! I believe all Your words the Black Gown has been teaching me. O God! when after a long life on earth I shall die, I want You to take the key of heaven and open the door, so I can get in and see Your face. O Virgin Mary! I love you. I like to see you in heaven. O God! pity us; we are

poor people. Let the grass grow high, our ponies be fat, our cows have many calves, the potatoes be big, and keep away from us the lightning and small-pox. I finish."

This is but one of the instances that could be cited to show the faith of the Indian. Under such favorable circumstances, the outlook for an entire Christianizing of the Crows is encouraging. They already give evidence of what they may be led to by the grace of God, showing themselves capable of heroic deeds and of zeal in the service of God. I shall give a few examples: An old man, the brother of a chief, being slapped in the face by another Indian, did not take revenge on him—he did not even make any remonstrance with him, but patiently suffered the blow,—because he had received his God in Holy Communion on that day, and wished to put in practice these words of the *Our Father*, "As we forgive them that trespass against us."

There are other Indians who abstain from smoking for a whole year to show their devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Others abstain from meat on Friday, when they have scarcely a morsel of any other kind of food to keep them from starving.

A good number comes to church every day for Mass and instruction, even in the cold and snow of the severest period of winter, while their people are asleep in their tepees; or they come through rain from a great distance, in order not to omit their First Friday's Communion. They show great eagerness too in learning Christian truths and prayers. Old people blessed with but little memory are willing to be kept for hours in the church repeating prayers.

With all these gratifying proofs of earnestness in the faith of Christ, there is still a vast field of labor for the zealous worker in evangelizing the remnant of the tribe. For, although many Indians do not embrace Christianity themselves and turn a deaf ear to any advances made to them in that direction, they nevertheless willingly permit their children to be baptized and instructed in the Catholic faith. Such dispositions as these are good signs and give prospect of great expectations in the future from the influence of the children. The Indians have a great love for

their children. It is not a Christian love however. It is merely a natural affection. It springs from the pleasure they receive in enjoying the presence of the child. Yet their love, such as it is, will be of great help in bringing about their conversion. In fact many of the children have already persuaded their parents to become Christians. The children are very zealous and desire the baptism of all the Crows. Whenever they hear of the death of any one of their tribe, they will put the question: "Was he baptized?"

There has been canonically established the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, divided into three branches; one under the patronage of St. Joseph for married people, another under the patronage of St. Aloysius for the boys and young men, and a third under the patronage of St. Lucy for the girls; and as the Indians are captivated by show, to attract them and aid still further the work of the Mission, the older members of the Sodality, who have shown themselves most zealous, are dressed in a long red gown with a yellow sash, and go by the name of "Red-Gowns." It is amusing to see how dignified they show themselves among the other Indians. Many wish to become Red-Gowns, but all are not received. The female sodalists wear a long black cloak, with a hood of the same color, becoming thus the objects of attention to their sex. One of the Red-Gowns, seeing a scholastic with a biretta, asked to have a red hat like it to match his gown, promising to put it on only in the church when he wore his gown. Being told, after asking several times, that they were worn only by priests, he seemed satisfied and asked no more for it.

In the Register of Baptisms, from the opening of the Mission up to June, 1891, there are recorded one thousand and fifty-five baptisms. This is nearly half the number of the Crow tribe. The greatest obstacles to the conversion of these Indians are their sensualism, superstitious fear of the supernatural world, ignorance, and human respect which enslaves them to the opinions of others. Several young men said that they were afraid of the crucifix, because it was "too strong a medicine."

SCHOOL BUILDING AND PUPILS.

ST. XAVIER'S MISSION, CROW RESERVATION, MONTANA.

Besides the Saint Xavier's Church located in the central part of the Reservation, there is now another chapel at Pryor's Creek for the western camps of Crow Indians; and in a few months' time a third one will be erected at the Crow Agency for the convenience of the Indians who have settled on the Little Horn River, Lodge Grass Creek and other places thereabouts. Rev. Father Prando, the well-known missionary among the Crows, visits the Indians in their homes and, while ministering to the sick, who have a great confidence in him, he has an opportunity to heal and save many souls. The Father has successfully treated many Indians who were afflicted with a disease peculiar to their nation. One poor man who was suffering from this malady was cast off by his people. He was one mass of rottenness. Father Prando took him and cared for him and at the end of three years entirely cured him of his disease, so that he was able to return again to his people. One day an old Indian woman came riding up to the Father and said:

"I have brought you back your son."

"My son? I have no son," answered the Father.

"There is your son," said the woman, pointing to the old man. "He was going to die; you took him and cured him; now keep him and feed him."

Such was the gratitude and such the conclusion of the Indian woman.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SACRED HEART?

By a Southern Priest.

IN the month of September 1874, I was appointed to the charge of the N—— mission and one of my first acts was to establish the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart and in virtue of faculties received from the Moderator General of the Roman Archconfraternity, to aggregate our Sodality to the "Pious Union of the Sacred Heart of Jesus

first erected in the Church of *S. Maria ad Pineam*, and now established in the Church of *S. Maria della Pace*, Rome." One of the first and without doubt the most fervent member of our new Sodality was Mary D——, a young woman who worked in one of the mills and who was of a rather delicate constitution. She was always questioning me about the Confraternity, and soon exhausted my supply of works bearing on the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Seventeen years have passed since that time and I am now stationed at a church in the far South—a region whose wondrous development has been the theme of writers and speakers, and I will add, a region where proportionately more converts to our holy faith may be found than in any part of the States—and yesterday as I was searching for some necessary papers I found a memorial card, which has suggested this little sketch. The card bears the following inscription:

Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God.
Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of
MARY ELIZABETH D——
A faithful member of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, who died at N——, Monday, October 22d, 1877.

I very well remember the 21st of October of that year. I was alone at the Mission and at the last Mass I told my people that I would leave home after Vespers for the purpose of assisting a neighboring priest at the Devotion of the Forty Hours, and that as I would not return home until Wednesday morning, there would in consequence be no Mass on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

We had our little Sunday-school just before Vespers and while making my customary rounds among the classes, Agnes D——, Mary's youngest sister, told me that Mary was sick and asked me to call at their house on my way. I inquired of Agnes the particulars of Mary's sickness and found it was merely a slight cold which she had taken, but that her mother knowing how delicate she was had insisted, much to Mary's regret, on her remain-

ing in bed all day. I promised to call if possible, and though rather hurried I managed to pay a short visit to the house. I found Mary in bed but very anxious to get up and, after joking her on her spending Sunday in bed, I hurried off in my buggy for my destination where I arrived after dark.

On the following morning I said the Mass at 5.30 and as soon as I had finished, I went to the confessional where I was kept busy until near eight. The pastor of the mission then came for me and told me to hurry over to the house and get breakfast as I had to say a few words at the 9 o'clock Mass. He then went to the sacristy to make some arrangements for his Mass and I walked to the front door of the church on my way to his house. As I stepped outside the door *I felt an impulse to leave and return home.* I cannot describe this sensation, but no matter what I afterwards said or did, it seemed to me that I heard a voice saying again and again: *go home.* Father K—— the pastor, came into the dining-room while I was breakfasting and told me that Father F—— who had said the half-past seven Mass had returned home and while he did not wish to hurry me he would wish me to hear a few confessions before the next Mass. I replied:

"Father K——, I must go home."

I can see now his look of blank amazement.

"Go home?" he said: "why you are to preach at my Mass, and there are a lot of people waiting to go to confession to you. They don't want me, and you announced last night that you would hear confessions until 12 o'clock to-day. What is the matter?"

I tried to explain my reasons but I must confess they did not seem very satisfactory even to me, though I was yet as firmly convinced that I ought to return home at once. The good priest argued and remonstrated with me and while I could give what seemed to him no sensible reason for my action, yet when I started to return to the church I turned back again and said:

"No, I suppose you think me foolish, but I must go home."

My buggy was soon at the door and I started on my return. It was a cold day and a rain more like a mist was falling, rendering it by no means a pleasant ride. As I drove up to my own

door, my housekeeper came on the porch and told me to drive at once to Mrs. D——'s, *for Mary D—— was dying;* that the doctor had been twice to see me, and that a messenger had been sent for me. I jumped out of the buggy and entering the church took the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Oils, and getting in once more I drove rapidly to the house. A hurried talk with her mother told me that a sudden change had come that morning and the doctor being quickly summoned pronounced her case utterly hopeless, as her lungs were filling up rapidly and she could not outlast the day. As I entered the sick-room Mary looked at me and said:

"I knew you would come in time, but I have heard every hour strike since two this morning."

I heard her confession—and she insisted on making a general confession—gave her the Holy Viaticum and anointed her. I told her then that I would give her the last blessing and the Plenary Indulgence, and asked her to make an act of resignation to the holy will of God. She had asked the doctor to tell her plainly her real condition, and she was thus prepared for the approach of death. She told me she was resigned to whatever God willed. I gave her the Plenary Indulgence which she received with sentiments of great piety and humility and, as I took off my stole, she said:

"Won't you remain with me until the end?"

I consented, of course, and sending for my breviary, I sat down by her bed-side and recited my Office. It was now about noon. About half-past three I saw a change which told of death's near approach and I commenced the prayers for the dying. She answered at times, and then again wandered in her speech. We said the prayers several times, and, as I saw she was entirely conscious, I asked her if she would not like us to recite the Rosary for her. She thanked me and said yes. When I had finished the Rosary, I once more recited the prayers and as I finished them she made an effort to speak to me. I was kneeling near the head of her bed while she held her hands clasped around a crucifix indulgenced by the Holy Father. I bent down and she gasped out:

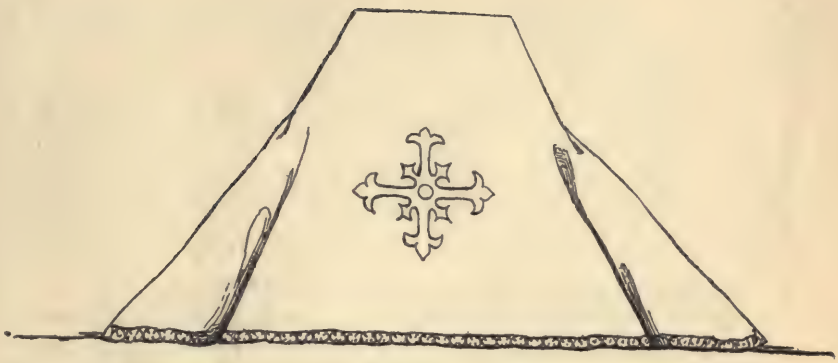
"*Father, open the sanctuary gate and let me receive Holy Communion on the top step of the Altar.*"

The words came slowly and with a great effort and, as she whispered the last one, she turned her head wearily on the pillow, drew a sighing breath and died. . . .

Many persons will conclude that my coming home was due simply to my fear that this girl, who was naturally of weak constitution, might succumb to even a slight cold.

I can only say that I had no apprehension of such an event and was very much surprised at its realization. As a matter of fact, I had no reason whatever to expect to find her at home, much less in bed. There are some—and my experience in sick-calls makes me number myself among them—who will see in this the act of the good God. Mary D—— had read of the wondrous promises made by our Blessed Lord to the humble Visitandine of Paray, and I am quite sure she was not at all surprised to see me entering her sick-room. "In the Sacred Heart," said Jesus, "they will find a secure place of refuge during life, and more especially at the hour of death," and when the hour of death came she sought in that Blessed Heart a refuge and begged the comforts of the Sacraments.

"I will console them," added Jesus, "*in all their difficulties*," and when that supreme moment came, when in the shadow of death, she turned to His Sacred Heart, she found consolation, and He heard the cry of a little one who had loved Him much and tried to serve Him well, and came in His Sacramental Presence to console this His servant in her difficulty. There is but little more to tell. On Thursday morning her funeral took place. We had no wealthy people in N——, for our congregation was composed exclusively of the working-class, but the poor came to pray for her dear soul and they brought a few flowers for her coffin. The day was a typical fall day and the sun was shining brightly as they bore her coffin down the aisle, out the front door and into the graveyard which surrounds the little church. It seemed right too that the sun should shine so brightly for we all thought that the dear Lord, Whom she had striven hard to serve, would not long deprive her of that which is the joy unspeakable of Seraph and Saint—the sight of the Blessed Face of Jesus.



THE CHALICE VEIL

By the Secretary of a Tabernacle Society.

LITURGICAL rubrics are minute when they refer to the Blessed Sacrament directly. They prescribe that the Tabernacle within which Jesus condescends to *dwell with the children of men*, shall be of incorruptible wood and lined with silk, and that a silken curtain should hang before it, as of old before the Ark of the Covenant. They guard from careless eyes all that pertains to this great Sacrament: the sacred vessels are to be kept wrapped in silk and never openly exposed; the ciborium containing the Sacred Species is always veiled within the Tabernacle, and the corporal, or linen cloth, used in the Mass and on which the consecration takes place, is folded away from sight within the corporal case, or burse.

It is uncertain how far back the custom of using the Veil for the Chalice dates, though it is probable from the testimony of ancient writers that a veil of some kind was always used. Formerly this veil, also called *Peplum*, or *Sudarium*, was of linen, so that it could be washed. The Chalice Veil is said to have been spoken of in the old liturgy of St. Chrysostom, and Amularius is quoted as mentioning the Roman custom of bringing the chalice

to the altar wrapped in a veil. According to Gavantus, silken chalice veils were presented to Pope Hormisdas, who occupied the Chair of Peter early in the sixth century.

The custom of covering the sacred vessels is observed throughout the Church. Among the Greeks three veils are used, the first for the paten for covering the bread before consecration, the second for the Chalice, and the third, which they call *Aerem* because like the air it surrounds the sacred offerings, is a very thin transparent veil which covers both the chalice and the paten.

In the Greek Church the Offertory is a moment of great ceremony. The celebrant accompanied by his ministers and all the clergy goes to the table on which are the bread and wine; he incenses them and carrying the paten holding the bread on his head, he returns to the altar where placing the *Oblata* he incenses them three times. This part of the Mass is called by the Greeks the Solemn Entry, the Little Entry being the Introit of the Latin Church. Cardinal Bona says that this custom of the Greeks began in the Church of Jerusalem and spread from there throughout the Church.

CENTRE ORNAMENT OF CHALICE VEIL.

The details taken from the Coptic Egyptian Liturgy of St. Basil concerning the ceremonies of the Oblations are very interesting. As in the Latin Church of to-day, the bread and wine to be consecrated rested on a side table, the *Mensula*, or *Prothesis*, until the Offertory. "Then (Renaudot) the priest goes to the Prothesis, where he receives the Lamb (that is to say, the Eucharistic bread) which he examines carefully. . . . When the priest has seen that there is no defect, that the bread, wine, incense, coals and all the vessels and instruments of the sacred ministry are in a becoming condition, he takes the Oblata, places them on the disk

or paten, which represents the crib, and wraps them in a linen veil as did the Blessed Virgin at the birth of Christ.

"After the preliminary blessing of the Eucharistic bread, the priest wraps it in a silken veil and walks to the altar preceded by a deacon with a candle in his hand. Another deacon carries on his head the wine in a vial enveloped in a silken veil, while before him walks a deacon with a candle. All go once round the altar and during this procession recite certain prayers in Coptic.

CHALICE VEIL OF THE "CHASUBLE ANGELIQUE,"
(belonging to the League Shrine of the Gesù, Philadelphia.)

Then the priest takes his place, his face towards the East, and the deacon the one assigned him with his eyes towards the West. Then the priest places the host on his right hand, and signs it three times with the sign of the cross, also the vial of wine which

the deacon holds all the time wrapped in a silken veil." The Egyptians follow this rite after the example of the Greeks; it is also thus practised among the Jacobites, as is said in the commentary on the Liturgy of St. James, cited by Renaudot. We read in Martigny's *Antiquités Chrétiennes* that the same rite existed among the Ethiopians, where after this ceremony little bells are rung that all may prostrate themselves before the holy offerings.

Though this elaborate ceremony seems to have been confined to the Greeks and Orientals, traces of it may be found in the Western liturgies.

In the primatial church of Tours the procession took place from the sacristy instead of from the Prothesis, or table placed in the sanctuary. "At the moment of the Offertory the first dignitary of the Chapter, the Treasurer, goes first, clothed in the Pluvial (the Cope);" after him a torch-bearer; then the subdeacon with the cruets of water and wine covered with a veil. After another torch-bearer comes the deacon with the paten, also veiled. After a third torch-bearer, another deacon with the chalice and the corporal enveloped in a veil. A fourth torch-bearer closes the procession which stops at the high altar where Solemn Mass is celebrated.

The practice of the venerable Church of Lyons is said to have been even more solemn and like the Greek custom.

The Roman Chalice Veil is a square of silk or other handsome material, varying in size from 20 to 24 inches. It is placed over the chalice, paten and pall, and if not large enough to cover the whole chalice the priest will arrange it so that it will hide that part of it which will be towards the people. If lined, the lining should be of silk, if, even by necessity, less costly material is used for lining the other vestments; no stiffening should be placed between the material and lining, as the veil should be pliant; it conforms in color to the vestments of the day. A cross of needle-work or galloon, ornamental or plain, may be placed in the centre of the lower third part as represented above; the cross may also be placed in the centre of the veil. The veil may be richly embroidered and may have a narrow fringe, or may be

finished on the edge with a gold or silk braid. The Chalice Veil of the set of vestments called "The Chasuble Angelique," whose representation is given above, is an exquisite specimen of rich figured gold brocade. The figures represent the Sacred Host adored by Angels, two of whom carry the inscription—*Panis Angelicus.* When the Blessed Sacrament is placed in the Repository on Holy Thursday, the white silk veil is tied closely around the chalice with white ribbon.

White is pre-eminently the color of the Blessed Sacrament, being the symbol of purity, innocence and glory. St. Clement of Alexandria calls it *tinctura veritatis*, the color which symbolizes truth, because it is the reunion of all rays of light; it was in this brilliant color that our Lord appeared at His Transfiguration on Mt. Thabor—*His garments became shining, and exceeding white like snow, so as no fuller upon earth can make white.*

A REMARKABLE CURE

Through a Novena to Blessed Margaret Mary.

[The following account is given as it occurred. We vouch for the accurate statement of the facts in the case.—Editor.]

THE desire of our Holy Father, expressed for the first time over a year ago, to inscribe the name of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque on the calendar of the Saints, inspired many to begin a novena for the cure, through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary, of a person who was afflicted in a remarkable manner. So complicated was the case, so helpless was the condition of the patient, that if a cure were obtained, as it was specifically asked, to bring about the canonization of God's servant, it would be a sure sign that the power of God was at work, that He approved the merits and virtues of His servant and wished to gratify the desires of His Vicar on earth. The novena was

followed by a cure, and according to promise the fact is made known for the honor of God, the exaltation of Blessed Margaret Mary, the increase of faith and the spread of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Elizabeth Duddy, now living at 2220 Hamilton Street in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was born July 25, 1859. On leaving school she was engaged as a domestic for about three years, after which she sought and obtained employment at Hill's Cotton-mill, Twenty-fifth and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia. For about two years she worked at winding cotton yarn on bobbins for the use of the weavers. On December 8, 1879, after hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion she went to work as on other days. Towards the close of the day, between 4.30 and 5 o'clock, she heard a call for yarn from one of the weavers. She left her place in her own work-room and went up stairs to the fourth floor to answer the call. She was standing at the head of a narrow spiral stairway—so narrow that two persons could not well pass abreast—on the landing, and was about to go down to supply the demand, when, with her back turned to the stairs, she made a misstep, lost her footing and tumbled down backwards, alighting in a heap on the platform of the third floor. Here she was found by a companion, who with three or four other girls carried her into the bobbin room on the third floor of an annex-building, four steps below the landing where she was picked up. For a moment after the fall Miss Duddy was conscious: but almost immediately she fell into a swoon, in which she remained until the mill closed at six o'clock. During that time, incredible as it may appear, there was no question of summoning medical aid or sending the patient to a hospital.

At six o'clock she was roused from her stupor, and walked home, aided by two companions, to her house at 422 North Twenty-second Street. Even then no doctor was called. One who could walk home was not supposed to need a physician. She was however severely injured by her fall. She felt acute pains in the back of her head, and in the small of her back; a large swelling appeared on her left shoulder, where, she thinks,

her collar bone was broken; her left arm was hurt and her nose was injured. The next day she felt a numbness over her whole body. Frequent fainting fits came on. Despite this, on an invitation from the management of the mill and with a promise of work for the rest of her life, she went back to work after a few days, though her left arm was in a sling. It is needless to say she could do but little. The effect of trying to utilize her left elbow at work was accompanied by intense pain. At ten o'clock she fell into a fit, which lasted until three in the afternoon. It required the efforts of four persons to hold her. She was taken to a neighbor's house and a priest was summoned.

This fit was followed by others at frequent intervals, up to the time of her cure; sometimes they occurred once in two days, sometimes no oftener than once a week. A violent shaking of the feet introduced the fit. The tremor passed up through the body and produced a choking sensation in the throat, after which the patient regularly lost consciousness. A doctor was called in; but after a few visits he concluded that he could do nothing, that a priest only could be of any service. Such was the violence of the attacks that the whole room shook and the window-panes rattled. These fits were the chief cause of her sufferings. For about five years she was now up, now down; being confined to bed as long as three months at a time, or even longer. Six times she was deemed to be at the point of death, and received Extreme Unction.

A short time after her fall, kidney trouble and dropsy began to manifest themselves. Medicines were prescribed, but being very strong, they could not be retained on the stomach. When the novena began, the patient's body was swollen to an unsightly degree.

In February 1883, Miss Duddy began to lose control over the movements of her tongue. It protruded from her mouth and was very much swollen at times. To prevent an accident, especially during the spasms, a clothes-pin was inserted between the teeth, to keep them apart. An application of mustard to the back of the head brought some relief, and reduced the swelling.

This phase of her troubles was last noticed on September 8, of this year, after which more serious symptoms were developed.

On August 15, 1885, she lost control over her lower limbs. Since then she was confined to her room, either lying in bed or sitting in a rolling-chair. From that date till October 2, when the novena closed, she did not and could not take a single step.

On the 23d of December, 1886, her faculty of speech failed her. From that date up to the time of her relief during the novena, with one single exception, not one intelligible or articulate sound escaped her lips. Her tongue was rolled upwards and backwards as far as it could go. When about to receive Holy Communion, it was first necessary to unroll the tongue with a spoon, or some other article. All communications with her relatives and friends were made by gestures, or by writing with a pencil on a slate. When able to sit up, her only amusement was to read or to roll her chair to the window and watch the passers-by. But even this consolation was not to last.

On June 5, 1891, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, she took up a book to read. Opening it she was surprised at not being able to decipher the letters. She looked again, but could see nothing. In her horror at this new calamity, she burst out into the exclamation: "Mother, I am blind!" Then she felt, as it were, a tugging at the muscles of her eyes. The lids closed, and she could no longer distinguish between night and day. When the eyelids were forced open, it was found that the eyeballs were turned upwards and backwards, so that the pupils were invisible. Seeing was doubly impossible.

During a fit on August 3 last, her neck bent over so that the head touched the left shoulder. Such was the violence of the paroxysm that some of the bystanders feared that the head would turn completely round. In this painful position she had to lie until September 27. This last change brought about another complication which threatened to put an end to her sufferings and her life. The bending of the neck was said to close up the gullet, so that she could not swallow. The patient herself thinks that the lower portion was paralyzed, so that there could be no normal

action, such as takes place on the swallowing of food. Certain it is that neither food nor medicine entered the stomach from September 8, until her recovery set in. A few drops of extract of beef were given occasionally, but this as well as the medicines, solid and liquid, were immediately rejected from the mouth and throat.

Many doctors had seen and prescribed for her, especially to give her relief from her spasms and from the dropsy. Little good was effected, and all were candid enough either to acknowledge that they could hold out no hopes of a speedy cure, or to pronounce the case hopeless. There was no talk at any time of an operation to ease the oppression caused by the dropsy. One physician asked permission of her brother to take her to a hospital in order, by an operation, to remove a tumor which, he was persuaded, was growing on the brain. The permission was refused. Last summer another physician advised recourse to the same remedy, but the mother replied: "Until God removes the affliction, no knife shall touch her whilst I live."

When these words were uttered, there was no expectation that God would interfere in the patient's behalf. She did not expect or hope for it. Even when the novena was proposed by a friend, she was not in the least anxious for its success. She was perfectly resigned to God's holy will; and though sorely afflicted, she was satisfied, especially as "in all the time from her accident till her cure she had not known an unhappy hour." One thing there was for which she constantly prayed, that she might be preserved in the use of her reason to the end. When, however, she was told that her cure might result in the canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary, in the kindling of faith and of the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, she was well satisfied to unite her prayers with those of her many friends.

On the eve of the novena, September 22, her case was curtly pronounced *incurable*, in the opinion of one who had known her for years, and who had watched and prescribed for her various ills. Well she might be deemed incurable by human means; for she was a *blind, speechless, deformed, dropsical paralytic*, who had

not taken, and could not take, food or drink for two weeks. In this state many persons had known and visited her, both Catholics and Protestants, and several were so moved at the sad spectacle as to be unable to refrain from tears.

No particular prayers were prescribed to be said during the novena, though it was recommended to say three *Hail Maries* and the *Prayer to Blessed Margaret Mary* in the leaflets published at the MESSENGER Office for the Consecration of Children to the Divine Heart of Jesus. Six hundred of these leaflets were issued. Miss Duddy wore about her neck during the novena a relic of Blessed Margaret Mary, and tasted "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost" three teaspoonfuls of water into which there had been dipped a piece of cloth which had touched the bones of the Blessed. The one thing clearly understood by all was, that the cure was asked through the intercession of the Apostle of the Sacred Heart, that it might lead to her canonization. To show this, we presume to insert the following extract from a letter written on September 23, in response to a request to have a community take part in the novena:

"Our Reverend Mother thanks you for including us in the number of those who are to make the novena to Blessed Margaret Mary. We shall be very glad to aid in obtaining the canonization of the Apostle of the Sacred Heart, and, with that end in view, the prayers that you send us shall be used. What a wonderful cure would be that of the poor creature whose state you describe! May the good God come to her aid through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary!"

Other letters written in the same spirit were received, but one extract is enough.

Miss Duddy declares that she felt some relief from her distressing condition even from the beginning of the novena. From the first day she had no convulsions or spasms, though a fit was due according to the periods of their former recurrence. This did not attract any attention at the time, and was only noticed when more startling results were manifested. On the second day

of the novena, that is, on Thursday 24, she opened her eyes for the first time since the 5th of June preceding. Her vision was dim at first; yet she was able to make out the letters I. H. S. on a lamp of the Sacred Heart, and to recognize flowers and the cross on a picture of St. Aloysius which she had never seen. As she was speechless, she proved her power of vision by tracing with her fingers the letters just become visible, and by crossing her fingers she indicated the crucifix in the picture. Some mute telegraphy of hers denoted the flowers. All who heard of the change were much startled and redoubled their prayers.

On Sunday morning she felt worse than usual and lost consciousness whilst her mother was at the 9 o'clock Mass. When Mrs. Duddy returned from Mass and began to wash and dress her daughter, she noticed that her neck was perfectly straight and that the patient could turn it in every direction. During the day she was able to support herself by her hands in a sitting posture in bed. Previous to that date, one's hand could not be introduced between the head and shoulders, so much bent was the neck. She was suffering no pain in the evening except from the teeth, which were all loose; but she was yet unable to swallow. There was an effort at articulation.

It was announced on Monday night that the patient had been able during the day to stand on the floor and to move one of her feet, neither of which had she been able to do for more than six years. She was able also to swallow a little for the first time since September 8. Her mother had noticed a diminution of the dropsical swelling.

On Tuesday Miss Duddy had been able, according to the report which was made now every day, to speak quite intelligibly so as to be understood by any one. The tongue was so much unloosed that she could sometimes move it. There was quite a perceptible diminution from the swelling caused by the dropsy.

On Wednesday evening the report came by eyewitnesses that the patient could read large print in a prayer-book, a thing she had been unable to do without the aid of glasses previous to her loss of sight in June. She stood up and moved both feet. She

could talk so as to be easily understood across the room. The tongue began to unfold and could be moved from side to side in the mouth. The swelling of the body had so far gone down that one witness declared that it was not apparent at all when she was in a standing position, though another said that some was still visible.

It was reported on Thursday evening that Miss Duddy had attempted a few steps, but in a tottering manner; she could move her limbs unaided out of bed; she could speak plainly, the tongue being unrolled, though not fully yet. The swelling of the body continued diminishing, but paralysis of the back still remained.

At 7.30 A.M. on Friday, October 2, Rev. Father Dolan, of St. Francis' Church, gave Holy Communion to the patient in bed. The friend who persuaded Miss Duddy to commence the novena arrived shortly after, and asked: "Why! Lizzie, are you not up?" At this Mrs. Duddy took her daughter's hand, and she left the bed. She shook a good deal, walked to a rocking-chair and sat down. Then the water in which the linen had been steeped was given in three teaspoonfuls, the prayers of the novena and the Beads were said, the patient still sitting in the rocking-chair. Water was given a second time. She then got up and walked towards the window, but not without shaking. Next a chapter from *St. Joseph's Manual*, a favorite book, containing reflections on the Passion, was read; the Litany of the Saints with the prayers following it was recited. Finally, for the third time, three spoonfuls of the water were given. Then Miss Duddy got up and walked across the room without shaking, or hesitation. This she did three times for the gratification of new arrivals. All then knelt down and said the Rosary in thanksgiving, after which they began to talk and cry, "but pleasant tears," as an actor in the scene remarked later.

A serious difficulty presented itself now. A promise had been made, in case of a cure, to pay a visit of thanksgiving to the Blessed Sacrament in the parish church, to call on the Reverend pastor to thank him for his interest, and finally to make the Stations of the Cross in another church. Miss Duddy had not

left her house for over six years; neither she nor anybody else, friend or relative, ever expected to see her leave it except in her coffin. The garments belonging to her, which had not yet been distributed in charity, would no longer fit her, nor would those of any member of the household. She had nothing in which she could appear in public except the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, which had been provided for her as a shroud. In this, hiding, by means of a borrowed shawl, the very unfashionable cut of the upper portion, she went to the church walking unaided, a distance of about three squares.

In the morning there was yet visible a slight upturning of the tip of the tongue; but this had disappeared in the afternoon when she was seen by the writer. Her laugh was quite clear and hearty, though her speech came somewhat through the nose, as if the tongue pressed against the nasal openings. Next day at noon she coughed up some mucus from the throat, and after that her voice and speech were perfect in every respect.

The only marks of her dreadful fall that she now knows of are a shortening of the left arm and a slight misplacement of one of the articulations of the spine. The latter causes no inconvenience. This may or may not remain to remind her of her long sufferings. But whether it remain or disappear, her gratitude is due and is extended, first of all, to God Who has granted her so signal a favor through the intercession of His servant Blessed Margaret Mary, and next to the kind friends who have pleaded so earnestly in her behalf.

The cure was effected, whether by miracle or not, rests not with us to decide. The facts are given just as they occurred, notes having been taken as the information of eyewitnesses (two in each case) was received. These notes, as they are reproduced here, were afterwards read to Miss Duddy herself, who pronounced them true in every detail.

THE READER.

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It is certain that very little can be gained by a Catholic, or even a sincere Protestant, from a reading of the "Christmas articles," as knowing editors choose to denominate them, that appear in artistic typography and delicate though distorted drawings in our secular magazines. On the contrary the *Reader* holds it as his conviction that much harm is done to the tender devotional spirit and to the simplicity of faith that should fill the heart of every Christian as he draws near in contemplation to the Crib of the Divine Infant. A single editorial paragraph in the poorest of our Catholic weeklies, written though it might be in his moodiest moment by an over-worked editor, would be indefinitely more profitable and satisfying than multiplied pages of these colorless Christmas articles—articles which speak of Christmas and leave out Christ.

* *

Does it sound strange to say we may have a good deal of what passes for Christmas and little or nothing of Christ Who alone can make the true Christmas? It is possible, and one is tempted to say that it is slowly but surely growing to be a fashion. To admit this we need not go so far as to assert that Christians are letting the true spirit of Christmas slip from them. It will be true that many people keep Christmas without Christ, if even they who never knew Him come to keep the Feast of His Birth, without striving to imitate or reproduce in their own lives the virtues which make that Birth so holy and saving.

* * *

Now they do keep this Feast without following His divine example; and some new influences are at work leading them to think they keep it properly, when they are missing all its meaning. The old influences, which might be termed the spirit of mere good cheer and of purely worldly pleasure were always so amiss at such a hallowed season that it were a mere truism to say that they could make a Christmas without Christ. The new influences are not so clearly out of keeping with the right observance

of the Saviour's Birthday. They come so near being a most suitable expression of its proper lessons, without, however, presenting that lesson truly, that they are for this reason the more insidious destroyers of a holy Christmas: they are the very deceitful but very specious appearances of good though in reality only evils.

* * * *

What is more likely than that many souls can delight in a choice programme of Christmas music, or in the solemn ceremonies of the Christmas Mass, and yet be far estranged by disposition and in daily habits, by actual guilt perhaps, from the Lord Whose praise is sung and Whose deeds are so commemorated. That is an obvious case. And yet some poor souls easily delude themselves into believing they have kept Christmas as Christians should after such fidelity to Church observances. In the same way, more easily perhaps, will many read the stories of the coming season and scan the artistic reproductions of its mysteries our magazines abound in, and overlook the fact that Christ's humility is not presented, or that His poverty is made respectable and independent of the charity of alms-giving. Perhaps the finished and attractive plates of the wonders of His Birth reconcile some to the notion that after all neither His poverty nor His holy Mother's Virginity is one of the important lessons of that Sacred Night.

* * * * *

If there was no manger, there was no Divine Babe; if there was no going from inn to inn to meet refusal, there was no Mary, Maiden-Mother; in a word, if there is no true Christ, no Christ of the Gospels—and of one Gospel text as well as of another—then there is no Christmas: we are keeping Christmas without Christ.

* * * * * *

What is true of the magazine articles, is equally if not more true of the so-called Christmas books. Outwardly these books are beautiful and attractive, all that gorgeous binding, artistic engravings and letterpress can make them; worldly-wise publishers are usually good caterers. But seemly appearance and costly exterior can never supply the want of substance within. A nut is bad when its kernel is rotten, no matter how beautiful its

shell may be. Yet many of these books are presented as Christmas gifts to our young people and little children, and parents afterwards wonder with aching heart why their children manifest such lack of a religious spirit.

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Even if the *Reader* had no substitute to offer for the magazine articles referred to, he would yet consider it a duty to speak out his mind candidly upon this matter. But there is a substitute, as the following partial list of Catholic magazines abundantly shows: *The "Ave Maria"; The Catholic World; Donahoe's Magazine; The Poor Souls' Advocate; The Rosary; Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart; Reading Circle Review.* The German MESSENGER (*Der Sendbote*) of Cincinnati, and the English and French MESSENGERS of Montreal are already in many Catholic homes. Instead of speaking of our own MESSENGER, the *Reader* prefers quoting from a letter of the Right Reverend Bishop of Duluth, Minn., particularly as it confirms what was said above. The Bishop says:

"I beg leave to thank you for your beautifully bound volume of the MESSENGER and the no less interesting volume of the *Pilgrim.* I have the happiness of possessing a complete set of the MESSENGER from the beginning, and I do not know any other series of volumes which contains matter so important and so useful in our own day. The literary presentation of the various subjects offered to the reader is extremely well done. Would to God that our wealthy Catholics could be made to replace the useless and often anti-Catholic trash to be found on their centre-tables with such beautiful volumes as you are now issuing!"

* * * * * * * *

The *Reader* has just received from the author a book for children. Miss Eliza Allen Starr in her latest work, *What We See,* shows not only that she is an exquisite writer and a genuine artist, but infinitely more—that she is a *Catholic* writer and a *Catholic* artist. Young and old will profit by this latest work from the gifted artistic pen of Miss Starr. Besides its substance, its form is all that the most critical can desire, with clear-cut illustrations and large, clean-faced type. *Christmas-Tide* by the same author is a holiday book that has found favor with every one who has read it.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR DECEMBER, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

THE MISSIONS OF AFRICA.

POPE LEO XIII., since his coronation, has had a great variety of burdens to carry and many weighty cares to harass him. But he seems equal to all his responsibilities. By tireless activity, enterprising zeal, wisdom more than natural and scholarship almost universal, he has certainly written his name, in the annals of the Papacy, as a great teaching Pontiff. Still, there is another phase of his character which most endears him to the Associates of the League and the readers of the MESSENGER. It is the simple, trustful spirit of humble faith with which, month after month, he turns to them and asks the aid of their prayers for the success of his undertakings.

I.

Among these undertakings the one which now specially engages his paternal care is the great enterprise of the African Missions. Nor is this to be wondered at; since the civilized world has been awakened to a knowledge of the sore plight of so many millions of human beings in that benighted region. The revelations made by Cardinal Lavigerie concerning the slave trade, and the amount of information—varying in quality and worth—scattered broadcast by explorers of the Dark Continent, have opened our eyes to a condition of affairs about which we had, at best, somewhat hazy notions.

Africa, it must be remembered, is a very large continent, being one-fifth of the land surface of the globe, three times the size of Europe and eleven million square miles in area. It has

about two hundred millions of inhabitants. Of this number, according to the latest statistics we have seen in *Les Missions Catholiques*, only four hundred thousand are Catholics. Ministering to them are about three hundred priests who have about the same number of mission-stations in various places. But of course these figures have reference chiefly to the missions established in recent times. For if we take into account the older settlements, such as Algeria and Morocco in the North, and Capetown, Natal and the Transvaal in the South, the number of Catholics is computed to be about one million and a half. There are laboring among them one Cardinal, two Archbishops, twelve Bishops, thirty-six Vicars-Apostolic or Prefects, and about one thousand Priests. Quite a goodly number this may seem. Nevertheless it stands in gloomy contrast with the early glories of the Church in Africa. Monasteries and schools and temples abounded. Augustine and Cyprian were numbered amongst her seven hundred Bishops who were, in their respective times, the champions of orthodoxy against Pelagians and Donatists.

At the present time, the missionary labors are borne chiefly by members of the various religious orders and congregations of Europe; and the sufferings which they undergo from severe climate, painful journeying, unwholesome food and unremitting toil, strongly attest the heroism of their zeal. Along the shores of the Mediterranean, to the North, are the Franciscans in Tunis, Tripoli and Egypt; the Lazarists evangelize Abyssinia; the Fathers of the Holy Ghost spread the light in Zanguebar and Senegambia; the Oblates of Mary Immaculate labor in Natal; and the Jesuit Fathers bend all their energies to the work of making the Holy Name of Jesus known along the Zambesi River which flows northwestward toward the Dark Continent or, as it is called, the Unknown Interior. They are also engaged in missionary labors to the southwest, or Congo region, working their way inward to combine with their brethren who start on the Zambesi from the southeast. For all of the zealous missionaries laboring in that distant land we are summoned to pray that God may grant them an abundant harvest of souls.

II.

But there is one portion of the African Missions more warmly commended to us, at the present time, than any other. It is the enterprise of the Primate of Africa, Cardinal Lavigerie. He knows the low moral condition of the natives, their debasing fetich-worship and their disgusting Mohammedanism, an ignoble religion (?) cast upon them, like a deadly blight, and spreading with enormous rapidity. Its influence manages governments, shapes laws, monopolizes products, controls commerce and forces submission. Hence great mental and moral debasement, domestic slavery arising from polygamy and slothfulness, and trade in slaves as a natural outcome of the disregard or the destruction of human dignity. The Cardinal says, when speaking of his apostolic project: "To-day the Sahara is dead, inhabited only by wretched tribes who live by rapine. The Soudan is rich; the Saharans make it their prey. Every year they gather in hordes, raid the country, commit a thousand atrocious villainies, and return with droves of slaves which they sell either in Morocco, where slave-trading is open, or in Tripoli, where it is secret. Oh! if you could but understand the torments these poor creatures undergo; what streams of blood and tears flow in these man-hunts!"

He goes on to explain how the dwellers of the Sahara may be civilized and made Christian. The place need not be a barren waste: it can be fertilized. In this way it will become the land of an industrious and self-reliant people. "There is plenty of water in the Sahara. The wells have been left to choke up and the oases to fall out of cultivation, but, I repeat, there is water everywhere. Once bring it to the surface, and life will reappear, where we have known nothing but sterility. Then the wandering nomads will become rooted to the land. They will derive from husbandry that subsistence which, to-day, they obtain only through pillage and murder. . . . To-day all the nations of Europe are cutting into the Dark Continent: the English by the Niger; the Italians through Abyssinia; Belgium is ensconced at the Equator. At all cost, France must make good her rights over the Sahara

and the Soudan." Having thus appealed to the commercial interest of his countrymen, Cardinal Lavigerie unfolds his great plan of combining the present and the future, and working, at one and the same time, for the temporal and the eternal welfare of the Africans. The *Pall Mall Gazette* speaking of it says: "The two principles of celibacy and obedience may be all that our irreconcilable Protestants deem them, but in missionary countries they work wonders. Out of them Cardinal Lavigerie has just tempered one of the finest missionary weapons which even Rome possesses. We mean the Brethren of the Sahara. Defence, but never aggression, is to be their method; their rule—prayer, labor and armed watch over Sahara, with agricultural colonies of builders, husbandmen, hunters, doctors. At each point they will build a hospice-fort, make water borings, and then set themselves to turning the desert sand into a fruit-bearing soil."

III.

The Brothers of the Sahara are military pioneers with missionary aims. They are to make peaceful conquest of Sahara and the Soudan. Hope of gain is no bait for them, for they will be paid nothing. Easy living cannot be their object, for they shall have to face hardship and privation. They must enter upon their work in that great spirit of sacrifice which makes true Apostles. Their dwelling-places are to be called the House of God. Hard work, unhealthy climate, strange food, much exposure, assaults from the nomad tribes, lonesome exile, for the glory of God! Poor Brothers of the Sahara, glorious military missionaries! May God help and protect you and bring your heroic sacrifice to glorious consummation!

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the African Missions. *Amen.*

THE CHILDREN'S MONTHLY COMMUNION.

THE chief difficulty in establishing the custom of Holy Communion for children in common every month, is in finding helpers, men or women, whose direction of the little ones will make the exterior preparation and the actual approach to the Holy Table attractive and fruitful.

Helpers must be had, since pastors and curates are all preoccupied with the interior preparation of the children in the confessional, or with the dispensation of the mysteries of that sacred Banquet. Without faithful and skilled aid from lay assistants, what priest can fully see to the prompt attendance, proper decorum and smooth order of ranks, which help so much to keep the wayward senses quiet, and the thoughts, therefore, at ease to fix themselves on every detail of this august ceremony?

Happy the pastor who is relieved of these distracting and impossible tasks by men or women whose manners promote the reverence and repose of soul so needful in children when receiving our Divine Lord. In this matter religious trainers and teachers find themselves at home. Their privilege of dwelling under the same roof in familiar usage with the God of the Tabernacle naturally disposes them to a keen sympathy with the souls who make their first approaches to His Holy Sacrament timidly and nervously enough. It is no slight help to young penitents and communicants as they partake in these Sacraments, to be looking on living examples of the spirit of humility and reverence which Penance and the Eucharist specially inculcate.

Fortunately, however, not all the skill and fitness for managing this practice is limited to religious; nor can religious teachers superintend in every instance the Monthly Communion. It would even seem desirable that they should not have its exclusive management, for the mere reason that in so exalted a ceremony all classes should take part as well out of respect for the Blessed Sacrament as out of a wish to deserve well of the Master of the

Sacred Feast. What is thus desirable is happily easy to secure among the many men and women, old and young, who would deem it a great privilege to give their services to the proper conduct of this ceremony.

By all means, then, let them be chosen, ushers, shall we name them? or better, waiters—though theirs is no humiliating office—at the banquet where the food is the Body and Blood of Christ. Some might instruct or direct the children as they assemble for confessions; others might place them conveniently in their seats at Mass, and guide them to and from the altar; others again might receive them as they collect together before the Mass and after the thanksgiving. But never should they assume the rôle of disciplinarians, or seem to stand on guard against talking or disorder: that would make their presence irksome and a hindrance to all devotion. Their proper office would be to help the interior recollection, the devout presence of mind of their young charges by promoting external order, so apt to be disturbed, even among grown people when proper direction is lacking.

If the priest cannot mingle with his children at the Mass of Communion, he can provide for the absence of his management by training his aids to do all he might wish to do himself on that occasion. If these aids be Sodalists, or St. Vincent de Paul members, or League Associates, he can always find them conveniently, and prompt them as to the importance and manner of so helping the little favorites of the Saviour to come unto Him as to impress all present with the sacredness of the rite.

Not a few men and women spend willingly the time and money and labor in one way or other to provide fitting ornaments for the altar and sanctuary. For this devotion they feel amply repaid by the knowledge that they are helping pious worshippers to conceive stronger and higher views of the dignity of the God of the Tabernacle. How gladly these same lovers of the altar would devote their attention to help increase the fervor young souls bring to the Holy Table!

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (October 12 to November 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Albany, New York: St. Mary's Church, Amsterdam.

Boston, Massachusetts: St. Thomas' Church, Jamaica Plains.

Burlington, Vermont: St. Mary's Cathedral School, Burlington.

Columbus, Ohio: Academy of St. Mary's of the Springs (Sisters of St. Dominic), Shepard, Ohio.

Davenport, Iowa: St. Patrick's Church, Dunlap.

Fort Wayne, Indiana: Sacred Heart Church, Warsaw.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: Holy Cross Church, Kaukauna.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: St. John's Church, Bellefonte.

Louisville, Kentucky: St. Jerome's Church, Fancy Farm.

Nesqually, Washington: Immaculate Conception Church, Seattle.

Newark, New Jersey: St. James' Church, Newark.

Ogdensburg, New York: St. Mary's Church, Waddington; St. Peter's Church, Copenhagen.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Home of the Aged Poor (Little Sisters of the Poor), Germantown.

St. Paul, Minnesota: Church of St. Mary of the Lake, White Bear Lake.

Savannah, Georgia: St. Stanislas' Novitiate, Macon.

Scranton, Pennsylvania: Convent of Mercy, Hazleton.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota: St. Patrick's Church, Cavour.

Trenton, New Jersey: Church of St. Mary and St. Patrick, Moorestown; St. John Evangelist's Church, Lambertville.

Vincennes, Indiana: St. Patrick's Church, Terre Haute.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Some questions regarding the Treasury have been asked by zealous Promotors.

Should good works that have not been offered expressly for the League Intentions be noted in the Treasury?

All the prayers, works and sufferings of the day begun with the Morning Offering are offered for the Intentions of the League since they are offered for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart. According to the *Handbook*, however, the Treasury is made up of those prayers and good works that have been offered *expressly* for the intentions of the League. Hence to entitle a good work to a place in the Treasury, something more than the general offering made each morning is required. At the very least a renewal of the Morning Offering before important works are begun should be made, if these works are to be counted for the Treasury.

Should we count the good works done for the Sacred Heart?

If they are to be sent to the Treasury, they shonld be counted. There is little danger of vain-glory in this enumeration. If we consider how much we could do for the Sacred Heart were our own hearts in the work, and then contrast the little we really do and the many imperfections with which even this little is done, we shall have occasion to make an act of real humility whenever we come to mark down what we have done for the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from October 12 to November 12, 1891.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	228,507	11. Masses Heard	259,683
2. Beads	411,343	12. Mortifications	236,011
3. Stations of the Cross .	43,965	13. Works of Charity . .	154,182
4. Holy Communions . .	64,498	14. Works of Zeal	180,430
5. Spiritual Communions .	210,223	15. Prayers	2,997,527
6. Examens of Conscience	160,468	16. Charitable Conversation	72,092
7. Hours of Labor	689,903	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	77,115
8. Hours of Silence . . .	476,836	18. Self-Conquest	84,240
9. Pious Reading	1,843,163	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	318,672
10. Masses Celebrated . .	1,531	20. Various Good Works .	1,120,059

Total 9,628,457

The above returns represent four hundred and twenty-six Centres.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 104,373.

——*Blessed be God Who hath not turned away my prayer nor His mercy from me* (Psalm lxv. 20).——

BROOKLYN, N. Y., OCTOBER 12.—Most fervent thanks to the Sacred Heart for the graces of conversion and a happy death granted a young man twenty-four years of age, who had not been a practical Catholic for *eight* years, but who had been recommended to the prayers of the League for the past year.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15.—A Promoter returns most grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart for two very special favors received, together with many smaller favors. They were granted just as they were asked, and four lives depended upon their being granted. I promised if they were obtained that I would thank the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER.

——, N. Y., OCTOBER 16.—Thanksgiving is offered to the Sacred Heart for the reform of a young man whose habits of intemperance had become a great source of misery to his family.

——, TEXAS, OCTOBER 17.—Not very long ago, six or eight weeks, I think, I recommended to the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart my little parish much divided and agitated. When matters had gone to the worst extreme, and there seemed no more hope, we were helped from above, and peace so long gone is entirely restored. I promised to have this favor mentioned in

your MESSENGER if you judge it good. You will do what is for the best, to thank the good God.

NYACK, N. Y., OCTOBER 19.—Several years ago (7) an old plantation belonging to us was sold for taxes. At the close of the war, when we came North, the land—all the buildings were in ashes—was considered too worthless to tax; but a lumber-man in 1884, to secure the right of cutting the valuable timber, had the land assessed and sold, "owner unknown." Years elapsed before we were apprised of the sale, and we at once instituted proceedings for its recovery; but as only a year is allowed by the State law for the redemption of land so sold, its recovery was hopeless. Still, asking it of the Sacred Heart, if it would be for Its honor and our good, we made it one of our League intentions. The same petition was forwarded for us several successive months, when, hopeless as its recovery seemed, the land was unexpectedly returned, attended by a very trivial expense. If you think an extract from this letter will encourage other Associates to love and trust the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we will be pleased to have it published in the MESSENGER.

DENVER, COLO., OCTOBER 20.—I am a Promoter of the League and a friend of mine told me that his father contemplated doing something which would bring grief and misfortune to the whole family. I told him to start a novena with me to the Sacred Heart. My friend said it would be of no use, for it was impossible to change his father; but I told him to hope even against hope, but he said he would only pray that he and his sisters would be able to stand it. I sent in a petition to the League and also offered my prayers that the father's mind would change. About the sixth day of the novena, the father unexpectedly changed his mind and with tears in his eyes begged pardon of his children. This happened in a town in California whence I have just come.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., OCTOBER 25.—Thanksgiving is asked for two favors: one a respite of almost a year from epilepsy; the other a removal of what was feared to be a cancerous swelling—all through the Sacred Heart.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., OCTOBER 26.—Will you please return

thanks through the MESSENGER for a great favor which has been granted us? Our baby met with an accident which completely shattered her right arm; it was fractured in several places, the elbow-joint being severed. We placed a scapular of the Sacred Heart on her, recommended her to the prayers of the League, and her family united in a novena in her behalf, and I promised in case of her complete restoration to request that thanks be returned through the MESSENGER. The arm is perfect, a result which we have every reason to attribute to prayer, the attending physician having told me that it was a great surprise to him to find on removing the casing that the child would have the use of it, as he fully expected that it would be utterly useless.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., OCTOBER 28.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for the wonderful improvement in our father's health. He had been a great sufferer for nine years: during the past two years we often recommended him to the prayers of the League. A few months ago he became better quite suddenly and since that time he has been almost well. He is a non-Catholic and has always been very prejudiced, but now is very much softened.

——, OCTOBER 28.—It may stimulate Directors and Promoters in their work of love to hear of another instance of a speedy answer to prayer. There were but two days before a criminal's execution. His soul was ill-prepared and in an exasperated condition, presenting the gloomy prospect of a soul hardening in sin, in a what-do-I-care state. With unbounded confidence, the priest who attended him appealed to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, praying: "Oh, loving Sacred Heart of Jesus, You have promised to give to priests, who promote and spread the devotion to Your Heart, the power of moving the hardened heart; fulfil Your promise and give contrition to this sinner." He then offered the Mass of the Sacred Heart for him. And behold the mercy of that Heart! The scalding tears of compunction began to flow from eyes which perhaps had never wept before, as, after Mass, he sobbed: "Father, I am sorry for what I have done." In this spirit he made a general confession,

and went to stand before the tribunal of Him Who had shown him mercy and Who will not despise a humble and contrite heart.

TROY, N. Y., OCTOBER 31.—Thanks are offered for the conversion of a public sinner, who neglected the Sacraments and was a scandal to the faithful. He had not attended Mass in *thirty* years. In his mortal sickness he refused to be reconciled and abused those who piously suggested the visitation of a priest. Prayers and Masses were offered to the Sacred Heart. When a priest called his relatives did not dare announce him to the patient. Through the mercy of God the words of the priest moved the person, and *two* hours after receiving the last Sacraments he expired at peace with God.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., NOVEMBER 4.—A Promoter returns her heartfelt thanks to the loving Sacred Heart for the conversion of her father from drunkenness.

KEY WEST, FLA., NOVEMBER 4.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the reconciliation of two brothers and two sisters who had not spoken to each other for eighteen years. Also, for the prevention of a public scandal. This last favor had been asked through the intercession of St. John Berchmans with promise to publish it when obtained.

WHEELING, W. VA., NOVEMBER 6.—Thanks are returned for the conversion of my father to the faith. I promised to have it published in the MESSENGER.

WILKESBARRE, PA., NOVEMBER 6.—I have to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a great favor received in the sale of property, which relieved me from sale by legal process, and this could have been done only through the prayers of the League.

CINCINNATI, O., NOVEMBER 7.—One instance of the mercy of the Sacred Heart was witnessed in this city recently. A man had refused for *thirty-nine* years to receive the Sacraments or attend Church. He was frequently commended to the prayers of the League. He died a few days ago. When there was apparently no great danger of death, and no hopes of his returning to the faith of his childhood, he called for a priest and made a sincere confession of his past life, with every evidence of sorrow.

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., NOVEMBER 8.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the happy death of a gentleman who had been recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart. He asked for a priest, received his first Communion, though his wife and children were afraid to speak of the priest to him. Thanks also to the Sacred Heart for five persons who obtained employment after having been recommended to the prayers of the League.

CHELSEA, MICH., NOVEMBER 9.—Special thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return of a Catholic to the Sacraments after *forty-nine* years' neglect. He was recommended three times.

RED WING, MINN., NOVEMBER 9.—Thanksgiving is offered for help received after promising to put it in the MESSENGER.

COLUMBUS, IND., NOVEMBER 9.—Our little daughter's hearing was very defective from infancy. A novena was made which concluded on the feast of Blessed Margaret Mary, with the promise of publishing the favor in the MESSENGER if obtained. Most sincere thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart, for on the very day of the conclusion of our novena, her hearing was completely restored.

——, MICHIGAN.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a brother who had the habit of indulging in intoxicating drink, and through the mercy of the Sacred Heart, for the last three months, he has entirely given it up.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—I return thanks from the very bottom of my heart for the bringing back of my brother to the faith. For years he had been a terrible drinker and never went to Mass. He has given up all his bad habits.

——, N. Y.—Thanksgiving for peace and good will in our congregation. Old dissensions are gradually disappearing and the monthly Communions have increased tenfold.

PENNSYLVANIA.—A Promoter wishes, in gratitude and according to a promise made to have it published in the MESSENGER, to give thanks for a cure which has been granted. One of my Associates became insane and was under treatment for over ten months. We had his case prayed for in the intentions of the League for several months, made several novenas and had Masses

said for him. Now, thanks to the sweet and loving Heart of Jesus, he is entirely well.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—Thanks for the conversion of a gentleman for whom prayers have been offered for *thirty* years, and whose name has often been sent to the League. Also for a young lady who has embraced the faith.—For the administration, by his own request, of the Sacraments of Baptism and Extreme Unction to a man who for many years resisted grace and the prayers offered to the Sacred Heart for his conversion.—For the recovery of the mother of a family who was given up. A Badge of the Sacred Heart was placed on her, and she promised to make the Nine First Fridays. At once, she improved.—Thanks are returned for the conversion of a negligent Catholic, who had not approached the Sacraments for over *ten* years. Also for a providential interference which prevented a lawsuit.—For conversion to the faith of a pupil recommended to the prayers of the League during two years.—For many temporal favors to various supplicants.—For the return of a Catholic to his religious duties after *eighteen* years' neglect; and two others after an absence of *forty-two* years.—For a wonderful cure, suddenly, of nervous exhaustion, which had lasted more than thirteen years.—I wish to return thanks for a position obtained for my husband through the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the prayers of the League.—I desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the success of an operation performed on the 7th inst. I placed all my confidence in the Sacred Heart before undergoing it, and promised if it should be successful, to have the favor published in the MESSENGER.

N. B.— *We are obliged, reluctantly, to insert only a part of the Thanksgivings received.*

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